

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

AUGUST



FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
IN CANADA FIFTY-FIVE CENTS

ARTICLES

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
LEON TROTZKY
EZRA POUND
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
ROCKWELL KENT
THOMAS BEER
JIM TULLY
CARLETON SMITH
PAUL W. KEARNEY
FRED C. KELLY
FRANK SCULLY

FICTION

D. H. LAWRENCE
WILLIAM McFEE
MANUEL KOMROFF
ALBERT HALPER
H. E. BATES
BILL ADAMS
HARRY ASHE

SPORTS

ELLSWORTH VINES
WALTER HAGEN
HENRY M. ROBINSON
ALLISON DANZIG
ARTHUR H. CARHART

HUMOR

WALTER D. EDMONDS
G. C. RICHARD
RAYMOND KNIGHT
JOHN FORBES

POETRY

WITTER BYNNER

DEPARTMENTS

GILBERT SELDES
BURTON RASCOE
SIGMUND SPAETH
MEYER LEVIN
A. de SAKHNOFFSKY

CARTOONS

JOHN GROTH
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
SIDNEY HOFF
ABNER DEAN
R. VAN BUREN
HOWARD BAER
EVERETT SHINN
GEORGE LICHTY
D. McKAY
JAY IRVING
RODNEY de SARRO
TY MAHON
DAN RUNYAN
SAM BERMAN
(COVER)

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This oxford is not afraid of water

Water holds no peril for this Arrow Gordon oxford shirt. It got over that early in life, thanks to Arrow's Sanforizing process—the guarantee of *permanent fit* in a shirt.

That's why it goes to the laundry and comes back—exactly the same size in neck and sleeves.

But Arrow's solicitude hasn't stopped with the correction of oxford's shrinking ways. Arrow has given this oxford shirt *good looks*. With its trim Arrow collar, attractive fabrics, and perfect tailoring throughout, this

garment may be worn with complete confidence in either town or country.

These Gordon oxfords are cool, comfortable and timely additions to your summer wardrobe.

See them now at your Arrow Dealers. Whites and Colors, either plain or button-down collar style—\$2 and \$2.50. Other shirts \$2, \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50 and \$5. If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't an Arrow Shirt. Arrow neckties are made especially to go with Arrow Shirts.

© 1934 Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.



ARROW SHIRTS



Sanforized-Shrunk — a new shirt if one ever shrinks

ARE
YOU PAYING
Too Much
FOR
WHISKY?

Here's "Inside" Information

Many men have an idea that four or five dollars for a quart of good whisky is a pretty stiff price. It is. Yet they hesitate to pay less on the theory that anything less "can't be any good." ★ That's just where they go astray. Times change, and methods with them. One distiller, with advanced methods and equipment, can produce whisky at a fraction of the cost of another. Using the same grains. The same fine quality. ★ This, in substance, is why the largest distillery in the world—Continental—can offer RITTENHOUSE SQUARE—a fine 100 proof Straight Rye Whisky far under prevailing prices for straight whisky. Buy a quart of RITTENHOUSE SQUARE—and convince yourself of its quality.

Distilled, matured and bottled by Continental Distilling Corporation, Philadelphia. Also Distillers of Diplomat 100 Proof Straight Bourbon Whisky and Dixie Belle Distilled Dry Gin.

RITTENHOUSE
Square
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKY
RYE
100 PROOF

IT'S THE 100 PROOF STRAIGHT RYE WHISKY AT EVERYBODY'S PRICE

This advertisement is not intended to offer this product for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

Men who enjoy fishing



As a general rule, men who enjoy fishing are kindly disposed toward their fellowmen—tolerant, philosophical, easy-going folk who live and let live, (fish over the legal size excepted). They usually have a decided opinion and express it freely—whether it be about a trolling spoon, the weather or politics and events in general. But if you happen to dissent the chances are that the fisherman will listen patiently and respect *your* opinion.

Disciples of Izaak Walton, as you probably know, are most particular about choosing exactly the right fly for casting, in accordance with the state of the water, the season and the condition of fickle skies. They enjoy frittering time on their equipment almost as much as they enjoy fishing—and most of them seem to have leisure enough for both.

Men of this mental make-up—whether fishermen or not—enjoy the New York Herald Tribune. They read it because it is alive, (not sensational)—because it presents the news in concise, human, interesting terms. They enjoy it because it covers fully the worlds of sports, finance, literature, politics, events. They like it because, while it battles for those political principles in which it believes, it gives the other side, or sides, ample opportunity to be heard in refutation.

Local stores and national advertisers who cater to the needs of men find the New York Herald Tribune a productive medium. The editorial appeal of the newspaper tells plainly the type of audience it reaches. Study any issue and you will see why successful advertisers *know* that it reaches men who have some leisure and money—and know how to spend both.

NEW YORK
Herald  Tribune

Don't say we didn't WARN you!



IF YOU WANT YOUR SHARE OF THE SLIM SUPPLY LEFT OF 16- AND 18-YEAR-OLD PRE-PROHIBITION VINTAGE WHISKEY, BETTER ACT RIGHT NOW!

THERE is a limited supply of pre-prohibition rye and bourbon still remaining in the nation's warehouses.

Several of the most famous brands of these whiskies belong to National Distillers and its subsidiaries.

When this diminishing supply of rare old whiskey is exhausted, you will never see any more, as the government customarily insists that whiskey be withdrawn at the end of 8 years from barrels and bottled for purposes of revenue.

You might, however, reasonably ask—won't this supply last some time? Is there any immediate need for haste in acquiring a stock?

It is not our purpose to sound a selfish alarm. You will always be able to get good whiskies—there is a good supply of aged-in-the-wood and bottled in bond four-year-old ryes and bourbons coming along. *These will be available under the same brand names mentioned here.* On the other hand, facts, based on sales, indicate clearly that every single case of this 16- to 18-year-old vintage whiskey will be sold within a relatively short time.

With the return of better times, people of means are again shopping for character and quality in the liquors they drink and serve.

This explains why our 16-year-old Old Taylor is now completely sold out—as are several other venerable National Distillers brands.

It also explains the swiftly mounting demand for our famous pre-prohibition bourbons—notably Sunny Brook and Old Grand Dad, both from 16 to 18 years in bond. And for Mount Vernon—our one remaining prohibition-aged rye—ranging in age from 12 to 13 years.

So if you wait too long, don't say we didn't warn you.

When liquors of this rare calibre, limited in supply, can be bought at moderate prices, it is obvious that *they can't and won't last very long.*

The famous brands OLD GRAND DAD, SUNNY BROOK and MOUNT VERNON make up the greater part of this special limited stock, but also there are small quantities remaining of OLD McBRAYER, BOURBON de luxe, BLACK GOLD, BLUE GRASS and OLD RIPPY



Whiskey so rare as this is really "occasion" whiskey—not for the everyday cocktail or highball, but for the unusual occasion

PRODUCTS OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS



*To The EXECUTIVE
Whose Signature Is Required On Advertising Contracts*

Where is the Buying Power of the Nation?

● Much has been heard about Unemployment.

But too little has been said about that vastly greater army of EMPLOYED.

For it is to the gainfully EMPLOYED that the advertiser must look today for *immediate results*.

It is just as true now as it ever was, that if you want to *sell* your product, you must reach the people who *can buy*.

Today there is only one place in the United States where this great army of gainfully EMPLOYED gathers every day, twice a day. And that is in the street cars.

Here you will find them each day, on their way *to and from the jobs which gain for them the power to buy... your product*.

The surprisingly low cost of Car Advertising (in selected areas or complete national coverage) is quickly and convincingly demonstrated by a comparison with a budget which would attempt to reach these same millions of riders daily, through any other one medium or combination of mediums.

And keep in mind that these are the millions who hold in their hands today the Buying Power of the Nation.

More than ever before, Car Advertising is today *Concentrated Buying Power*.

On request: Rates and constructive information on buying areas which constitute your immediate sales problems.

W. S. B.

STREET RAILWAYS ADVERTISING CO.

220 WEST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK

Over the border from *CANADA*... comes



CARLING'S Canadian Ale

(RED CAP)



Carling's Red Cap Canadian Ale is here!

And you're going to like it.

It's a palatable, hearty, comforting drink for a man's man. That's certain.

And for the girl who shoots and

paddles and swings a wicked mashie.

There's a savor of old England about it... of romance, laughter, and song.

The crisp tang of amber autumn—a drift of fragrance—the golden dreams of youth—all are caught and bottled for those admirable people who have been impatiently waiting for some one in America to brew a real Canadian Ale.

And now it has been done by the Brewing Corporation of America. Brewed of the finest materials that

money can buy—in what experts call the "most modern, most sanitary brewery in the world"—the largest plant in the country devoted exclusively to making ale.

Brewed and aged under the direction of Carling Breweries, Ltd., of London, Canada, brewers of fine ales since 1840.

Ask for Carling's Red Cap Canadian Ale. There's a distinctive, fascinating "something" about it that will hit the spot at the first taste. You'll find it at all the better places.

Because your Carling's Ale is brewed in this country, there is no import duty added to the price

BREWING CORPORATION OF AMERICA • Cleveland, Ohio

Wholly owned subsidiary of the Peerless Corporation

This advertisement is not intended to offer this product for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful

NO BATTERIES, NO FLAME, NO BUTTONS, NO WHEELS, NO SMOLDERING WICK, NO ODOR, NO TASTE

LIMITLESS LIGHTS



HERE'S A MATCHLESS
GIFT FOR ANY
CIGARETTE SMOKER

Light without Flame
Touch cigarette to
the lighter's tip—
puff and smoke . . .
that's all.

... packed in one tiny
LEKTROLITE

LEKTROLITE \$5 AND UP
— Sold at all finer
stores. In fine metal
and enamel finish; also
sterling silver and 14
kt. gold models up to
\$300.

GLOLITE \$2.50—Sold at
all finer stores.

GLOLITE MIDGET \$1.00
— All Glolite models in
meerscham finish
Plascon in colors. This
model also sold at all
golf clubs.



Since time immemorial, there have been limits placed on nearly every phase of our existence. We know that there are only 50,000,000 Frenchmen, 1001 Arabian Nights, 24 Votes for Underwood, 3 on a match, and 2 is Company. Everything is just so old, or just so big, or just so tired. Did we say "everything"? Well, almost everything!

To every rule there are exceptions. Contrary to the rule of limits stand out two sparkling reversals of form. Well known is the fact that the universe is limitless, planets and nebulae stretching out into space forever and ever. But only recently has been discovered the second phenomenon without limit. That is—The number of Lights for Cigarettes Given by a LEKTROLITE. This small cigarette lighter lights without flame. Touch cigarette to the lighter's tip—puff and smoke—that's all.

No smudged fingers because there is no dirty flint. No scorched brows or eyelashes because there is no flame. Instant light without effort on your part in any weather, be it wet or windy. Dipped in LEKTROLITE Fluid every few weeks, the LEKTROLITE will go on giving limitless lights—without end.

SOLVES YOUR GIFT PROBLEM

From the above you may gather the facts about LEKTROLITE dependability. There are seemingly limitless other features to this tiny cylindrical lighter. No buttons, no wheels, no flame, no smoldering wick, no odor, no taste, no batteries! Simply remove the cap and you have instant light for your cigarette tip in the strongest breeze. The two smaller brothers of LEKTROLITE, namely GLOLITE and GLOLITE MIDGET, perform their parallel duties with the same precision at a more modest purchasing price.



CLIP THIS COUPON NOW!

For sale at your favorite haberdasher, druggist, golf club,
jeweler or direct from:
PLATINUM PRODUCTS CO., Inc., 521 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Enclosed find \$_____ for which send me No. _____

GLOLITE MIDGET GLOLITE LEKTROLITE

MY DEALER'S NAME IS _____

MY NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

THE PLATINUM PRODUCTS CO., 521 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

LICENSED UNDER LEKTROLITE PATENTS



WHY TALON MEANS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

NEW DISTINCTION IN TROUSERS

1 Talon Trouser Fastener is a special slide fastener made expressly for trouser use . . . very small and extremely flexible.

2 Talon Trouser Fastener is absolutely invisible when the fly is closed—almost invisible when the fly is open.

3 Talon Trouser Fastener scientifically applied—it is impossible for it to catch in underclothing.

4 Talon Trouser Fastener creates a continuous closure so smooth and *thin* that only a fine line indicates the opening.

5 Talon Trouser Fastener eliminates the ugliness of the button fly. Side wrinkles and gaps between buttons are gone.

6 With Talon Trouser Fastener, the old button-hole strip is omitted—eliminating the bulkiness of fly tailoring.

7 Talon Trouser Fastener excludes the possibility of embarrassing disarray. It gives complete assurance of security.

8 Talon, in use, does not require undoing the top trouser button. It moves smoothly from top to bottom of the fly.

9 Talon Trouser Fastener is the slide fastener that is not harmed by either dry cleaning or pressing.

10 Talon, unlike the old buttons and button-holes, gives perfect, unchanging service far beyond the life of a suit.

When Appearance Counts the Most.

WEAR CLOTHES WITH

TALON-TAILORED TROUSERS

Sampeck

says:

"This year every one of the models in the SAMPECK Line offers the outstanding improvement in finer tailoring—the Talon-Tailored Trouser.

"With so much at stake, you can be certain we gave the Talon-Tailored Trouser the most searching tests. We tested it in production, in application and in use. We tested it in practical selling.

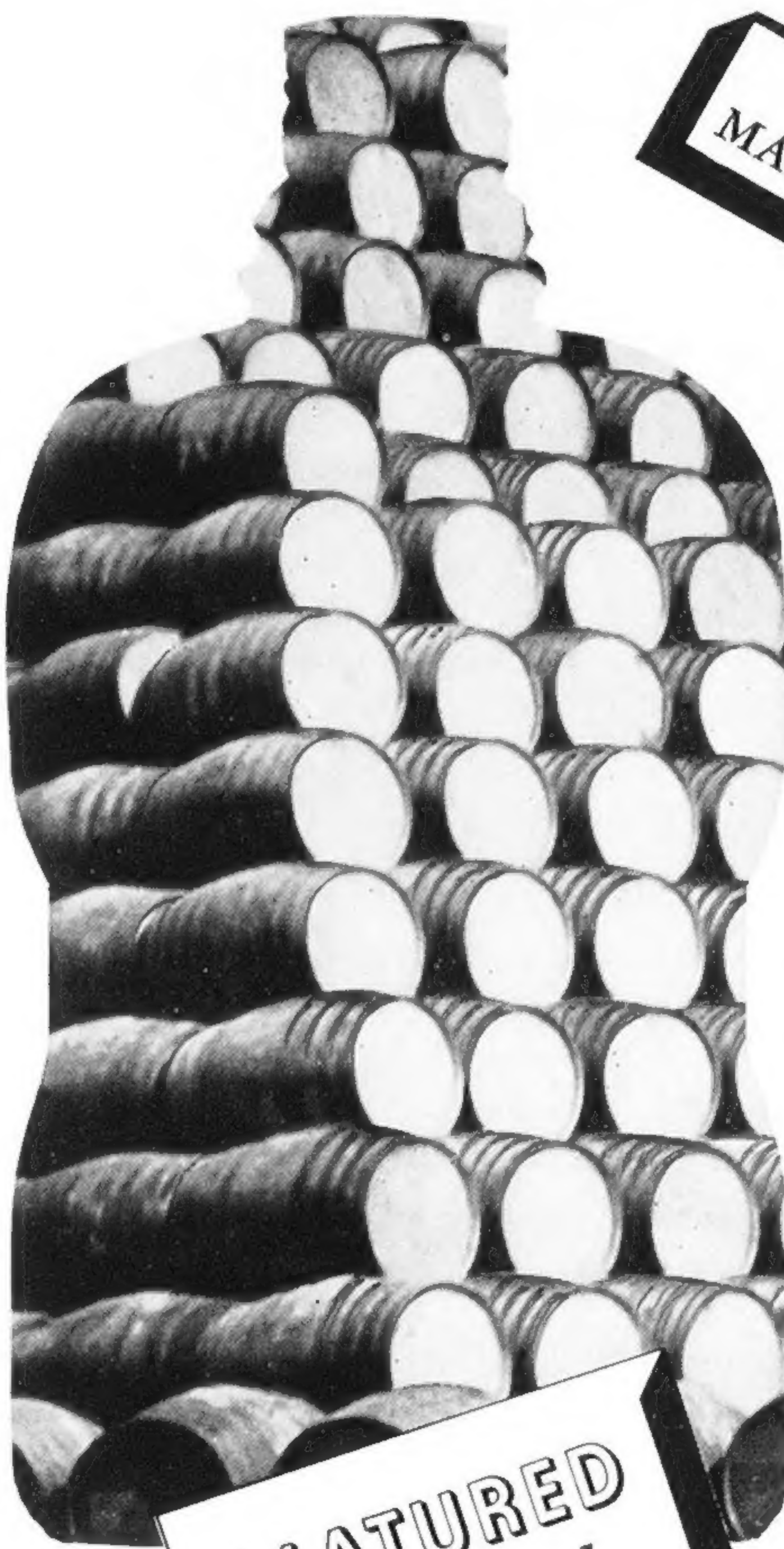
"We are convinced that both the trade and the consumer recognize the value of this contribution, and the final perfection it brings to SAMPECK Clothes.

"We are convinced that in time *all* trousers will be Talon-tailored."

From Golden Grains to
GOLDEN WEDDING
IT'S ALL WHISKEY



BORN
in the Grain
Fields
OF THE U. S. A.



MATURED
in the Oak



Look for the
MARK OF MERIT

A Schenley
PRODUCT
MADE IN U. S. A.

Choice grain, richly ripened, is the source of its flavor. Expert knowledge of mellowing in charred oak, plus 78 years of experience, are the sources of its smoothness. Golden Wedding is a blend of only whiskey with whiskey. This

is the source of its goodness. And its flavor, smoothness and goodness are the sources of its popularity. But let Golden Wedding tell you its story in its own inimitable way—in a tall glass or a pony—a most pleasing way!

VISIT THE SCHENLEY BUILDING AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

DEMAND GOLDEN WEDDING—ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES

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Edited
by
ARNOLD GINGRICH

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
DAVID A. SMART
WM. H. WEINTRAUB

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Picturing the new clothes and accessories in sketches	by Hurd and Fellows, beginning on page 103
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JOHN GROTH, Art Director

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of Esquire. It is never done knowingly.

As for the lull of dog days In July and August there is supposed to be a lull in the magazine business. We don't know why. There just is. Most magazines shrink, both in editorial content and in advertising, at this time of year. The big idea is to avoid "wasting" the best editorial material on the issues that are skinniest in advertising space—to hold off on all the smash features until the Fall revival. Well, ESQUIRE likes to regard that traditional practice as just one more opportunity to be different. The advertising may go to pot in the time-honored manner of the dull season, but the lack won't be taken out on the readers. Editorially, as a quick glance over the fifty features listed above will soon show you, ESQUIRE knows no dog days. Trotsky, George Jean Nathan, Ezra Pound, Albert Halper, Walter D. Edmonds, Witter Bynner, Ellsworth Vines and Walter Hagen

all shake hands with the ESQUIRE audience for the first time this month. And Harry Ashe (who writes his stories in the cockpit of his plane while waiting for his boss, Senator McAdoo) comes back after one of the most rousing curtain calls ever given an ESQUIRE author. Our aim, you see, has been to make "the dull season" extra-lively.

As for reading suggestions

If you are one of those who feel that sex, in any guise, has no place in a man's magazine, we suggest that you skip *The Sex Appeal Myth*, *Skaal Salamina!*, *Best Irish Whiskery*, *Hot Night in Rockford*, and even (if the taboo is to be extended as far as fish) Hemingway's Cuban Letter. If you like unusual subject matter in articles and strong action stuff in stories, have a look at

Hot Enough for You?, *Jungle Table d'Hote*, *For Gentlemen Only*, *Captain Barlow's Pride*, *Crazy in the Stir*, *A Pretty Good Shot*, *Covered All Night*, and *No Spare Wings in Hell*. If you have a flair for the amenities, in art, literature and living, concentrate on *The White Winers*, *Gaudier: A Postscript*, *Turnabout is Fair*, *The Kid Across the River*, *Must Memory be Reverent?*, *Señor Diego Rivera*, and *Falconry—American Style*. And if our own ideas are acceptable to you as a guide (one way or the other), we list the following as "required reading" this month: *Out in the Stream*, *Clouds in the Far East*, *Crazy in the Stir*, *Best Irish Whiskery*, *The Spriv's Master*, *No Spare Wings in Hell*, *The Resurrection of Solly Moon*, and *Petey the Beep*. We can't guarantee that you'll like all of them, but we feel that you won't be wasting your time on any of them. All right. Now it's your turn to tell us.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

FIRST CALL FOR COUMARIN

Being already a regular reader of nine periodicals and technical journals which I consider indispensable, I resolved long ago to limit my magazine reading to this carefully selected group. Then along came *ESQUIRE*, and I purchased a copy of its first edition purely out of curiosity. Since then one or another newsstand has benefited to the extent of fifty cents of my money upon the appearance of each succeeding issue in spite of my staunch efforts to resist the temptation, knowing beforehand that I would not rest content until I had read it avidly from cover to cover. And now, alas, I have so completely succumbed to the lure of your splendid magazine as to enlarge my chosen list to ten!



May I suggest, in my professional capacity of chemical engineer, the use of coumarin in your printing ink to mask the really offensive odor of the physical make-up of *ESQUIRE*?

In conclusion, I should like to state that I, who was born in New York, educated in its schools and at Columbia University and have lived in the metropolitan area all my life, am wholly out of sympathy with the petty views of E. H. Cole. No city can ever replace New York in my affections, but my admiration and appreciation of Chicago have grown with every visit I have made to the Windy City.

Sincerely yours,
HUGO KLEIN

Flora Park, N. Y.

PROTECTION FROM CONJECTURE

I have a point in writing to you, which is to offer one further tidbit in re editorial censorship as set forth by Thomas Beer in the June issue. A recent story of mine involved an airedale dog named George, and at one point in the yarn I referred to the proud possessor of the animal as "George's mistress." When, however, I read the published version of my opus, I found that the words had been tastefully altered to "George's owner."



Sincerely yours,
COLVER HARRIS

South Bristol, Me.

WHY THE "SOMEDAY?"

Your "Sound and Fury" department will someday be your biggest feature. It affords a novel way to show the world what big fools some men (perhaps myself included) will make of themselves when given the opportunity. It is, I believe, both amusing and instructive to those who share a sense of humor. More power to you in all directions.

Sincerely,
L. E. SCOTT

San Bernardino, California

ELMIRA: GLIDING HEADQUARTERS

The Sound and the Fury broke out in earnest here when your July issue came to hand and was taken up to Glider Headquarters.

An excellent article on Gliding and Soaring, with pictures taken on the spot, and no mention made of Elmira, the soaring site of America, now holding its Fifth Annual National Soaring Meet.

The M. I. T. Group of weather prognosticators here with their complete equipment set up to tell the pilots when and where to soar, what cumulus to use, when to get set for a "front."



Elmira has put much money and effort in developing sites and quarters for the Soaring Society of America, Inc., whose able President, Warren Eaton, is one of America's soaring aces.

Judging by the influx of enthusiasts from nearly every state in the Union, the younger generation is sold, the Navy almost so, and the Army has its ear to the ground and its eye in the air, as this sport can undoubtedly make better power pilots in much less time.

Mr. Groenhoff stimulates; now give your readers further satisfaction by telling them where gliding and soaring is being developed in this country.

Yours very truly,
W. ALFRED HEATH

Elmira, N. Y.

WHY EDITORS DIE YOUNG . . .

I was quite impressed with your editorial in the July issue. In fact, I read with avid interest about the great big helping hand that you give to ambitious and unknown writers. It sounded very swell and, if you are sincere about it, what do you say that you answer my letters of May 3rd, May 28th and June 9th.

New York City

Sincerely yours,
JOHN J. MCCARTHY

EDITOR'S NOTE: *ESQUIRE*'s mail is daily swelled by requests for word concerning mss. that have been in the editorial offices for periods ranging from one week to six. It would be easy to clear all scripts in three days—but impossible, in that case, to give "ambitious and unknown writers" the benefit of a careful and considered reading, followed wherever possible by a detailed comment. *ESQUIRE* still thinks that's the best way a magazine can extend a helping hand.

YOUNG MAN WITH MAGAZINES

Well, well! I wouldn't believe it unless I was involved, and sure enough it happened.

Having amassed every issue since January, I gathered them up to take home after the school year. On the N. Y. Central train, the Exposition Flyer, I placed the 6 issues alongside of me. First to approach me was the ticket collector, who apologetically asked me if I intended discarding any issue of *ESQUIRE*, to which I replied "no!" At the next stop, a peddler of edibles politely asked, "Say, buddy, are these yours?" I answered, "Yes!"



After these two, I suddenly felt proud, when who should next query me but a very dignified-looking gentleman well past his fifties. He wanted to know whether I was through with them or not. By this time the thing was no longer a joke; to top it off, a Western Union boy walking through, stopped and politely, and not too meekly, picked one issue of *ESQUIRE* up and made tracks in the opposite direction. I was compelled to chase him for it, getting some sort of an alibi that he thought it didn't belong to anybody.

From then on, I hid those magazines for dear life. As a byword, may I request more styles, especially for college men, and not for business men about to fold over.

Sincerely,
BILL PRICE

Brooklyn, New York

CURTAIN CALL FOR SHINN

In your July issue, I was disappointed in the omission of any work by Everett Shinn, whose contribution was announced on the cover. To keep this from being a letter of complaint, I will take the opportunity of expressing my delight with your magazine and with your election of Everett Shinn to its pages. I look forward to new issues and new Shinns.

New York City

Very truly yours,
CHARLES HENRY

EDITOR'S NOTE: *ESQUIRE*'s cover goes to press on the fifteenth of the month; the last color forms, on the 30th. This explains why some features, received after the fifteenth of the month, are not listed on the cover. It is the first time that it has had to explain why anything that is listed on the cover may not appear in the magazine. The color plates for the Shinn cartoons scheduled for July could not be completed in time to catch the last color form—a fact that did not become evident until ten days after the cover had gone to press. It probably won't happen again in a long time, but if it does, you'll know why.

WANTED: A KEY TO THE MORGUE

This is to let you know that your magazine is getting lousier and lousier and that there is nothing in the current issue which anyone by the most prodigious stretch of the imagination could mention favorably.

The only raison d'être of the June issue was the fact that you published two stories worthy of the Big League. They were, of course, Fessier's *Lady in the Rain*, and Wright's, *The Silver Drinking Set*. The rest of the stuff you publish is something the authors have been saving in the morgue for years.

Sincerely yours,
JULIUS LONG

Bellefontaine, Ohio

FORMULA FOR HAPPY TRAVEL

There are just two reasons why I don't subscribe. They are both *ESQUIRE*. We travel about a good deal and discovered sometime ago that we positively must have two copies the moment *ESQUIRE* appears, one for him and one for me. (Mrs., not Miss.) Waiting to read a subscription copy at home is unthinkable. Having only one between us involved more vulgar kibitzing, sprained necks and strained domestic relations than you would think possible. It would take about a month to get over it all and then out would come another *ESQUIRE* and the whole dreadful business would begin again.



Two *ESQUIRES* in the hand are worth five in the post office although it's a perfect magazine anywhere.

Sincerely,
HELEN WALCUTT HILL

Mamaroneck, N. Y.

BUT THEY'RE NOT OBSCURE NOW!

I desired a modern, progressive, light tone—I desired a measure of unconventional sophistication—I subscribed to *ESQUIRE*. Imagine my chagrin when the first comment I had the displeasure of reading concerned a petty, vain wrangle between two individuals of no significance with the monikers of Mapes and Wilkins. Since I am a university man, I feel that my intelligence has been grossly insulted—I didn't subscribe to your publication to hear the dire threats and attempted cynical comments of two individuals whose very beings are clothed in obscurity. I have subscribed to most of the modern magazines and this is my first contact with this sort of thing. It is thoroughly disgusting and childish.

I attended school in the South, and I fail to see any inherent superiority of the individuals who call it home. It is seldom that such a quarrel affects me, but when I pay five "coconuts" I don't want slapstick. The sooner *ESQUIRE* and its contributors realize that all men are not interested in petty differences—the better off it will be.

Let's have no more of it.
Alton, Illinois

RUSSELL M. MATHER

A RAP FOR RASCOE

I was very much interested in the review of Thomas Craven's *Modern Art* in the July *ESQUIRE*. Mr. Burton Rascoe is recognized as Mr. James Branch Cabell's official press agent; that he is also an authority on modern art . . . well, that came as something of a surprise.



As most intelligent readers know, Mr. Craven advocates nationalism in art. In his present book, he dethrones a few first rate French painters, replacing them with several second rate Americans. You might call this the "Buy American" theme in painting.

But Mr. Rascoe goes Mr. Craven one better. He attempts to console those individuals whose interest in art has never advanced beyond the aesthetic appeal of our metropolitan tabloids. These individuals do not understand the work of Cezanne so they are comforted by a funny story about one of Cezanne's pictures . . . a soothing balm, to be sure. It's easy to laugh at something you don't understand.

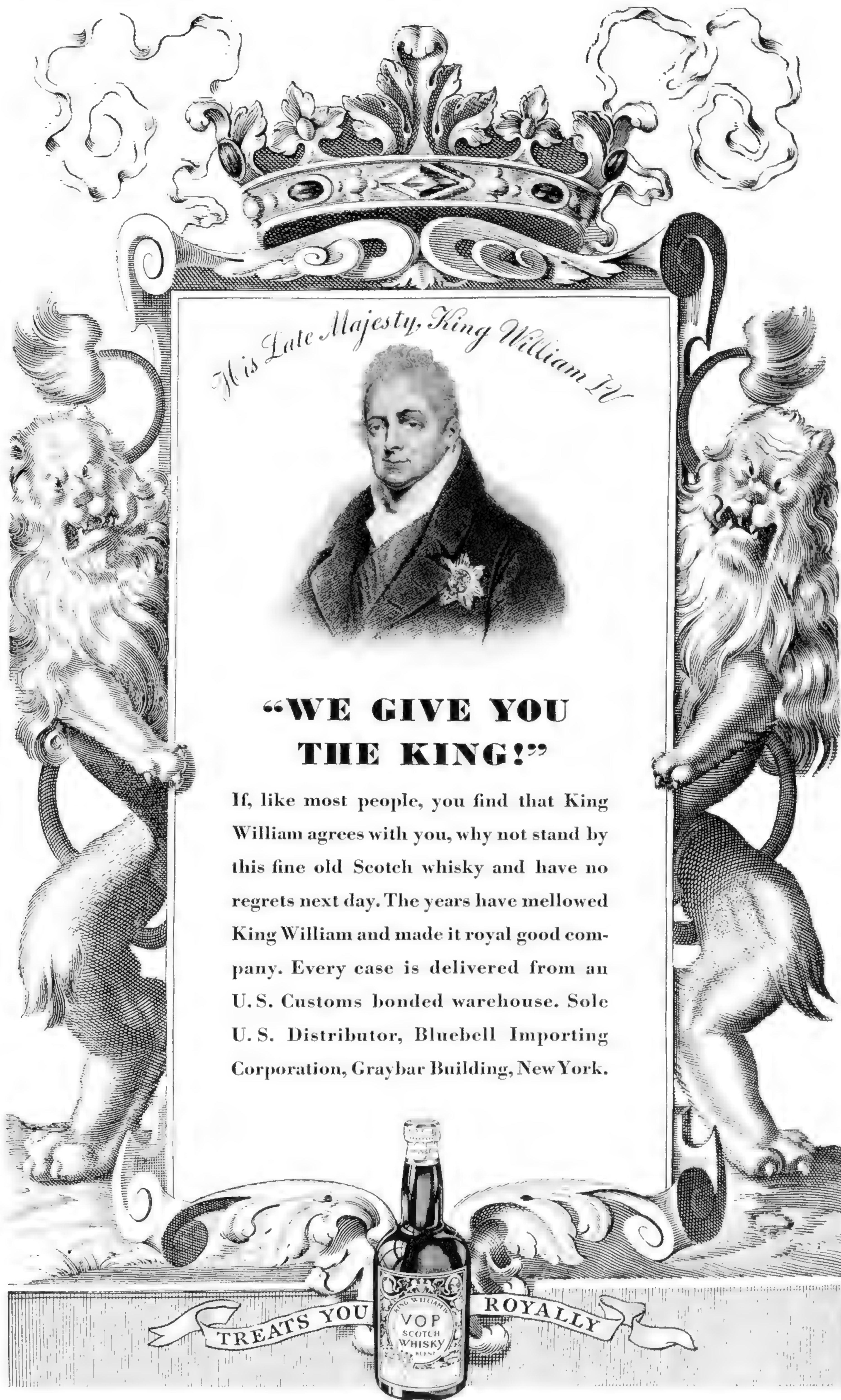
That this review will seem a trifle obvious goes without saying. Mr. Rascoe, for instance, makes a gibe at the art critics who speak of Cezanne's "soul." I've read quite a few books on Cezanne's work and I've never seen this word applied to his painting. I doubt whether Mr. Rascoe has either. Then there is the usual reference to the Paris art dealers. These horrid, commercial fellows acquire their masterpieces for as little as ten francs and sell them to rich Americans for as much as \$85,000. I know of no specific transaction where the profit was so great, and I doubt whether Mr. Rascoe does either.

Mr. Rascoe's review is overflowing in exaggerations and misstatements. But what's the use? Someone might very well argue that the music of Bach is inferior to the music of our own Gershwin. Hundreds of Burton Rascoes will applaud, the crowd will cheer, and nationalism will receive a fresh impetus. It goes on forever!

Very truly yours,
JOE C. GRAVES

Lexington, Ky.

Continued on page 14



His Late Majesty, King William IV

**“WE GIVE YOU
THE KING!”**

If, like most people, you find that King William agrees with you, why not stand by this fine old Scotch whisky and have no regrets next day. The years have mellowed King William and made it royal good company. Every case is delivered from an U.S. Customs bonded warehouse. Sole U.S. Distributor, Bluebell Importing Corporation, Graybar Building, New York.

TREATS YOU ROYALLY

KING WILLIAM IV V.O.P scotch WHISKY

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Viva Cuba!

But please, please
Señor, mix that wonderful
BACARDI Cocktail
just like this:

1 jigger of Bacardi

Juice of half a green lime

1 bar-spoonful granulated
sugar

Shake well in
cracked ice

Schenley, Sole
Agent in the
United States
for Compañia
Ron Bacardi,
S. A.

Copr., 1934,
Schenley
Import
Corp.



FOR THIS IS THE CUBAN WAY, the way that will give you the greatest delight. So please, PLEASE Señor, do as we do in Cuba, and follow closely this recipe that has made the Bacardi Cocktail the smartest cocktail in the world. Viva!

In all the world there is nothing else like Bacardi—a flavor, a delightful mellowness that no one has ever been able to copy, for the secrets of distilling Bacardi have been the property of a single family for over 70 years. Remember, every drop of genuine Bacardi has been fully aged in the wood—the youngest drop is always 4 years old at least!

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Visit the Schenley Building at the World's Fair

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 12

THERE'S NO "E" IN LOUSY

Yours is truly the criterion in the magazine field. I have bought *ESQUIRE* since the first issue and expect to be one of your subscribers until I am six feet under. I cannot truthfully say that I like everything in it, but it more than meets every demand.

The one major criticism I have to make is this:—the fashion department is lousy! My acquaintances have informed me that I have excellent taste, but I am afraid they would reverse their statements if I appeared in many of the concoctions of your style expert. Such taste in colors is positively revolting. Honestly, now, what do you think of prominent horizontal shirt stripes combined with equally prominent vertical suit stripes? The shirts, I think, spoil many of the illustrations. It is no wonder that many women insist on selecting their husband's clothes!

However, it is a swell magazine. Let us have more of Michael Fessier. And keep up the "Sound and the Fury."

With best wishes for a mighty prosperous career, I am,

Scotch Plains, N. J.

Very truly yours,
H. L. ADKINS, JR.



PLEA FOR COLOR CONSERVATION

I'd like to suggest a little more appreciation of good art work. Hoff's cartoons are funny, no doubt, but it seems a shame to give them several full pages in full color and then fail to give credit for the consistently splendid decorations and sketches illustrating the articles. The drawings accompanying the June article on "What is this Fancy Diving?" were grand, but not a line to indicate who gets the credit, even though he can draw circles around Hoff, et al., whose names are practically in black face throughout the mag. Excuse me, you aren't Mr. Hoff, are you? The idea is, save your color for more of Freed, Groth, Sakhnoffsky, your color photos of bass lures, and these more worth while things.

More power,
Long Beach, California GRAHAM LATTA

EDITOR'S NOTE: The illustrations accompanying the Fancy Diving article by Sanderson Smith in the June issue are the work of Dick Lucy. *ESQUIRE* requests signatures on illustrations, to obviate the necessity of cluttering the page with extra credit lines. We are not Mr. Hoff but we often wish we were.

TO CHESTER FROM CHESTER

I notice that H. C. Vedder of Chester, Pa. rather more than halfway dislikes the character of *ESQUIRE*. There are certain words which I should like to address to him. Thus:

"You speak of *ESQUIRE* as 'a magazine for the men who patronize bawdy houses'. Don't drivell, man; it is not so. But—do you eat your food without seasoning? Presumably not. Then don't live with half a heart. But live! Being a naval officer by profession, the Grace of God, and an act of Congress, and attached to the ship bearing the name of your city, I sincerely dislike the idea that others in Chester may be of the same mind. Some day someone overflowing with the milk of human kindness will either wake you up or advise you of the fact that you are dead."

Keep it up, *ESQUIRE*.

U. S. S. Chester

Yours very sincerely,
REGINALD M. RAYMOND
Ensign, U. S. N.



THE SOUND AND FURY SHAPES ITSELF

After reading "The Sound and the Fury" in your July issue, it seems to me that you are devoting too much space to an invitation to a brawl from a slightly ungrammatical Southern hotblood, and panegyrics on Chicago from its aborigines, who are too prone to tooting the Rotarian horn. When they realize that their city has its merits and shortcomings as has ours, it will be better for your magazine, which is, incidentally, one of the best I have read in quite some time. Why not make "The Sound and the Fury" a place for good, unbiased tolerant criticism of your stories and articles, which are, save for a few exceptions, excellent.

New York City

Sincerely,
LOUIS M. STILLMAN, II
Continued on page 158

ATTUNED TO BEAUTY

Radio has learned that to catch the public ear, it must first catch the public eye. In the paneled walnut of a radio cabinet, the public must see beauty before it will buy.

Industrial design — in radios, refrigerators, motor cars, and in all those things which go to make life easier, simpler, happier — is the decisive factor. In design lies salability. Beauty, industry's most powerful ally, has become a major consideration.

In pursuing our function as creators and producers of printed advertising, we have co-operated with a number of our clients in developing product designs.* Such co-operation was the natural corollary of a service that includes printing and engraving, photography and art work of a high quality. The talent embodied in our layout designs simply extended itself to include the products themselves. That this step has been taken successfully is indicated in the immediate acceptance of our design suggestions. It is a step that widens our scope — an additional service wholly in keeping with the spirit of an organization which relies on quality to maintain its reputation.

ROSENOW COMPANY
340 WEST HURON STREET, CHICAGO

**One of the new 1935
line of Zenith radio cab-
inets designed by Rosenow.*



BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE



HARRY ASHE

Harry Ashe wrote *No Spare Wings in Hell*, which appears on page 76, in Washington, D. C., Pirate's Cove and Miami, Florida, Salt Lake City, Utah, and Los Angeles, California. As Senator McAdoo's pilot he spends most of his time away from his home in Glendale, California, and writes wherever and whenever he gets a chance. If you missed *Zero-Zero*, in the June issue, read this new one and you'll probably bestir yourself to hunt up your copy of the June number.

Chester B. Himes is known as No. 59623 in Columbus, where he is serving a twenty-year sentence in the Ohio State Penitentiary. His story, *Crazy in the Stir*, on page 28, is the first convict writing to appear in our pages. It will be followed in an early issue by another by this same author, *To What Red Hell*.

Leon Trotsky's fame as a statesman is all that has kept him from fame as an author, as anyone who has read his *History of The Russian Revolution* knows without being told. Negotiations for the article on page 20 were begun almost a year ago, when the first issue of *ESQUIRE* was in preparation, and were complicated by the break of the news story revealing his French residence.

George Jean Nathan left for Europe after writing *The Sex Appeal Myth* on page 23, perhaps with the thought that the Magazine for Men might happen into the hands of certain actresses.

Rockwell Kent is going back to Greenland, the writing and illustrating of his present series having given him an irresistible case of nostalgia.

The Jimmie Charters memoirs will be published this fall under the title, *This Must be the Place*, and our series of excerpts from the script ends leaving some of its best stories untold, so that there'll be some point in your buying the book. At that, there is reason enough, for many, in the fact that it carries an introduction by Ernest Hemingway.

Jean M. F. Dubois was born in Sumatra, the son of Dr. Eugene Dubois (discoverer of the Java Ape Man), and was educated in Holland. Since the age of twenty-one—he is now about forty—he has spent almost all his time in scientific research and exploration work in the tropics.

James W. Bennett spent three years in China, with trips into Java, Sumatra, F. M. S. Burma, India, and Australia. Part of the time he was an American vice consul. He has taught short story writing to Chinese boys in a native university in Shanghai. We mention this last point chiefly to forestall Sound and Furyers who are sure to pick to pieces the Sino-English dialogue in *Best Irish Whiskery* which appears on page 33. Mr. Bennett lives in Manhattan.

Manuel Komroff, never content to stay long in one place, is now in Mexico.

Allan Vaughan Elston is well known to readers of pulp magazines but *Covered All Night*, on page 62, is his debut on glossy paper.

Ellsworth Vines, after an off-season as an amateur, has been enjoying spectacular success as the professional vis-a-vis of the perennial William T. Tilden II. His article was written while on the road on their latest "barnstorming" tour.

Fred C. Kelly is at his farm near Cleveland, after a long automobile trip through the south and west. He will shortly leave for Russia.

Jim Tully, who covered the Baer-Carnera fight for a number of the Hearst papers, has returned to his home in North Hollywood, California.

G. C. Richards makes his first published appearance with *Pete the Beep* on page 60. His biography is a plaintive record of "one darn thwarted ambition after another. I went to college—Harvard—with the firm determination of becoming an Egyptologist. I learned that the entire Egyptology Department was in Egypt excavating, and was persuaded to try English Literature for the first year. The Department failed to return to the college so that I might start being an Egyptologist my sophomore year. So,



G. C. RICHARDS

back to literature I went. In 1928, when I was handed my A. B. degree, I realized with horror that I was not an Egyptologist; the department was still over there excavating. They still are. And to hell with'm, I say.

"For several years I had spent all my spare time at sea; went to the Far East, South America, Africa and all that. So now I turned to old man Neptune again. He gave me an A. B. too. Maybe I'd have been a captain or something, but I had to go break an arm. While recuperating I got the idea of taking postgraduate work at Columbia. I never have been able to decide why I never went back to sea. Got a B. S. degree from Columbia.

"I found that my funds were low then, so began to look for a job in Manhattan. I found it and am still at it: a financial writer for a Wall Street bond house. Took a few days off and wrote a story about baseball and sent it to *ESQUIRE*. Darn near fell dead when it was accepted."

H. E. Bates is one of the best known English short story writers. He lives at the Granary, Little Chart, Kent. The illustration for *The Sprig's Master*, on page 55, was made by John Groth during his English sojourn on the way to Russia.

Albert Halper is best known as the author of *Union Square*, his first novel, which was the selection of one of the book clubs about a year ago. Since that time he has published a book of short stories.

John Forbes is the city editor of the Bridgeport Post. Bridgeport, Connecticut.

George Lichty is a young Chicago artist, now on the staff of the Daily Times. Several years ago, while a student at the University of Michigan, he won a national contest for college cartoons.

Witter Bynner was born in Brooklyn in 1881 and after graduation from Harvard in 1902, became assistant editor of McClure's Magazine. In 1907 he published his first book of verse, *Young Harvard*. Since then he has published some two dozen volumes of verse and plays. During the poetry boom in 1916, he kidded the "new" poetry so successfully, under the pseudonym Emanuel Morgan, that the latter achieved widespread and solemn recognition as one of the most significant of the New Voices.

Carleton Smith is one of the few music critics who have paid serious attention to the music of radio programs. Since 1930 he has written a weekly column on radio music and musicians. He is acquainted with virtually all of the outstanding concert artists and composers of America and Europe and, as his article on Frank Black (page 84) reveals, is neither highbrow nor lowbrow in his musical judgments. He lives in Chicago.

Frank Boyd, whose bathing beach sketches form the portfolio feature of this issue, was born at St. John, New Brunswick, Canada and now lives in New York City. He has exhibited at the International Watercolor shows of the Brooklyn Museum and the Chicago Art Institute and has illustrated several children's books. He has a quiet personality, quiet to a point of almost bordering The Timid Soul.

Walter Hagen was aided and abetted, not to say goaded, in writing on the subject of lady golfers, by his friend Herb Graffis, who has himself written for *ESQUIRE* on golf. We leave it to you to decide whether or not you can detect the Graffis touch, as we think we can, here and there in the course of the article which begins on page 81. The imputation of "ghosting" was so indignantly denied that we had to forego our intention to give the piece a double by-line.

Ezra Pound has lived abroad for so many years that it may be surprising to some readers to see him mention himself as an American, as he does in his article on Gaudier-Brzeska on page 73. He was born in Idaho, lived in London before the war and in Paris for some years after the Armistice. Since the middle twenties he has made his home in Rapallo, Italy. His fame as "a poet's poet" has long since been assured, but it is as the storm center of new movements in art and literature that he has made news of himself from time to time for the past twenty years. His article in this issue is planned to be the first of a series, but unavoidable delays in obtaining suitable illustrations make it impossible to announce a definite schedule for subsequent articles.



HIERATIC HEAD BY GAUDIER-BRZESKA

EZRA POUND

SEE PAGE 74

At LEADING HUNT CLUBS

they prefer

Seagram's

Today, with stocks of well-aged whiskies running low, you will find at leading hunt clubs a marked preference for Seagram's fine whiskies.

For word has spread among those who know that Seagram's holds *the world's largest treasure* of fully aged Rye and Bourbon whiskies. They have found that when they say "Seagram's Rye," "Seagram's Bourbon" or "Seagram's V. O." they always get fine whiskey distilled in the best American tradition . . . full body . . . full flavor . . . every drop at least 5 years old.

We offer Seagram's bottled-in-bond whiskies for *your* approval and invite you to enjoy their mellow smoothness.



DISTILLERS SINCE 1857

Say **Seagram's**
and be sure

William V. C. Ruxton and his daughter, Miss Ruth Mary Ruxton, with the celebrated pack of English hounds he imported. Mr. Ruxton, who was Master of the Fairfield and Westchester drag pack in Connecticut, has just been chosen Joint Master of the Cattistock in England.



ENEMIES OF MAN No. 5: THE MALE FLIRT

He never has a girl of his own, but that's all right as long as you have. He is the self-appointed friend of everything in skirts, and all men are enemies. He trades upon the average man's dislike to make a scene, and upon the average woman's unwillingness to permit one. He is the curse of every cabaret, the bane of almost every bar. If he were handsome there'd be some excuse, but he never is. His roly-boly eyes gleam out of a ponum that even a mother could poke.

Out in the Stream

A Cuban Letter

by **ERNEST HEMINGWAY**

THE sun on the water is the toughest part of fishing the north coast of Cuba for marlin in July and August. Havana is cooler than most northern cities in those months because the northeast trades get up about ten o'clock in the forenoon and blow until four or five o'clock the next morning, and the northeast trade is a cool and pleasant wind, but out on the water even with a breeze, the sun gives you something to remember him by. You can avoid it by going to the eastward with the current in the morning, fishing with the boat headed into the sun, and then coming back against the current in the afternoon with the sun at your back again as you troll, but sometimes all the fish will be in the short stretch between Havana and Cojimar and there is nothing to do but work back and forth in and out of the sun and take it. I do not believe it is very bad for the eyes if you wear glasses with Crookes lenses. My eyes were much better after a hundred days in the gulf than they were when we started. But it gives you a schnozzle like some rare and unattractive tropical vegetable and in the evening the sun slants up off the water like molten lead and comes up under the long visor of one of those down east sword-fishing caps and broils as it works toward that sun's ideal of a nose, the monumental proboscis of J. P. Morgan the elder.

You have a lot of time to think out in the gulf and you can touch the schnozzle with a little coconut oil with the left hand while the right holds the big reel and watch the bait bounce and the two teasers dip and dive and zig in and out in the wake and still have time to speculate on higher and lower things. Yes, you say, but why do they have to work into the sun? Why can't they work in and out, north and south instead of east and west?

It would be fine if you could but when the breeze gets up out of the northeast and blows against the current it makes a big sea and you cannot work in the trough of it but have to go either with it or against it.

Of course you may not ask that question at all. You may be bored blind with the whole thing and be waiting for the action to begin or the conversation to start. Gentlemen, I'd like to oblige you but this is one of those instructive ones. This is one of those contemplative pieces of the sort that Izaak Walton used to write (I'll bet you



never read him either. You know what a classic is, don't you? A book that everyone mentions and no one reads) except that the charm, and quaintness and the literary value of Walton are omitted. Are they omitted intentionally? Ah, reader, thank you. Thank you and that's mighty white of you.

Well, here we have Piscator, as Walton puts it, sitting on a chair which, with the heat, has given him that unattractive condition called fisherman's seat, holding now in his hand a cold bottle of Hatuey beer, and trying to peer past his monumental schnozzle and out over the sea which is doing considerable rising and falling. The boat has been headed into the sun and if a fish comes now Piscator can see him. He can see the slicing wake of a fin, if he cuts toward the bait, or the rising and lowering sickle of a tail if he is travelling, or if he comes from behind he can see the bulk of him under water, great blue pectorals widespread like the wings of some huge, underwater bird, and the stripes around him like purple bands around a brown barrel, and then the sudden upthrust waggle of a bill. He can see the marlin's mouth open as the bill comes out of the water and see him slice off to the side and go down with the bait, sometimes to swim deep down with the boat so that the line seems slack and Piscator cannot come up against him solidly to hook him. Then when he is hooked he makes a sweeping turn, the drag screwed down, the line zings out and he breaks water, the drag loosed now, to go off jumping, throwing water like a speedboat, in those long, loping, rhythmic, pounding leaps of twenty feet and more in length.

To see that happen, to feel that fish in his rod, to feel that power and that great rush, to be a connected part of it and then to dominate it and master it and bring that fish to gaff, alone and with no one else touching rod, reel or leader, is something worth waiting many days for, sun and all, and as said, while you wait there is plenty of time to think. A good part of the things you think about are not put into a magazine printed on shiny paper and designed to go through

the mails. Some they can put you in jail for if you write and others are simply no one's business but a great part of the time you think about fish.

Why does the south wind stop all fish biting off the north coast of Cuba while it makes them bite off the Florida keys?

Why will a mako shark not eat a hooked or dead marlin or swordfish when all other sharks will?

Is there a connection between the mako and the swordfish just as the wahoo, or peto, seems to be a connecting link between the kingfish and the sailfish and marlin?

What makes intelligence and courage in a fish like the mako who will refuse to pull, when hooked, unless you pull on him, who will deliberately charge a fisherman in a boat (I have a moving picture of this); who seems to be thinking while you are fighting him and will try different tactics to escape and come to the top of the water and rest during the fight; and who will swim around and round a hooked marlin and never hit him? The mako is a strange fish. His skin is not like a shark, his eye is not like a shark, his fins are more like a broadbill swordfish than a shark and his smell is sweet and not sharky. Only his mouth, full of those curved-in teeth that give him his Cuban name of *dentuso*, is a shark's mouth. And he has shark's gills.

What use is the sailfish's sail to that fish? Why should this fish which seems to be an unsuccessful model, an earlier and more fantastic model for the marlin, thin where the marlin is rounded, weak where the marlin is strong, provided with insufficient pectoral fins and too small a tail for its size, have survived? There must be a good reason for the sail. What is it?

Why do marlin always travel from east to west against the current and where do they go after they reach Cape San Antonio at the western end of Cuba? Is there a counter current hundreds of fathoms below the surface current and do they return working against that? Or do they make a circle through the Caribbean?

Why in the years of great abundance of marlin off the California coast are the fish equally plentiful off Cuba? Is it possible that marlin, the same fish, follow the warm currents of all the oceans, or that they have certain circuits that they make? They are caught in New Zealand, Tahiti, Honolulu, the Indian ocean, off

Continued on page 156



Clouds in the Far East

**The creator and first commander
of the Red Army summarizes the
Russian chances in case of war**

by **LEON TROTSKY**

AT FIRST sight one becomes astonished by the insignificance of those military forces which were concentrated in the Far East during the months of extreme tension in Soviet-Japanese relations. On February 3rd, the Japanese Minister of War, Hayashi, declared that his government had only 50,000 soldiers in Manchuria, while the Soviets had concentrated 100,000 men and 300 planes on their nearest border. Bluecher, the commander-in-chief of the special Far Eastern army, refuted Hayashi, stating that the Japanese had actually concentrated in Manchuria 130,000 men, more than $\frac{1}{3}$ of their regular army, plus 115,000 Manchukuo soldiers—all told 245,000 men and 500 planes. At the same time, Bluecher added reassuringly that the Soviet armed forces were not inferior to the Japanese. On the scale of a major war, we are dealing here, one may say, with partisan detachments.

The concentration of masses of millions, an unbroken and deep front and a positional war are excluded by the properties of the Far Eastern arena (immense and sparsely populated areas, extremely broken terrain, poor means of communication, remoteness from the key bases). In the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-05, 320,000 soldiers participated on the Russian side; and toward the end, i. e., when the Czarist army was completely routed—500,000. The Japanese hardly numbered as many. The Czarist army lacked not transport, not numbers, but ability. Since that time, the technology of war has changed beyond recognition. But the basic properties of the theatre of war in the Far East have remained the same. To Japan, Manchuria is an intermediate base, separated from the key bases by sea. The Japanese fleet rules on sea, but not under sea nor in the air. Sea transport is bound up with dangers. The Chinese population of Manchuria is hostile to the Japanese. Like the Soviets, Japan will be unable to concentrate masses of millions on the Far Eastern front. The most modern technology must, of necessity, be correlated with the tactical methods of the past. The strategy of Napoleon, and even of Hannibal, remains to a large measure in force for the Trans-Baikal and the Maritime Provinces. Large scale cavalry raids will introduce decisive changes into the map of war. The Japanese railroads in Manchuria will be subjected to greater dangers than the Soviet line running along the Amur. In the operations of isolated detachments, in cavalry raids at the enemy's rear, colossal work will entail upon modern technology in the form of aviation as the means of scouting, of maintaining connections of transport, and of bombing. In so far as the war in the Amur and Maritime Provinces will bear, in gen-

eral, a mobile and maneuvering character, its outcome will depend to a decisive degree upon the ability of isolated detachments to operate independently; upon the initiative of the lowest ranking officers; and upon the resourcefulness of every soldier who is left to act on his own. In all these respects, the Soviet army, in my opinion, will prove superior to the Japanese, at least by as much as the Japanese army proved superior to the Czarist in 1904-05.

As the events of last year have demonstrated, Tokio cannot make up her mind to begin right now. And in the meantime, with every additional year, the inter-relation of forces will not change in favor of Japan. The development of the Kuznetsk military-industrial base has already freed the Far Eastern front from the necessity of depending upon the European rear. The radical reconstruction of the carrying capacity of the Moscow-Khabarovsk railway, by double-tracking the line, was set by the Soviet government as one of the principal tasks for 1934. Conjointly work was begun on the railroad from Lake Baikal to the lower Amur regions, 1,400 kilometers long. The new main line will tap the richest coal regions of Bureya and the mines of Khingan. The Bureya region—which is only 500 kilometers away from Khabarovsk, i. e., 1-10 the distance to the Kuznetsk region—will be transformed by the program of industrial construction into an independent industrial mil-

itary-technological base for the Far East. The correlation of the gigantic undertakings in transportation and industry with the substantial economic privileges extended to the population of the Far East must lead to a rapid settlement of this territory—and this will cut the ground completely from under the Siberian plans of Japanese Imperialism.

Nevertheless Japan's internal situation makes war almost inevitable, just as 30 years ago, there was no forestalling Czarism from it, despite all the voices of warning. There is no paradox in the statement that after the war has broken out in the Far East, it will be either very short, almost instantaneous, or very, very long. Japan's goal—the seizure of the Far East, and if possible, of a considerable section of the Trans-Baikal territory—requires of itself very long periods of time. The war could end quickly only pro-



vided the Soviet Union will be able to shatter at the very outset the Japanese offensive, decisively and for a long time to come. For the solution of this defensive task, aviation provides the Soviets with a weapon of inestimable power.

One need not be a devotee of "integral" aerial warfare, i. e., believe in the transference of the decisive military operations to the air, in order to realize that, under certain conditions, aviation is unquestionably capable of solving the war problem by radically paralyzing the offensive operations of the enemy. Such is precisely the case in the Far East. In his complaint about the concentration of Soviet air forces in the Maritime Provinces, Hayashi divulged the easily understood alarm of Japan's ruling circles, whose political centers, whose military industrial combines and whose most important war bases are exposed to the blow of the Red Air fleets. With the Maritime Provinces as a base, it is possible to spread the greatest havoc among the vital centers of the Island Empire by means of long range planes. Even should one concede what is hardly likely, that Japan will be able to muster an equal or superior air force, the danger to the islands will only be lessened but not eliminated. There is no creating an impassable aerial barrier; breaches will be only too frequent, and every breach is pregnant with great consequence. In this duel, the decisive importance will be borne not by the material technological preponderance, which

unquestionably lies on the side of Soviet aviation, and which can only increase in the immediate future; but the relative geographic position of the two sides.

While almost all the Japanese centers are exposed to attack from the air, the Japanese air forces cannot retaliate with blows anywhere nearly equivalent: not only Moscow but also the Kuznetsk basin (6-7000 kilometers away!) cannot be reached without a landing. At the same time, neither in the Maritime Provinces nor in Eastern Siberia are there centers so vital that their destruction could exert a decisive or even a telling influence on the course of the war. The advantages of position multiplied by a more powerful technology will give the Red Army a preponderance which is difficult to express in terms of a precise coefficient, but which may prove of decisive importance.

Should the Soviet aviation, however, prove unprepared for the solution of the grandiose task of the third dimension, the center of gravity would revert to the two-dimensional plane, where the laws of the Far Eastern theatre would enter into full force; and the principal law reads: Slowness. The time has obviously elapsed for the sudden seizure of the Maritime Provinces. Vladivostok today represents a strongly fortified position which may become the Verdun of the Pacific Coast. The attempt to capture a fortress can be made only by land; and would require say a dozen divisions— $2\frac{1}{2}=3$ times more than are required for the defense. Even in the event

of complete success this operation would consume months, and thereby leave at the disposal of the Red Army an invaluable supplementary period of time. The westward movement of the Japanese would require colossal preparatory labors: intermediate bases must be fortified; railways and roads must be built. Japan's very successes in this line would create increasing difficulties for her; because the Red Army would retreat to its own bases while the Japanese would become dispersed within inhospitable territories having behind their backs enslaved Manchuria, crushed Korea and hostile China. A protracted war would open up the possibility of forming, in the deep rear of the Japanese, a Chinese army with the aid of Soviet technology and Soviet instructors.

But here, we already enter into the sphere of world relations, in the true sense of the word, with all the possibilities, dangers and unknown quantities latent in them. Many of the considerations and estimates which were stated above would, of course, be eliminated should the war last a number of years and force the Soviets to place 20 million men under arms. In such a case, the weakest link after transport, or together with transport, would probably prove to be the soviet rural economy, the fundamental problems of which are still far from solution. However, it is precisely in the perspective of a major war that it is absolutely impermissible to take the question of U.S.S.R. in an isolated form, i. e., without direct connection with the entire world situation. What will be the groupings of countries in the East and the West? Will the military coalition of Japan and Germany be realized? Would the U. S. S. R. find allies, and precisely whom? What will happen to the freedom of the seas? What

will be the subsistence level, and, in general, the economic position of Japan? Will Germany find itself within a new blockading ring? What will be the relative stability of the regimes of the warring countries? The number of such questions could be multiplied indefinitely. All of them will flow inevitably from the conditions of a world war; but no one can answer them a priori. The answer will be found during the actual course of the mutual destruction of peoples, and this answer may turn out to be a merciless sentence upon our entire civilization.





"You aren't the Mr. Penny I came here with!"

The Sex Appeal Myth

**Pointing out (1) that sex appeal
is a drawback to an actress, and
(2) that it's nonexistent anyway**

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

NOTHING impresses me as being quite so idiotic as the popularly held theory that this or that particular young woman's success on the stage or motion picture screen is due to her sex appeal. That she may have sex appeal in a certain direction is entirely probable, but that it has more than the slightest fraction to do with any success she achieves seems to me to be excessively dubious.

Sex appeal is more often a handicap than an asset to an actress. Consider the stage. The relatively younger actresses who currently attract the biggest audiences into the theatres are Katharine Cornell, Eva Le Gallienne, Ina Claire, Helen Hayes and Lynn Fontanne. Yet not even the greatest admirer of them or of their talents would argue that any of them is especially gifted with sex appeal. On the other hand, not even the least admirer or greatest skeptic as to the talents of such other relatively younger actresses as Miriam Hopkins, Dorothy Hall, Judith Anderson, Katharine Hepburn, Jean Arthur, Mady Christians, Erin O'Brien-Moore and Olga Baclanova—allowing for the widest catholicity of taste and opinion—would argue, in turn, that they haven't considerably more of sex appeal than the ladies in the first group. Yet, while absence of sex appeal in the case of this first group hasn't interfered in the least with their audience success, presence of sex appeal in the case of the second hasn't helped the young women in it in the least. In certain specific instances, indeed, it has been something of a handicap, as it has diverted attention from the talent of the young ladies in question and centered it upon their animal magnetism, which hasn't done them a bit of good so far as their stage careers go. Furthermore, let us not hear that it is purely a matter of talent with the actresses in the first group as opposed to those in the second. The point is that, however talented Judith Anderson, an experienced actress, or Jean Arthur, a comparatively inexperienced one, may be or may become, the fact of their sex appeal is and will continue to be dinned into the public consciousness at the expense of their talent, and thus converts them into women first and actresses afterward. Whereas Miss Cornell and Miss Le Gallienne are permitted to be ac-

tresses and are discussed impersonally as actresses, these other girls are doomed to be discussed personally—and woe betide them when eventually, whatever their histrionic skill, the quality of sex appeal, with advancing years, leaves them.

In the films, it is the same. A Marie Dressler will outlast any half dozen Jean Harlows.

The history of the modern stage reminds us that the actresses who have exercised the greatest pull with audiences have seldom been cursed with the attribute of physical invocation. In France today, Frenchmen will assure you that the only exception to the rule is Yvonne Printemps. In England today, Englishmen will assure you that there isn't a single exception to the rule. In Germany, up to the time of Hitlerian obstruction, Elizabeth Bergner, one of the few actresses on the stage of that country who weighed under one hundred and fifty pounds, was by common German consent the one exception.

Reflect on the motion pictures. The greatest success on the screen in its earlier days was Mary Pickford, who certainly was not sought out by countless male fans for any quality of sexual stimulation. The emphasis

in Miss Pickford's case was, even in the instance of the press department, distinctly in an opposite direction, culminating in the nursery-like slogan, "America's sweetheart." Even today, at forty, this same Miss Pickford has attracted larger fan audiences on personal appearance tours than any more youthful sex appeal film actress. At the present moment, perhaps the most widely popular woman screen player is Greta Garbo, a woman with youth far behind her, whose sex appeal, so far as male audiences go, is largely nil and the admiration of whom lies chiefly amongst women fans. In the whole history of motion pictures, silent or audible, there is not one actress noted for her sexual attraction to men who has lasted as a considerable favorite with the fans. The Theda Baras, Clara Kimball Youngs and Dorothy Daltons flame for a period, flicker out and die. So do the Clara Bows, Harlows and Marlene Dietrichs. The girls and women with less sexual drive flourish much longer.

The reason probably is not far to seek. Once let a woman be told that sex appeal is her strong asset and she will spend the time in cultivating and furthering it that other women will spend in cultivating and furthering their acting talent. (Or, in personal life, their intelligence and ability to sew, cook and keep house.) The result is that an honest career on the stage or screen is foolishly sacrificed to an evanescent one. For an actress, when youth and loveliness and sex halloo are gone, must be an actress if she wishes to draw and hold trade, not a memento of anatomical gravity. The box-office is dead for the ecstasies of day before yesterday.

Sex appeal, in general, is something pretty difficult to define. The late Florenz Ziegfeld, more uniformly successful in projecting girls at an audience than any American musical show producer of his time, believed that it lay in concealment, in visual cleanliness and daintiness, and in a veneer of innocence—and he practiced what he preached in the stage presentation of his houris. Other producers—Earl Carroll, for example—believe that it lies not in concealment but in the more or less complete revelation of the female body. They have not succeeded fully with their audiences as Ziegfeld did. George Lederer, one of the

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Captain Barlow's Pride

**Short story of the way a skipper
found out how to endear himself to
the sailors who manned the masts**

by **BILL ADAMS**

CAPTAIN BARLOW sat alone in his dining saloon, with a scowl on his face. He saw it now at last. His father had been right. It was well enough for some young fellows, without any pull and with their livings to make, to go to sea. For him to have done so had been sheer folly.

Barlow's father was a man of wealth and influence. It had been the same with his grandfather, and great-grandfather. No Barlow had ever needed to dabble with any common job. "I've been a plain damned fool," thought young Captain Barlow. "What the devil has sailing ever brought me?" And then it occurred to him that there had been some compensations. There was a fascination about the sea. Tropic sunsets, and sunrises; beautiful beyond words. Islands seen against skies of fiery vermillion; or passed on nights of brilliant moonshine. Bergs seen on opaline dawns. Nights on which all the ocean, from horizon to horizon, had been illumined by pallid phosphorus. Strange ports entered for the first time, their domes and minarets resplendent in the sun; flags flying, and cathedral bells chiming. "All very well," muttered young Captain Barlow, "a man can't live on beauty. There's got to be something more tangible to satisfy a man."

Captain Barlow thought back to the happy-go-lucky years when he had been a midshipman; thought of girls he had kissed in ports all over the globe. Dusky brown-eyed girls in Callao; big flaxen-haired girls in Hamburg, Bergen, Amsterdam; lithe panther-like girls, with black eyes, and jet black hair smooth on their little heads, in Calcutta and Bombay. Blue-eyed girls in Limerick, with clouds of raven Irish hair. English girls with open faces, and ever-ready lips for sailors' kisses. Chic girls in Dunkirk and Marseilles, who'd whisper in a sailor's ear, "Je t'aime!" "Je t'adore!" A smile came to his face but passed at once when the cry of a sailor on his deck reached him. A look of contempt came to his face.

As a midshipman Barlow had never mixed at all with the common foremast sailors. He had become an officer without ever having been in any way intimate with them; and, thereafter, had looked on them as mere machines to carry out his orders. When he became captain the gulf between him and the foremast men had become wider than ever. They were nothing at all but cogs in the working of his ship; people who carried out the orders that he gave his mates. He rose, went up to his poop, and looked down at his sailors at work on the deck. "A lot of poor no-account cattle," he thought. And to be a ruler over such simple sea servitors was all that he amounted to.

Barlow thought of how lucky he had always been at sea. He'd been lucky, but he'd been careful too; and that, in part, accounted for his luck. He'd often gone far out of his way, to avoid danger; instead of, as many captains did, driving straight ahead and taking chances. "Curse the luck," he muttered, and took from his pocket a letter. It was from his father, and had reached him just ere he left his last port. It was the first letter he'd had from his father in a very long time. They had drifted apart. His father was an old man, embittered against a sailor son; and the letter said so. Last, it said, "You still have your chance. Come ashore, and live like a gentleman amongst people of your own class instead of associating with sailors—the dregs of the sea ports. Do this, and what I have will be yours. Stay at sea, and I'm not interested in you. Any poor fool can be a captain in the merchant service."

Barlow remembered what a fuss his whole family had made when he went to sea; uncles, aunts, cousins—the entire lot of aristocratic Barlows. But they let him go because they were sure that he'd quit after one voyage. What an uproar they had made when he didn't quit! He fell to wondering why he had stayed at sea. The more he thought about it, the bigger fool he felt. And he began to think of what a fine time he'd have now, when he did quit: for his mind was made up to do so at the end of the voyage.

Barlow glanced at the sky to windward, studying the weather. As he did so eight bells was struck, and the men of the first mate's watch came on duty. The night had been squally, and the second mate's men had taken some sail off the ship. The sky still looked threatening, and ordinarily Barlow wouldn't have thought of setting more sail yet. But now, despite the dark sky, he called to his first mate, "Keep all hands on deck! Set the three topgallantsails!" And he added, "Look alive!"

Partly because of the threat in the sky, partly because it had never been Captain Barlow's custom to add such words as "look alive" to any order, an astonished look came to the mate's face. And when he passed the order on to the crew they exchanged surprised glances. Aware of the amazement caused by his order, Barlow thought, "Poor fools! A lot of good it'll do them to hurry the ship to port. With this voyage done, they'll only start another." As for himself, he was going to quit the sea and ships forever.

The ship was only a few days' run from her port. Barlow had planned to take her

in in his usual careful manner, without crowding her at all. Now, filled with bitterness at the thought of the years he'd wasted at sea, he decided to drive her to the limit. He recalled a conversation he'd overheard once between two other captains. "You can always rely on Barlow to baby his ship along. He's one of the overcareful sort. Got no pride." Well, he'd show them whether he had any pride now! As though ships and sailors had been responsible for his wasted years, and not himself at all, hate for the sea and all to do with it flooded him. Watching his hurrying sailors, he muttered, "I've been too easy. I'll let those poor cattle see who's their master now."

With her topgallantsails set, the ship gathered speed and flew; her lee rail level with the boiling foam beside her. Now that the three sails were set, the second mate's men were about to go off duty, to get their rest and breakfast. But Barlow seeing a dark cloud mass sweeping toward the ship, called to his mate, "Keep all hands on deck handy!" And the three topgallantsails had not been set for five minutes when he gave the order to furl them again. "The skipper's givin' us a bit of sail drill," said one of the sailors. There was no other comment.

The men of both watches were still aloft when a furious squall struck the ship, sending her so far over that it seemed as though she were at the point of capsizing. "I'll bet ye she spills over afore we gets down to the deck," shouted one sailor to another; the two of them toiling a hundred and fifty feet above the boiling sea.

"Save yer breath an' pick up the bloomin' sail," came the reply. Here, a sailor jested. There, one swore. And soon the sails were furled and the men were all down on deck again; those of the second mate's watch ready and eager to go off duty now. But they were hardly down when Barlow shouted, "Set those sails again!" For the squall had blown itself out, and the windward sky was clear.

"Wot the skipper says goes, eh, boys?" muttered a sailor, and complacently jumped into the rigging and hurried aloft to cast one of the sails loose. Another ascended each of the other masts. Those on deck, waiting till the sails were ready for setting, jigged their feet; or talked of the girls ashore, and the good liquor they'd soon be swigging down. Not one voiced any complaint against the skipper, or murmured at loss of sleep.

Ten times during the day Barlow's sailors set and furled the three topgallantsails; while the wind alternately blew up in stiff squalls and lulled away. Except that all

were allowed to go below for half an hour at noon there was no rest all day for any man of them. By nightfall they were all weary. "Wot's come over the skipper, d'ye suppose?" asked one, as they sat down to supper.

"If ye wants to know, why don't ye go ask him?" replied another. And at that everyone laughed.

Night set in black as pitch. Barlow said to his mate, "Keep all the crew handy!" When the mate appeared at the door of the men's forecabin half of them were just turning into their bunks. One of them was saying, "Now for a good old doss! Gawd's truth, I'm done in wi' haulin' them blasted ropes all day."

"No turning in yet. All hands keep handy!" said the mate.

"Cripes, it's hell to be a poor louse of a sailor, ain't it?" said the man who had spoken, when the mate was gone.

"Wot t'ell did ye come to sea for?" asked a half-naked man who was hastily getting into his clothes again. At that everyone laughed loudly. And next instant all of them were running out to the dark deck, called by the mate's whistle.

Working in utter darkness, feeling their way, never fumbling, Barlow's sailors prepared the great mainsail, ninety feet wide and forty feet deep, for furling; then climbed unseen up the wildly rolling rigging, and onto the yard and tied it down. In half an hour they were back in their forecabin. But they had not yet had time to light their pipes when the mate's whistle called them back to the deck. The wind had moderated somewhat and Barlow had ordered the sail reset.

Not till after midnight did any man of Barlow's tired crew have a moment's rest. Then, able to sit in their forecabin for half an hour, they puffed their pipes; their expressions seeming to say, "What is, is. It's all one to me." Called to the deck once more, they toiled till the cold dawn was breaking; now setting, now furling, a sail. All the time they were up to their knees in icy water that washed to and fro on the invisible deck. Often they were up to their waists. By dawn they were all of them utterly weary. Yet, when an old fellow with a grey head said, "Well, here we be, sons, an' wot yer goin' to do about it?" every man of them laughed.

"Look ye there! See the skipper, eh?" said the old grey fellow as dawn lit the deck coldly; and, looking, they all saw Barlow erect on his poop in thigh boots and long oilskin coat.

"He ain't dosed none all night neither," said the old fellow. "If the skipper can stick it wi'out sleep, we can too, eh?"

Caring nothing at all for loss of sleep now that he was so soon to leave the sea, Barlow, seeing his sailors all looking at him, supposed they were cursing him for driving them so; and he smiled contemptuously.

"Maybe we'll get below and have a mite o' rest now," said a sailor. But even as he spoke the mate's whistle shrilled. Barlow had ordered the great storm foresail furling: for the windward sky was inky, and the shriek of an oncoming squall was plainly audible. Wind-beaten, water-lashed, smitten by bouncing hail, the sailors climbed aloft to tie the sail down. But they were not yet come to it when Barlow said to his mate,



"Don't tie that sail down, yet. We'll see how the weather looks when this squall is blown by."

For half an hour the sailors clung in the rolling rigging, waiting the next order. "Cold, ain't it?" said one.

"I'm dead. For Gawd's sake come an' bury me," replied another. And everyone laughed.

"Poor devils," thought Barlow, looking at his crew. And then, as the squall blew by, he ordered the sail reset.

Half an hour at midnight was all the rest the sailors had had in twenty-four hours. Barlow had been on deck all the time himself. Now he said to his mate, "I'm going

to my cabin for a while. Call me at once if the weather changes, or if you see anything. You can let the men rest now."

The tired sailors kicked off their big boots, flung their oilskins aside, and turned into their bunks. "Now we gets a good doss, sons," said one. But in less than an hour the mate saw, through the driving spray and spume, a ship ahead; and called Barlow. Seeing the other ship, Barlow said at once, "Get all the men out. Put some sail on her. No other ship's going to beat me to port if I know anything about it."

Out to the deck came the weary sailors; their eyes heavy with sleep; their limbs stiff. And then in a moment their eyes were no longer heavy, their limbs no longer stiff. For one of them, seeing the other ship, cried, "Look ye there, sons? I'll bet ye a week's pay we beats yon ship to port!" All shouting and cheering, they set a sail. And it was no sooner set than the wind split it; so that they had to go up the mast and send its rags down, and then drag out a new sail from the locker and send it up in the lost sail's place. They no sooner had that new sail set than a black squall came yelling over the foamy sea, so that they had to go up and furl it. It was noon by when they were done. The other ship was no longer ahead, but racing side by side with Barlow's ship. They shook their fists at her, cursing her for the toil she had caused them. But no man cursed Barlow. "I'll bet ye we beats her to port," they said to one another. Barlow, seeing them shaking their fists at the rival ship, supposed that they were cursing him; and smiled contemptuously.

Hoping to run away from Barlow, the other ship's skipper was carrying every inch of sail that he dared; and keeping all his crew handy on deck. "Keep the men handy," Barlow said to his mate. And all through the long afternoon Barlow's sailors, water-soaked and weary, stayed out on deck: ready for instant call. Their

eyes on the other ship, they cursed her; wishing she'd capsize. But not a man cursed Barlow. Night fell, with both skipper's still carrying every inch of sail they dared. The mate said to Barlow, "The men are just about done in, sir."

"Let half the men go below and rest," said Barlow. "See they keep their sea boots and oilskins on. Let no man undress at all." So half the crew went to the forecabin, to lie down as they were; all wet to the hide, and cold. And in less than an hour out they all came again, called by the mate's whistle. One of the over-strained topmasts had snapped and fallen. Feeling their way like cats, they climbed into the rigging; and, in

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Skaal Salamina!

Second of a series of stories of
Greenland in the summertime
—both written and illustrated

by **ROCKWELL KENT**



CLEAR, sunlit summer sky, a varnished sea, mountains etherealized by intervening miles of sunlit atmosphere: the pale blond high-keyed beauty of a summer afternoon, immaculate: so that a tiny alien speck upon the water has drawn every eye to watch its slow approach and recognize in it a hunter homeward bound. Greenlanders' eyes, accustomed to the Greenland scene and to incessant searching seawards where occur most things that most concern their lives, are keen in spotting every least intrusion on prevailing emptiness; in spotting it and knowing it for what it is. Before I saw the speck, they all had seen it; before I recognized it as a kayaker, they knew him to be laden with a seal. And long before I could have guessed what man he was, Karen his wife stood eager on the shore to welcome him.

They all are there, the people of the settlement, to see him land. Gently he grounds his kayak's prow. A bystander lifts it and draws it carefully on land so that David may get out dry shod. Alighting, he greets Karen casually with that affected nonchalance which is the way of Greenland men who do things well. And while David bears his kayak off to stow it well above the reach of dogs, on the high rack provided for it, Karen tows the slippery carcass cross lots home. And an hour later David, foodless all that day till now, sits on his doorstep in the sun and eats his bellyful of good boiled seal.

Johan brings home the bacon too, that day; and Abraham and Niels: four seals—they're scarce in August—are not many for the settlement. Yet every household gets its share, and all are fed. And all the men are idle while the women work—magnificent! It strikes me so as I trudge home from work; home to a cheerless house, to light my stove,

to cook my meal (seal meat; I get my share of it), wash up. In short, to work again. That's hardly life as it might, could and ought to be. Hence, to begin with, Anna.

I had met Anna before; met her on one of those outdoor coffee drinking picnics which are one of summer's delights to the nature loving Greenland people. There they were, that afternoon as I approached the rendezvous, all parked before me on a verdant hilltop of wild meadow land; there too was Anna. And from the moment that I met her I would rather that all the rest had been most anywhere but there with us. How we two would have loved the sun's warmth and the scene!—blue sky above us, bluer sea below; the grass, the tufted cotton sedge, the sticks and stones, the dirt beneath our feet, the scream of gulls; loved nature, God; loved everything. But we were not alone. And although we made the most of such devastating glances and significant eye dropping as was permitted us, and of continually passing each other things we didn't want, that got us nothing but a state of mind. And that, that day, led nowhere. Wait!

It led her on the day that, house completed, I moved in, that day of drenching rain, to stand outside my door and watch, as one of a big crowd, the piece by piece unveiling of my goods from packing boxes; to stand there in the pouring rain and stare. And if, determined not to look at them lest my least look should be interpreted as an invitation to the crowd to enter, I did at last look out, who shall say that I was not by Anna led to it? For there, before my very eyes, she was. Anna: come in! Here, lovely creature, take dry clothes. How swell you look—in mine! Now get to work. Neat, orderly, and deft, she put that house to rights; cleaned it and scrubbed the floor. No wonder, I reflected, looking back on that first picnic day, no wonder at my palpitations then! The heart: a man's infallible best guide to housekeepers!

Thus it was that, reverting on the following days to housemaid's work, I found the path of such perverted self-sufficient manliness to be each day so increasingly less splendid and more lonesome, senseless, silly, not to be endured, so stimulating to nothing but the coveting of every neighbor's wife, that, spying Anna sunning herself on an oil cask, I strode boldly up, and there

and then proposed.

"Will you come and work for me every day?" I said.

She smiled ever so sweetly, and with proper maidenly embarrassment answered: "Yes—if my husband will let me."

Next day she came, with her detested mate in tow. It was clear, and not to be wondered at, that he was extremely fond of Anna; it was clear, and, frankly, not unreasonable, that Anna was quite fond of him—a stalwart and well favored fellow. Not wasting any time we came to terms.

"She may work for you," said Johan, 'until you can get yourself a permanent housekeeper. And in return for that I want a glass of schnapps."

"Done!" said I and led Johan indoors. I put two glasses on the table; poured the drinks—first his, then mine. While I was pouring mine Johan drank his. And while I was setting the bottle down he drank up mine.

"A cigarette?" said I, proffering a box of fifty.

"Thank you," said Johan. And he put the box into his pocket.

That's valuing your wife!

It is not my intention in this story of which Anna is extremely far from being the heroine to do more than prepare her for that sacrifice for which most sadly she was destined, by giving her such form and substance as may make the final rout of her and all her forces of allurements to some degree as real and poignant to those who may now read of it as it was then to me. How detail the innumerable moments of deep felicity that we achieved together when in faithful modest response to, for example, my explicit directions for the making of baking powder biscuit, she would serve them up to me hot from the oven, tender, light: how good! How quietly she moved about, mouse-like in soft shod feet! How of the very texture of her were her quiet ways! Her coming—like a presence come to be! Her last act of the day's routine—the opening of my bed—how by her touch she blessed it for repose!

Often the three of us would dine together; for Johan, reluctant though he had at first shown himself to be about approaching even those premises to which by bargain he had assigned his wife, was at last led into consuming in our company that food which otherwise he could only have



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"SALAMINA"

Crazy in the Stir

A long-term prisoner in a state penitentiary tells an authentic story about life on the "inside"

by CHESTER B. HIMES

THE stained, squashed cigaret hanging from Red's tight lips glowed, a tiny spark in the yellow glare that spilled from the enameled reflector at the ceiling. Smoke dribbled from his mouth and nostrils, eddied upward around the cardboard sign that hung from the light by a string—"SPITTING ON THE FLOOR AND WALL FORBIDDEN."

Red put his hands palms downward on the gray blanket that was stretched out on the table and stood up, straddling the low, wooden bench. He spit the cigaret from his lips. It broke up, scattered tobacco flakes over the pasteboard poker chips piled in the center of the blanket.

The other six men in the game looked at him, looked away. He swung away from the game, moved down the aisle. The hard heels of his prison brogues made clumping sounds on the concrete floor. His tall, slim frame jerked stiffly as he walked. His hair was wild flame above his set, white face. His greenish-gray eyes were hot slits. Men walking up and down the aisle for exercise looked at his face, got out of his way.

Broke again! God, what the hell was the matter with him? Sitting in that trim game all day. Card crazy! Couldn't even see the spots on the cards after ten hours play; the hands all ran together in his mind. Four dollars and sixty cents, the last of that fin his sister had slipped him on her last visit. A poker fit! No more smoking for a month: no more gambling! Jesus, the joint was getting on his nerves!

He wheeled, strode back down the aisle, his hickory-striped shirt felt moldy; his long, prison underwear crawled on his skin; his prison-fit trousers chafed him. Even his shoes felt slimy to his feet.

A steady hum of noise swirled about his ears. Air thick with the odor of tobacco fumes and unwashed bodies clogged in his nostrils. Faces drifted in front of his gaze; faces all stamped with that queer docility common to prisoners. Rows of bunks were ugly in his mind. Steel bars formed a grilled background for his thoughts.

Five years! Jesus, he was tired of it—tired!—tired! The unvarying monotony: Up at six; breakfast at seven; walk at eight; dinner at eleven; walk at one; supper at three; back in the dormitory; lights out at nine; then gnawing silence until six; the same thing over the next day. Gray uniforms! Gray caps! Gray weather! Gray

faces! Angles, stone, brick, bars—all alike! Even the convicts looked alike. You knew what a guy was going to say before he said it. An endless cycle, as unvarying as eternity. An endless chain of days, beginning at six, ending at nine. You knew what breakfast would be before you got to the dining room, and then you didn't want it; the same with dinner and supper. Days! Days! All alike!



No change! *Dead days!*

Red turned again, started back down the aisle. A fellow touched his arm. "Wanta buy some oranges, Red? Two for a nickel."

Red stopped, looked at the fellow blankly. "Hunh?"

"Wanta buy some oranges, two for a nickel?" the fellow repeated.

"Where are they?" Red asked.

The fellow said: "I'll get 'em next Sunday. But I need the nickel now. I gotta do something."

Red's expression changed. He wasn't annoyed. He contemplated hitting the fellow in the mouth. No, on the neck just below that mole. A swift chop to the jaw with his left, cross a hard right to his neck, watch his eyes pop out in his face.

He leaned forward on the balls of his feet, his body tensed. He said: "No, pal, I don't wanta buy any oranges." His voice was weary.

The fellow said: "O.K." and turned away.

Red stood stock still. He heard the fellow speaking to another convict—"Wanta buy

some oranges, Smith?..." He shook himself like a dog coming up out of a pond. His lips stretched. He shoulda bust the mugg one just for the hell of it. Wonder why he hadn't. Five years ago he'd a knocked him sprawling. But now—after five years of discipline...

His laugh was ragged. His jerking gaze lighted on the placid features of the guard sitting to a table at the far end of the dormitory next to the door. Stinging resentment flooded his mind. The complacent bastard. Sitting there chewing his plug with the unruffled indifference of a Mississippi goat while a hundred convicts with a thousand years roamed the floors around him. A hundred men caged like animals in a circus. He wasn't guarding a bunch of convicts, desperate men. Not him! He was just a fat, ex-wrestler earning five dollars a day the easiest way he knew how.

His feet carried him in that direction. Wonder what the fat slob would say if he just walked up and bust him one in his blank face? Jesus, that was an idea. The "hole" for thirty days. Damn the "hole!" Solitary confinement with the "red-shirt" desperadoes, perhaps. Hell, that would be a change anyway.

His pace accelerated.

Wonder if he'd have the nerve? Nerve? That wasn't it. It was just breaking through the shell of discipline.

He stopped in front of the guard's table. The guard didn't even look up from the Detective Story Magazine he was reading. He tensed himself, planted his feet to deliver the blow. And then... He just couldn't do it, just couldn't do it, that was all.

He wheeled away.

Prison etiquette. Guards might hit convicts just for the hell of it. But a convict never hit a guard just for the hell of it. It just wasn't done.

His muscles jerked like the muscles of a freshly slain sheep. Nuts! He was going nuts! He wanted to scream.

He bumped into the corner of a bed and the scattered visions before his eyes crystallized into definite objects with shapes and names:

Two rows of double-decked beds, a table down the center of a concrete floor, backless benches paralleling the tables. White walls grayed with dust in the background; dirty windows showing black bars through their translucent grayness; iron joists holding up a low, concrete ceiling:

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“Remember when I only came up to here, chief?”



"He's writing his autobiography as soon as he thinks of a title"

Must Memory Be Reverent?

Six snickering recollections
of people who were famous for
their dignity and their poise

by THOMAS BEER

SOME people argue that the Italians are still greater fools than the French when it comes to discussing foreigners at close range. Duse certainly did it with the most paralyzing blandness. This actress, as Max Beer-bohm once said, specialized in resignation. She was, of course, a very great actress and her resignation was a great lump of resignation right in the middle of the stage. You could understand that she was putting up with heaps, even from a bad seat in an upper gallery. One afternoon, on her last American tour, she resigned herself to meeting half a dozen literary people. I can not say that they were physically all they might have been. One of them was very tall and stout. Two others were stout without being tall.

They all looked like literary people, and you know what that means. Well, Duse was brought into the room, with her resignation, in a nicely arranged lamplight. Just inside the door she slowed, nearly halted. She said in Italian, resignedly, languidly, graciously, to her interpreter.

"Must I talk to those hogs? Oh, for the love of Christ! I shall vomit . ." And then we had tea.

* * *

It was a very official, very military reception in Washington. A weary aid-de-camp was murmuring, "Your name?" to things as they arrived. He then told the grandee what the things were. The grandee shook their hands and gabbled. The things shoved on plowing diligently towards bad coffee, ice cream and those sandwiches made only in Washington for large receptions. No other capital can produce sandwiches like those. Hundreds of things had been announced to the grandee by the aid-de-camp. He had not had time for a cigarette or a trip to his flask in the cloakroom. His head was swimming. He scarcely recognized the most celebrated Senators. And then he saw a lady approaching. Very smartly dressed. Rather alluring. Confident. Ought to know her name. Seen her hundreds of times. Mrs. . . Mrs. . . No, it was no good. He smirked. He stooped. He murmured, "The name, please?" And she, after a second, said, "Mrs. L-L-Longworth!" But that is not a good phonetic representation.

If you are on familiar terms with a snare drum, tell it to bark at you. Then you will get some idea of the way she said it.



He came out of a door at the other end of the famous bar. An attendant in a white jacket ran after him with his gauntlets. Men turned in chairs. It was indeed Buffalo Bill. How little that means to you! But try to imagine seeing Ernest Hemingway, Samuel

Insull and Max Baer all rolled into the same person and you will know what seeing Buffalo Bill meant to us, twenty-five years and more ago, boys. We had been taken to see him, whether the hell we wanted to see him or not, by fathers and uncles from our earliest days. We knew his floating white hair, his moustaches, his quivering goatee, his pale buckskins, his sombrero and the sound of his voice saying "Too late!" over the tableau of Custer's massacred troops.

And so he came walking down the famous bar. The word "Bill" travelled ahead of him. And he was so right, there, in the bar shimmering with photographs of Billy the Kid, Custer, Calamity Jane and the other people who helped to make the West what it never really was. He idled closer and closer. Tourists goggled at him. Barkeepers bowed and looked grave. He stopped. He tapped the bar with a ring. He scowled. He was going to order a drink. Bourbon, of course. Or Brandy. Or a Sacramento flip. His lips opened. He said to the nearest barkeep, "Boy, have you any castor oil on the shelf, there?"

* * *

Mrs. Lewis has a private office to the right of the door as you enter the Caven-dish Hotel. Charming people were in there, one night in 1923. There were The Drunken Parson's Wife, 'Orace You Swine, a gentleman addressed as "Fruity," two hale lads who seemed to be officers in the Guards and some Americans.

Mrs. Lewis was in a rather peppery frame of tongue. In came a brash boy down from Oxford and he had with him an extremely awful young woman. Oh, she was very awful! Professional training made her try to be immediately intimate with everybody present and a natural indiscretion had clad her in a carmine frock with feathery junk stitched to it. 'Orace You Swine asked her if he could come around when she was moulting. Mrs.

Lewis became more and more beautiful, stiff, and acid as the visitation lasted. The girl pink had a "line," as we said in those days. When the chill was complete and the brash lad was getting his wench into her cloak, it suited her to chirp, "We'll run along and leave our reputations behind us!"

"Sister," said Mrs. Lewis, tenderly, "'ave you risen to the point of having such a thing as a reputation, yet?"

* * *

She strides from land to land, helping out art. Wherever she can catch some art she favors and fosters it, cuts its fingernails, gives cocktail teas for it, annihilates its detractors and bucks up its defenders. M. Picasso was thinking about the specimens of vegetable assembled in his salad and not of the lady across the table. She bent towards him. She said, "Say then, master, what do you really think of Derain?" But the painter was speaking to the head waiter. He said, "Too much vinegar!" and went on eating his salad. So now she strides from land to land, telling serious people that Pablo Picasso told her Derain's painting was "trop vinaigrée . . ."

* * *



I read in a proper Marx-ian essayist's latest explosion that William Howard Taft was "humorless, vulgar and inept . . ." Bugs! A President's official nonsense has nothing to do with his private character. Presidents can be and often are most engaging creatures. In the days of his greatest heaviness Mr. Taft appeared in New Haven,

for some reason, and came strolling down the steps of Woolsey. The sidewalk was a plate of ice. Mr. Taft stepped on an edge of the ice, slipped at once and moved, sitting, some ten feet into the gutter, through a silence of undergraduates.

"Do not help him," said an agitated professorlet. "He'll be so embarrassed."

Nevertheless two students rushed forward. They got under the presidential elbows and pried Mr. Taft halfway upright. He then slipped again and shot a yard or so along the gutter in a froth of icy mud. Two more undergraduates ran in. They all hove and sweated for a minute, Mr. Taft arose, beaming and composed.

"Gentlemen," he said putting his hat back on, "I wish to thank you for your co-operation in the necessary support of the administration."

Do better than that, before you begin hooting.





"Huh! Wise guy!!"

Best Irish Whiskery

Short story of an evening
spent with a sing-song girl
who was unsure of tomorrow

by JAMES W. BENNETT

IT WAS a hot time to be in Canton. The Chinese Red Army was but half a day's march distant. We heard that it only delayed because of negotiations to buy—rather than fight—its way into the city. The Head of the Defense Force was asking for plenty of palm oil. If he received it, the native merchants and shopkeepers—bourgeois to the last man—would have to fend for themselves. This, many of them were already doing. They were moving with wives, concubines, bird cages and bath tubs onto Shameen Island, the foreign concession, separated from the city by a narrow, sampan-clogged canal. In one British godown, alone, on Shameen, there was said to be stored sixty million in shoe silver, the wealth of a tubercular, opium-sodden owner of a chain of fantan houses. That, and similar caches, added to the risk of the island being sacked—even though the Chinese refugees did have faith in a few marines and three, pathetic, flat-bottomed craft that we humorously called foreign warships.

It was a hot time to be in Canton. July. A brazen sun yet the humidity at the saturation point. The few foreign women who remained on Shameen to die, if necessary, at their husbands' sides, nearly accomplished that purpose. They lay gasping, unclothed, on their beds in shuttered chambers, and only muttered fretful, absent-minded protests when their Chinese male servants came in. Fortunately, the No. 1 and No. 2 boys had no curiosity whatsoever, and in addition held a deep conviction that nude foreign women were so homely that they hurt the eyes.

As night was dropping like a damp, sour-smelling blanket, I wandered into the foreign club. The proprietor of my hotel had told me that the club had a pukka good library. Perhaps, in such times as these, the secretary would overlook the fact that I wasn't a member, and loan me a book.

The club seemed completely empty, not even a bar boy behind the teakwood counter. The foreign residents were holing in, apparently, at their homes, probably barricading their

doors. I entered the library, pulled down a few books and put them back. "The Ingoldsby Legends"—? No. W. W. Jacobs—? I had read ten volumes of that gentleman's prose, the summer before, on a freighter between Sourabaya and Penang. I had had enough of Ginger Dick and Peter Russet.

I became aware of a dripping sound, like a leaking kitchen tap. It came from a wing chair facing a window. In the chair sat a grey-haired man in a wrinkled suit of white tropic-drill. His head was bent on his breast. Before him on a small table was a sheaf of

card indices of the club's books. In his heart—as well as I could judge it was in his heart—had been thrust a kitchen knife. He was dead, and evidently had been for some time. The club was minus a secretary.

I turned and walked out. So far as I knew, not a soul had seen me enter the building. I hurried back to the hotel.

"Did yer find anythink to read?" asked the proprietor, a cockney Englishman.

"No. I went down by the river."

Both answers were strictly true. I had walked along the bunding on my way to the club. He gave me a sharp glance.

"You looks a bit w'ite!"

Then he supplied his own commentary: "Better t'ike care wiv this sun. It fair gets a feller." He shrugged. "By the w'y, you'll 'ave to clear h'out, in the morning. Gord knows I 'ate to lose custom, but I can't be responsible for tour-rists any longer."

"I'm not a tourist," I said, nettled. "I'm a free-lance journalist."

"Well, that's a good w'y to starve, too," he said unexpectedly, drawing on some hidden store of knowledge. "Just the s'ime, I shall book passage to 'Ongkong for you. That is, if the steamer ayn't been commandeered by then. Right-o!"

I thought for a minute, realized that my schedule, which brooked no delay, called for a Messageries liner out of Hongkong in four days, and nodded assent. Then I asked:

"Are we safe for the night?"

He scowled. "'Ow in 'ell should I know? One thing is certain: the fellers wot've been bletherin' against the Communists ayn't safe. The island's dripping' wiv Red spies. The 'ead of the 'Ongkong-Shanghai Bank was attacked this arfternoon by a Chineer Johnny wive a poker sharpened at the end; but 'e disarmed 'im. I booted a strange bloke out of my kitchen, an hour ago. Eurasian, I think 'e was. I've tasted all the food." The proprietor paused and gave me a dour smile. "I'm still alive, so I don't think anything's been poisoned."

"That's splendid," I said,



trying to keep a touch of bitterness out of my voice. I wanted to ask if the club secretary had been anti-Communist; then I decided that I knew the answer to that one.

"You were inquiren' abaht flower boats, this morning," the hotel-keeper went on. "I wouldn't risk it. I 'ear that those Chinese chippies are all pro-Communist and anti-foreign. Now, let's 'ave a whiskey tansan on the 'ouse and ferget the ruddy war. In forty-eight hours—in my judgmint—there won't be any 'otel left."

We had three drinks. Stiff ones. Lord Dewar's favorite Imperial. First, the proprietor treated, then I did, then he demanded the privilege of a final one. Somewhere in the distance we could hear a foreign woman having hysterics. She timed her screams as regularly as the pendulum of a banjo clock. The temperature didn't get any cooler.

Not wanting any ground-glass in my curry, I skipped dinner and left the hotel proprietor to face, alone, the prospect of no hotel and no job at an age *circa* fifty-five. I decided to go back to the river bank. Sometimes one could get a breeze there. I felt numb, relaxed. In the mood for anything—or nothing.

At the Bund, I sat down on a bench. No wind tonight. On the river, pricked out by lights, were H. B. M. Ships *Cockchafer* and *Moth*. Also an American warship—I can't recall its name, one of those frowsy Spanish vessels Dewey captured at Manila Bay. Several British sailors were clustered at the rail engaged in their evening pastime of trying to insult the seamen on the American ship. And *vice versa*. So far as I could tell, the Americans were getting a little the bet-

ter of the argument. They were louder—but not funnier.

A sampan rowed cautiously up to the jetty steps. Its single sculling oar was manned by a woman, tall, magnificently built. She was barefooted, wearing only a short jacket and trousers of faded blue coolie cloth. Her collar was open at the neck, showing a firm brown throat and hinting of deep breasts below. She smiled up at me and asked softly:

"My takee you out to flowah boat, Mastah? Mebbeeso las' time. Plitty gul'. Plenty have got. Can do?"

"Why not?" I said.

Dimly I recalled the hotel-keeper's warning against flower boats; but it seemed unimportant, merely an obstacle to be brushed aside. I climbed into the sampan.

The woman began to scull, standing erect at her *yuloh*, facing me. A slight breeze rewarded the motion. It moulded her figure, pressing the coolie-cloth trousers against her broad hips, her rounded powerful legs. Catching my stare at her, she gave a slow laugh, unembarrassed. She said:

"You wait, Mastah. My show you *plopah plitty gul*."

"I doubt that!" I answered glumly. And she looked a little worried at what was, after all, a compliment to her.

Down stream, a quarter of a mile below the warships, the flower boat came into view. Chinese lanterns—touches of penny gold—hung at the stern and bow, lanterns of melted carabao horn.

From its cabin rippled the notes of a butterfly zither, played in a persistent minor key. The distant sound was nostalgic, elegiac. It caught, twisted something inside

me—painfully. It was the rare and beautiful distillation of some ancient composer's heart-ache and disillusionment.

The sampan bumped against the flower boat and I stepped up on deck, over a low rail. The craft had another visitor—I saw through an opened cabin door—a small but gross Chinese. He was bare to the waist, fanning himself gravely with a frilled Hangchow silk fan, and listening with closed eyes to a sing-song girl. She was bending over a butterfly zither, hands wielding tiny hammers on stems of flexible wire, hands darting like yellow moths, evoking that haunting music I had heard across the water.

At the man's side was a bottle of Japanese-made champagne. I recognized the label, having rashly tried a similar bottle the previous week. It had tasted like nothing on earth, except perhaps sugared bilge water laced with alcohol. As I passed the door, his eyes opened. They were small, shrewd, merry. He gave me the stiff bobbing bow of China, then closed his eyes again.

The sampan woman beckoned me to a cabin aft. Inside, squatting upon her heels, on a mat of gleaming white straw, sat my sing-song girl. She was small, slender, with the moon face (so prized by the Chinese), from which slitted eyes peered. Her jacket was of peachblow silk from the looms of Szechuan. Her chest was flat, the breasts taped to suppress the slightest curve. Her trousers were of dark blue satin, banded with silver. They were high-water, displaying (above garters and pink cotton socks), a length of bare atrophied calf. Atrophied because her feet had been bound. Chinese poets may wax rhapsodic over those tiny

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A Quartet of Males

A group of four poems, three
very sprightly and one tender,
and all four typical of men

by WITTER BYNNER

Benedick

His was a life of single blessedness,
Doubled upon occasion but not often,—
Because he still believed that toil can bless
While toils can only enervate and soften.
Therefore when twilight touched his studio
With loneliness, he would relieve his labour
By summoning his dog, and both would go
To while away a while upon a neighbour . . .
What happened to this bachelor of parts
Not one of all his neighbours can explain.
Had he a heart, then, like most other hearts?
Had he found solitude only a vain
Evasion, that his name is also hers
And the hangings in his house are diapers?



Oats

Born with a silver spoon in his young mouth,
He chafed even at sterling; and despite
Summers abroad and winters in the south,
Expensive schools and all, choosing to fight
His parents, he forsook the usual
Advantages convenient to a child
Born not of mud nor of a madrigal
But tamely born and wishing to be wild.
After a wanton marriage, for a while
He liked his blonde affinity of fire;
But marriage is a road of many a mile
Beyond the little village of desire . . .
Now, as conventional as anyone,
He has a wild and marriageable son.



Philanderer

Wakeful, alone in bed, he counted sheep,
He let them through the turnstile one by one;
But hours of shepherding brought him no sleep,
He was unnerved, unmanned, unwived, undone,—
Till he bethought him of another measure
A friend had counselled once if shepherding failed.
Chronology it was of bygone pleasure,
A list of all his ladies which entailed
Exact remembering, a lengthy list
Dated in order, Marian, Mabel, Maude
And every darling he had more than kissed.
After an hour the man was almost awed,
And then toward dawn his eyes began to close:
A man can have still others who had those.

Widower

Week after week night would come back again:
The fading footfall and the silent heaven,
A universe unfriendlier than when
She had made its wideness intimate; now even
His hand seemed far. There was no more of her
Beside him than of fire when it goes.
He moved about the house, he made a stir,—
Lights to put out and final doors to close,
Stairs to ascend, each one without accord
Landings to cross and one more door to touch,
His own door, their door, with its mystic hoard
Of tending, yet he noticed nothing much
Of her belongings but a broken comb,
Picked up among the embers of his home.

Unfriended now of the unfriendly skies
But used to them and minded to their ways,
He wandered lightly among human lies
With iron nakedness of nights and days.
Putting off all the cant of early seers
And all the cunning of the Greeks, he cared
For no dress now but starlight on his ears,
The rest of him was destitute and bared.
He set his armpits on the chair of death,
He chose no knowledge but of nothingness,
He loosened all the nightingales of breath
Out of the little rooms of more or less;
Then, lighting altars with no need to light,
He said to nobody at all, Good-night.



R. Nesbitt

Falconry—American Style

An article of especial interest
in view of the current revival
of the medieval form of hunting

by HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

UNTIL you have watched a peregrine falcon rise from his master's fist, climb in spiral curves to the blue and uttermost ceiling of the world, then fall in a magnificent power-dive upon the fleeting quarry below, your notions of aerial grandeur are apt to be puny, tepid, and undramatic. Nothing in the world of art or nature has half the zooming elegance of the falcon as he slants downward to break the neck of his prey with one lightning stroke of his yellow knuckles. It is impossible to gauge the speed of that neck-breaking dive, but it is well over 125 miles an hour. For the falcon is the speed-king of the air; by comparison, the golden eagle and the fast-moving canvas-back duck are lumbering fowl. The green-winged teal can travel 98 miles an hour when she is truly harried, but the drifting peregrine overtakes her with ease, and, turning upside down in full flight, rips his quarry from beneath with a single flick of his awful talons. Then, with bells jingling a carillon of triumph, this proud and predatory bird circles downward to lay the quarry literally at the feet of his master.

Those little bronze bells attached to a falcon's ankle make medieval (and much older) music to the sportsman's ear. Chinese nobles were flying their hawks in imperial tournaments when Europe was a marsh of barbarism. Centuries later, holiday-making Norman and Tudor despots vied with each other in developing swift and fearsome falcons that would perch nowhere but on the royal fist. Tall princes in Piedmont and Provence were considered fully schooled when they had acquired proficiency in the twin arts of fencing and falconry. And today the music of the falcon's bells is heard again as a few American sportsmen plan to revive the ancient and aristocratic practise of taking game with trained hawks.

For a falcon, despite the glamorous overtones that linger about the name, is ornithologically nothing more than a hawk. I have a theory—mine, because I have heard it expressed nowhere else—that the words "falcon" and "hawk" grew up alongside each other in our language: on the homely tongue of the Anglo-Saxon serf, the ferocious bird that ravaged his barnyard was a "hawk;" that same bird, trained, hooded, and perched on a Norman nobleman's fist, became a "falcon," the proudest of heraldic symbols, and a fit hunting-companion for the haughty,

untameable earls who yielded homage to no one.

You cannot, however, change a hawk into a falcon merely by giving him an aristocratic name. The process of translating a skyey chieftain into a comparatively docile sporting instrument is a prolonged and delicate task, requiring limitless patience, skill, and a real fondness for the bird itself. Falcons cannot be bought, hired, or faked. No market exists into which you can step with your checkbook and say, "Send me out a dozen of your finest birds." The proud creatures



simply will not breed in captivity; and even in England, the modern hawker's paradise, there is almost no commercial traffic in falcons. So if you decide to go in for the sport, you must first catch your hawk. From experience I can say however, that a great part of the true falconer's pleasure is found in the catching and training of these swift, surly, jealous, and exceedingly intelligent birds.

The blue-grey American duck-hawk, long-winged, fierce-beaked, and a very lucifer among birds, is the rough diamond from which our best native falcons are made. He will overtake anything that flies, and in his wild state is so pugnacious that he will attack an eagle or a buzzard thrice his size. Crows, ducks, pheasants, and marsh-hens are the favorite food of this flying buccaneer; with a single chop of his talons he will almost sever the head of a grouse or mallard duck. One thing is certain, a falcon's prey never died a lingering death, and even officials of leading humane societies agree that there is no suffering when this brilliant bird administers his *coup de grace*.

Well now, where and how are we to lay hands on this hook-beaked lord of the air? It is folly to think that he can be snared, for he is warier than the antelope, and despises the awkward wiles of that crawling creature, man. If by chance a yearling bird (a *haggard* in the falconer's vernacular) is captured in a fowler's net, he will probably dash himself to pieces against the bars of his cage rather than submit to captivity. After a year's wild freedom it is practically impossible to train any hawk. I once caught a goshawk whose wing had been broken, and despite every gentleness I showed the bird, he cordially hated me. All my advances were met by furious rebuffs; two years of untrammelled liberty had completely unfitted him for human companionship, and when his wing mended I reluctantly set him free.

It is imperative, then, for purposes of training, that the young falcon, or *eyas*, be taken just at the moment when he is about to fly—preferably on the very day that he plans to test his wings in flight from the cliff-side eyrie in which he was hatched. That particular day is determined by the following method: You have already located a falcon's nest and are patiently watching the three chickens lose their baby fluff and put forth fragile wings. One of the,

eyases, stronger and bolder than his brothers finally decides to make a trial flight, and sails across to the blasted pine jutting from a nearby ledge. Already this strong brother is past the optimum point for training; you must now snare the two remaining hawklets for your ideal falcons, and by some means lift them from their eyrie before they fly away.

There is hazard aplenty in gathering your brace of eyases, because the falcon cunningly builds her nest in a perpendicular cliffside niche, carefully concealed from her feathered enemies and almost inaccessible to the human eye or hand. Many veteran mountain climbers would quail at the prospect of lowering themselves 500 feet from the top of a rocky ledge, suspended over nothingness by a frail hempen strand, and assailed by an irate mother falcon who naturally resents your pilfering of her young. She comes at your eyes as you hang there, and she means business with those steely claws. In making such a descent it is well to arm yourself with a pistol and blank cartridges to ward off the attacks of the infuriated female, who, for all her croaking rage,

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—“I’ll take this piece!”

A Pretty Good Shot

A story with a catch in the ending, and perhaps, for some who read it, a catch in the throat

by MANUEL KOMROFF

HE HAD stolen two horses from the Three-X ranch. But the boys were hot on his trail. "Look out for him!" cried one. "It looks like he's a pretty good shot."

Five miles down the road he was forced to abandon the horses. He ran up a sharp hill, and took refuge amongst the rocks. The boys were soon there, and looking up they saw the muzzle of a rifle pointing at them from between the rocks. In this fortress of great boulders the robber was safe. He was safe; at least for a while.

"You'd better stay where you are," someone warned. "He means business. Wait till sheriff Hood gets here. They were telephoning for him when we left."

The small group of men stood about at the foot of the hill. They tied up their horses, and waited for old man Hood, the county sheriff. Every once in a while they glanced up at the rocks. The black muzzle of the gun was still there, and it was still pointing at them.

It seemed quite a while before the sheriff arrived in his old Ford. His car puffed hard and gave a little convulsive tremble before it stopped. The men pointed to the spot between the rocks. He looked, and it seemed to mean business. So he took off his hat and tossed it into the back of the car, and took up one notch in his belt. Sheriff Hood must have been at least six feet. The lines of his face were deep. They resembled the lines in the eroded rock of this wild open country. And he had a great head of snow-white hair that glistened in the sunlight.

"Watch yourself, sheriff!" warned one. "He's a pretty good shot. He sent off one as we were riding. He turned quick in the saddle and swung his rifle around in one hand, and by golly, it was a close one!"

"So he's a pretty good shot, is he?" said the sheriff, placing his hand on his revolver and stepping forward a yard or two. For a moment he stood there and looked up at the rocks, then he called out as loud as he could call, "Put down that gun! Put it down!"

His face became red from shouting so hard. A moment ago it seemed the color of tarnished copper, now it glowed a deep red. But the gun between the rocks was an ugly black and it still kept pointing straight ahead.

He called again, "Come out of there! Put it down!" And now he drew the large revolver from his holster and stepped forward a few paces.

Soon the muzzle of the gun disappeared from between the rocks and in another min-

ute the robber had suddenly emerged and stood in front of one of the giant boulders. But the rifle was still in his hand and he held it at the level of his waist. He held it in such a position that it could quickly be raised, aimed, and fired. There he stood, with a sort of grim defiance. A defiance that seemed to say, "Come and get me if you dare."

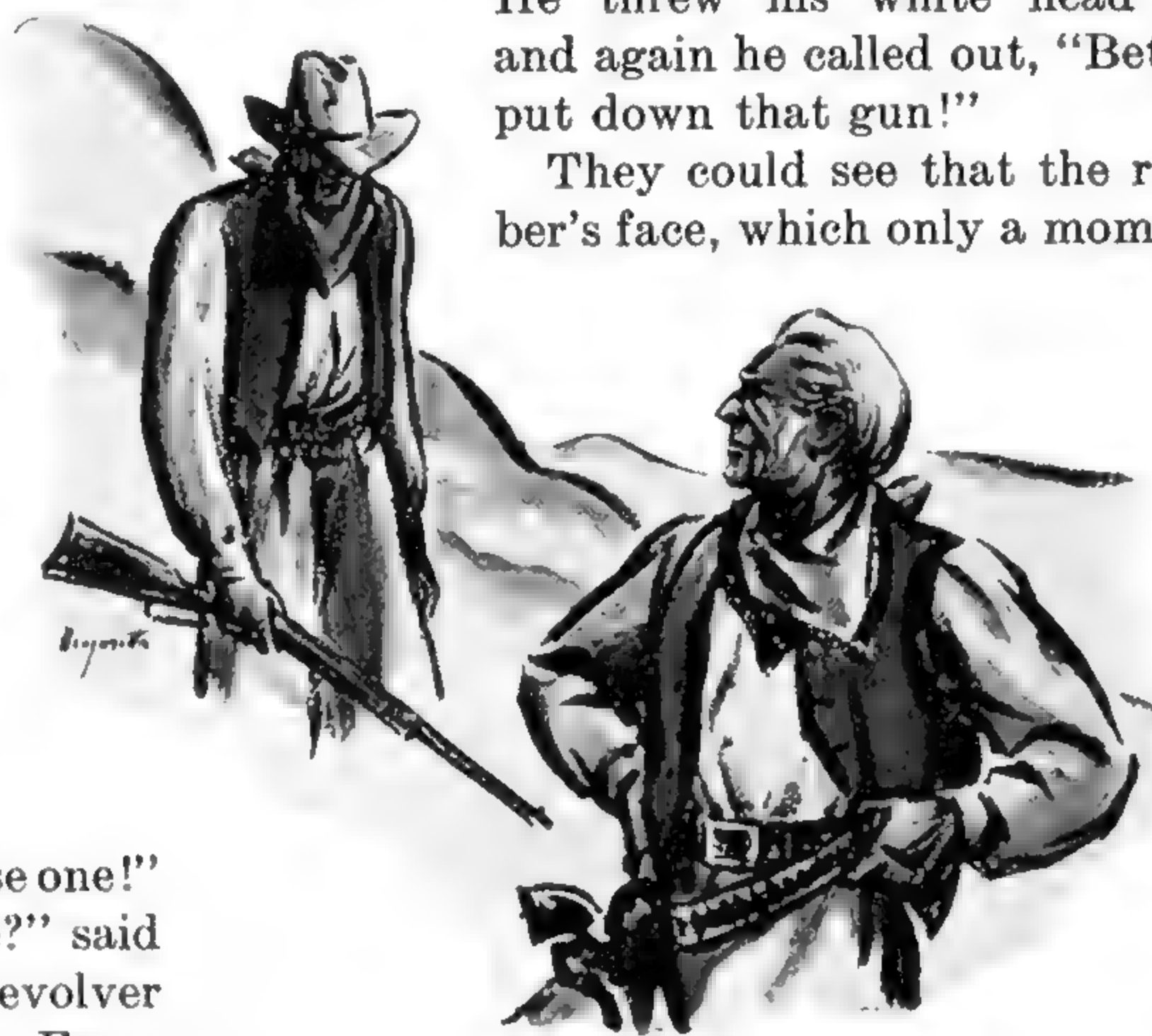
The two men were not far apart. The sheriff stood still, and he, too, had set his teeth. And now he bit his lips, and it seemed as though a slight tremble ran through his entire frame. He could see before him that the face of the robber badly needed a shave. He could see that his shirt was torn, and that instead of a belt a piece of line cord was around his waist. He could see he was quite young, but pretty hard, and a real desperate character. He could see all this and more. There was something else that he also saw.

The moment was a tense one. The men got under cover, for at any instant now these two were certain to open fire and shoot it out.

They heard the sheriff say under his breath, as though he were cursing, "A pretty good shot, eh!" And they saw him take a deep breath, put his pistol back into its holster, and place his hands on his hips.

He threw his white head up and again he called out, "Better put down that gun!"

They could see that the robber's face, which only a moment



before was defiant, now twitched with painful agony. His lips moved but said nothing, and his eyes squinted as slowly he lowered the rifle. His knees bent and slowly, inch by inch, the rifle went down, until it touched the ground. Then he stood up, but his head was bowed, and without the rifle in his hand he seemed a little bit ashamed.

Now the voice of the sheriff changed. It was softer, very mild, as though he were asking a favor of someone. "Well, come on down from there."

The young fellow hesitated, but then he came, and stood before the sheriff, his head bent, his eyes looking at the ground. Then

he put out both his hands, and the sheriff took out the handcuffs and snapped them on.

The men went up to the rocks and brought down the gun, and they all proceeded to town, and turned the young fellow over to the jail. The men were anxious to congratulate the sheriff, but he refused to listen. He jumped into his Ford car, and was off.

The trial took place a week later. It was not much of a trial. Everybody knew he was guilty, and he didn't try to deny it himself. They gave him a lawyer to defend him, and the prosecuting attorney had called quite a few witnesses, including the sheriff. And when he called his name the sheriff did not seem to want to come forward to take the witness chair. He seemed to hesitate, and his feet seemed to drag. But then he was over sixty, and he had a great head of white hair, and for over thirty years he had been sheriff of the county, well known, and no one has had a word against him. And so the court waited patiently while he came forward slowly and took the witness chair. He did not look at the prisoner.

The prosecuting attorney said, "You brought Charlie Willis in, didn't you, Mr. Hood?"

The sheriff did not reply at once, but he turned to the judge and said, "That's not his real name, judge."

But the prisoner jumped up from his seat and cried out, "It is, too! It is my real name!"

The prosecuting attorney rubbed his hands. "Your Honor," he said, "the name of the prisoner, Charlie Willis, was good enough for his last two convictions. I will place his records before you. He went to the reform school at sixteen, and stayed there until he was nineteen. He was out only one year. Then he had a five-year sentence for burglary, as you can see. He served three years and was released a year ago. The records are quite complete."

The judge put on his glasses and looked over these official documents. Then he turned to the prisoner and asked, "Are you Charlie Willis?"

The prisoner stood up and said, "Yes, sir." This was the first time and only time he used the word "sir."

The judge nodded for the action to continue.

The prosecuting attorney now questioned the sheriff. "Did the prisoner put up a resistance?"

"No, I told him to put down the gun, and he came forward and surrendered to me. He held out his hands and I put the handcuffs on him."

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"He was teaching me to swim"

Hot Enough for You?

An article pointing out that there's more you can do about the weather than talk about it

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

WHEN the mercury touches 90°, arrests for assault and battery jump 68% above normal among men—and double the usual average for the Gentler Sex. This finding, based on a survey by Professor E. G. Dexter in a typical city, simply emphasizes the growing risk of repeating that most inane of all warm weather questions, "Is it hot enough for you?"

Whether or not this is the whole story, the fact remains that the "good old summer time" is a season of enormous consequences: so far-reaching, indeed, that one's candid reply to even this bromide is largely tempered by one's pocketbook. Last year, for example, two stores of a candy chain in Chicago lost 6,000 pounds of chocolates from heat during June and July alone—which gives you a faint idea!

Clearly, summer weather has a significance stretching all the way from the police court to the confectioner's, and it includes many, many detours, not all of which are immediately obvious. For instance: one industry which unsuspectingly profits from weather vagaries is the light and power field. Usually we consider electric consumption in terms of night and day, but when we overlook the many gradations of daylight, we miss the economics of the story. It works this way:

It is two o'clock on a nice July afternoon, and since you wouldn't ordinarily need lights until at least eight o'clock, the power house is running on a minimum load. Suddenly a summer storm blows up; the sky grows overcast; you are squinting to see—you switch on the lights. With-



in a few minutes a hundred thousand neighbors do precisely the same thing, and without ample preparation that sudden increase in load would wreck the electric company's plant.

But they didn't wait until they had to squint in order to see the situation: three hours ago they began to get radio storm warnings. And since it takes an hour or more to gear up a power house to its peak, that job was well taken care of by the load dispatcher long before you moved toward the switch. This naturally entails an investment in equipment and instruments, but the divi-

dends are good since it means that lights are being burned two or three hours overtime. In New York an afternoon storm will increase current consumption from 100,000 to 300,000 kilowatts, and jumps of 70% above normal for several hours are not uncommon. If you want to manipulate your utilities stock,



then get together with the Weather Man and make a deal for a dozen or so daylight storms beyond the usual average. Every extra hour's rain will do another million dollars worth of business for the electric companies.

Obviously, somebody profits when the weather is good or bad, seasonal or the reverse. A blistering hot Monday is worth a million dollars in "velvet" to Coney Island on an otherwise dead day: a sweltering Sunday sends a full million people to that resort, with another million distributed among five other beaches nearby. Restaurants, amusement houses and others in the city proper pay for that exodus in reduced revenue, much of which would be salvaged by rain. Yet as far as the beach concessionaires are concerned, a wet Sunday costs them three or four million dollars—which is nothing to sneeze at.

The same thing applies to thousands of other resorts, and railroads, excursion boat operators, gas stations and numerous others rise or fall on that same tide. Yet while they pray for heat and curse the least semblance of a cloud, thousands of wage-earners who make our annual supply of 75,000,000 pairs of rubbers, \$20,000,000 worth of umbrellas and \$30,000,000 worth of raincoats are advancing upon the poor Weather Man demanding Bigger and Better Storms.

Then consider our 27,000,000 farm people: they have a vital stake in summer weather no matter which way it goes. J. B. Kincer, of the U. S. Weather Bureau, has estimated that an inch of rain in Kansas during the summer is worth \$8,000,000 in corn. In North Dakota a good rain is worth about \$17,000,000 to the six leading crops, and in the northern half of the country alone a one inch fall during May or June means

something like \$77,000,000 to the farmers in hay alone.

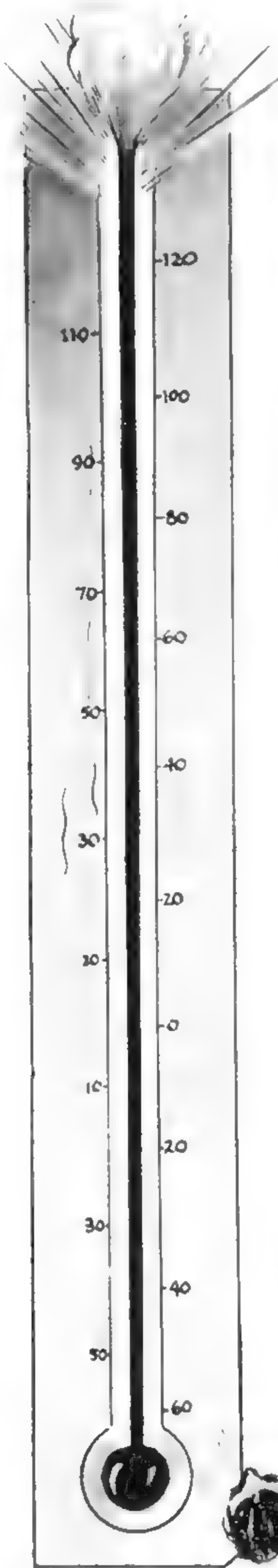
Hold off that rain and there is another story. In Iowa the agricultural cost of one hot, dry spell was estimated at \$50,000,000: drought taking some of it and just plain heat, severe enough to cook the crops in the field, accounting for the balance. Probably the most dramatic examples of the effects of drought come from abroad. An excessive dry spell throughout Russia puts 15,000,000 peasants on the brink of starvation: In Australia, a three-year dry spell ending in 1928 killed upwards of ten million sheep.

The effect of weather on the farm is reflected right on to Chicago and New York, for temperature leaves its mark even in the sacred confines of Wall Street itself. Not only are the prices of wheat, corn, rye and other cereals markedly affected, but Professor Robert Ward found that even the security prices of large grain-carrying railroads were pushed up or down with the mercury. Merely a forecast of rain in a parched corn belt has boosted quotations on the exchanges.

Prices become weather-beaten in another way. When a drought burns up the corn crop, the price of available corn jumps. When that happens, with pasture land denuded, ranchers naturally ship cattle to market since it is impossible to feed them economically if at all. Consequently, down comes the price of beef. And so it goes.

But the farmer has other cards to gamble on besides Wet and Dry, Hot or Cold. Wind is a factor to be

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The White Winers

The last of the series of a Paris bartender's memoirs, wherein he gets down to mentioning names

by JIMMIE CHARTERS

WHITE WINE, for some reason I do not understand, has always played a special role among artists and writers. I believe this has always been true in bohemian centers since the time of Whistler and his friends. Frank Harris insisted it was the only drink a man should take and certainly it was the only one he indulged in. His formula for drinking was as follows:

"You should start, my boy, with white wine *nature*, but always keep an eye on your nose! When you see your nose is becoming red, you should dilute the wine with Vichy, increasing the proportion of Vichy until your nose is white again, or at least only faintly pink. Then, as soon as your nose is thoroughly reinstated in its natural color, dispense with the Vichy completely until it is red again, and so on."

One time Nina Hamnett and Hilaire Hiler took Harris to the Boeuf-sur-le-Toit to meet Jean Cocteau, thinking that two such famous persons, who in reality are similar in character, should know each other. It would be, they thought, a memorable occasion. Well, it was!

The Boeuf-sur-le-Toit was a bar founded by Jean Cocteau and Moyses, a former newspaper and pencil vendor with a fine personality and a genius for handling his clients. The name of the bar came from a ballet of that title produced by Cocteau. The expression is derived from the familiar tale of the man who had many fowl living in his room near the roof of a Paris building. When the neighbors complained and finally brought suit, the bird lover added a bull calf to his zoo. By the time the trial was over, the

bull calf had grown into a big bull and it was found impossible to get it out of the building without tearing down all the doors and passage ways. Hence it remained "the bull on the roof."

Cocteau had been told in advance that the great Frank Harris would call at the bar that afternoon. Harris, too, had been primed. When Hamnett, Hiler, and Harris (sounds like a firm of tailors!) entered the Boeuf, Cocteau stood near the bar talking to a friend. He turned, greeted Nina and Hiler effusively, and they presented Harris.

"Ah, oui, bonjour, monsieur,"* he said with a nod and turned his back. Harris had his hand out but it was never shaken by Cocteau. Hiler told me later that he felt terrible about it and of course Harris was furious.

"Who is this man!" he spluttered. "Does he know who I am! Does he! The idea!"

This is in line with a comment that Wilde once made about Harris.

"It is fine for Mr. Harris, isn't it?" said a friend to Wilde. "He is invited *everywhere*!"

"Yes," said Wilde, "Harris is invited everywhere—once!"

Many of the white winers of the quarter have been of the Sylvia Beach school. It is she who runs Shakespeare & Co., the friendly little bookshop on the rue de l'Odeon. I used to pass there almost daily when I was at the Trois et As Bar nearby. She is a serious little woman, with a quick, engaging smile, and a sharp tongue on occasions.

She has had a big influence on the English and American writers especially and in the

*Ah, yes, good day, sir.

old days you would find many with now famous names sitting in the back room listening to her comments and suggestions. I want to tell of that group even if I include a few who did, on occasion, take something stronger than white wine.

Miss Beach is known, of course, as the first publisher of James Joyce's *Ulysses*. Joyce himself, who is a white-wine-teetotaler, I do not know, for he leads a very retired life and never visits bars, but I have known many of his friends and I have seen him around the quarter. Montparnasse is very much impressed with Mr. Joyce, partly because he keeps himself so aloof, I suppose. And yet he attends quiet little gatherings now and then when the intellectuals foregather to discuss whatever intellectuals discuss. (Intellectuals have always been somewhat of a mystery to me. I admit it.) He is very well liked by his friends, I believe, and it is a pleasure to see his fine sensitive face and erect figure.

One of the leaders of this group, with a reputation for having discovered much of the talent of Montparnasse, was Ezra Pound, the poet. He is an erratic character with strong likes and dislikes and a very keen wit. He is known, too, for his rudeness, which is colossal at times and of which he is rather proud I think. Pound now lives in Rapallo but makes his existence felt in Paris by his caustic letters to the local edition of the Chicago Tribune.

Pound probably saved the life of Bob McAlmon one night in the Cloche, a restaurant near the Odeon, when I was there. An Italian, who had all the earmarks of dope



NORMAN DOUGLAS

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

GORDON CRAIG

JIMMIE CHARTERS

about him, sprang at Bob with an open knife but Pound was quicker and caught his arm. The knife fell, however, making a deep but not serious wound on Bob's arm.

Bob McAlmon was my best friend among the writers. He was formerly married to a wealthy English girl, member of one of the shipping families, but he gave up domestic bliss to write.

I don't know much about Bob as a writer, because I have little time for reading, but I know he's a good fighter. Perhaps our friendship sprang up because we are both small, both have an independent attitude toward others. Bob has a winning smile, and they tell me I have that, too, though I am sure it cannot be compared with Bob's.

Bob's smile has an effect of magic that I have never seen equalled. One night a tough looking, hard boiled American by the name of T— was giving a party in my bar, and during the course of the evening entertained his friends with various popular songs which he sang in a loud voice. Bob who was at the bar with several Pernods in him, thought he could do better and launched into an aria from one of the operas. Bob, incidentally, is a good amateur singer.

But T— did not appreciate opera, it seems. He became quite annoyed and when Bob did not stop he started toward him with teeth clenched and fists closed. I thought there was going to be murder. "Be careful!" I whispered to Bob. But when they came face to face Bob simply smiled, while T— stared at him blankly. Slowly I saw T—'s fists unclench; then I saw a slight smile come over his face; and once again Bob had charmed someone who was prepared to punch his face.

"Have a drink," said T—. "Make it a whisky and a Pernod, Jimmie." They drank and they talked and T— was so interested in Bob he forgot all about his friends at the table until they became decidedly annoyed and threatened to leave.

But Bob has other weapons than his smile. I have seen him in the ring and I know he's a good fighter. We were in Bricktop's in Montmartre one night when she said to him, jokingly, "Give me a kiss." Bob replied, also jokingly, with a gesture, "I will give you a punch instead!" A negro, seeing the gesture, came over to hit him but Bob

was quicker and sent him sprawling. Soon the whole place was in a turmoil, Bob and myself against half a dozen negroes. Bob and I spent the night in jail, but we thought it was well worth it. Bob put me in one of his stories called *The Highly Prized Pyjamas*.

It was Ezra Pound who encouraged and finally launched George Antheil, the modern composer. George came from Trenton, New Jersey, where his father owned a shoe shop in which the son started his career as a clerk. But George had broader ideas and, with the boy next door, talked of the day when they would be geniuses. They found great interest in the new movements in Greenwich Village, reading avidly *The Little Review*, published by Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap, and the *Blindman*, published by Marcel Duchamp, all of whom later came to Montparnasse. They even corresponded with the editors and obtained encouragement from them.

With a little money saved, they set out for the Village and later George came to Paris while his friend became a professor at Columbia University. George, when he reached Montparnasse, had the good fortune to take a room over Sylvia Beach's bookshop. Through her he met many interesting people including Pound who therewith took a great personal interest in him. Another friend was Kurt Weill, author of the modern *Opéra de Quatre Sous*. While he lived over the bookshop, George wrote his *Ballet Mécanique*, which caused so much caustic comment when produced in New York. Antheil is more appreciated in Europe, however.

George's life is very much the story of many others who have come to Montparnasse from England and America to pursue an impulse and develop an inspiration, though few of them succeed so well. That is the great excuse for Montparnasse, as the home of those with new ideas. Those ideas are developed, not only in the attics or studios, but also in the companionship and stimulation of the cafes and bars.

Other devoted friends of Miss Beach's are Ernest Hemingway and his friend Bill Bird, both of them newspaper men in those days. Hemingway was correspondent of a Toronto paper which paid him very little. In his spare time he was writing short stories, but

they were not acceptable to the popular magazines. Many of them were published, however, by Bill.

Hemingway was much interested in bull fighting and in 1926 took the trip to Pamplona with several friends which he has described in *The Sun Also Rises*. The characters in that story are real enough—in fact so real most of them found it hard to forgive him. "Brett" who was furious at first, later relented. At one time all Montparnasse was talking of the "six characters in search of an author—with a gun!"

It was right after the trip that Hemingway started work on the novel. He was in Madrid and the date was the 21st of July, his birthday. Hemingway was feeling his years, thought he was getting old, or something, and was wondering why he had never written a novel. Well, why not write a novel, he thought, and there and then started to work. Within six weeks *The Sun Also Rises* was finished and on its way to a publisher!

Hemingway came to my bar frequently (he was no white winer!) and we would have long conversations about boxing or he would tell me about bull fighting in which I was much interested, though I knew nothing about it. He himself has actually fought bulls. On my night off we often went to boxing matches together, or if he had gone alone, he would come to the bar afterwards to tell me what he had seen. He would get so excited, sometimes, he would start sparring in the bar and almost knock someone over. At one time we were going to train together at a gymnasium in the rue Vandamme, but something happened and we never did. I think he went away about that time.

He had learned boxing at the age of fifteen. One Christmas his father presented him with a course of fifteen lessons at the local gym. The managers, who operated the business as a racket, insisted on payment in advance for all the lessons. When the candidate presented himself for the first workout, the instructors so beat, mauled, and man-handled him he rarely returned a second time. But Hemingway, as soon as he could stand up again comfortably, returned for more. The instructors, seeing he was really serious about boxing, gave him a thorough course.

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Perfect Tennis Player

Formula for a synthetic world champion, citing the strongest points of great tennis players

by H. ELLSWORTH VINES, JR.

RETURNING from Europe last Summer after the English had beaten us to the Davis Cup, I was asked what I thought would be the wisest future course for the United States. My first impulse was to answer whimsically that America ought to seek out two perfect players, without a weakness between them, and in that way guarantee a Davis Cup victory. I checked myself before voicing the idea.

Since then I have pondered over the difficulties of Davis Cup campaigns, and the more I weigh them the more I am convinced that the whim I had a year ago is the only solution that will satisfy everyone. Committee meetings, strategic blunders, human failings and officiousness complicate every quest for the Davis Cup. The perfect tennis player is the only way out.

Unfortunately, he has not yet been discovered. From my own experiences I have a definite picture of what that perfect tennis player would be like. He would be a compound of the best shots of the best players of the game.

The ideal Davis Cup team member would have the backhand of my friend, Bill Tilden, the left-handed service of John Hope Doeg, the maddening lob of George Lott, the overhead smash of Jean Borotra, the volleying game of Henri Cochet, plus the skill of Vinnie Richards on low, shoe-top volleys, and, what very few people realize, the forehand shot production of Fred Perry.

Inasmuch as Davis Cup players must forswear business, writing or whatever earning power they have, the ideal team member would also need Tilden's ability at contract bridge. I think Tilden could earn a living at this pursuit alone. So I have learned to my cost. If my perfect player did not go in for bridge I should like him to possess Gregory Mangin's genius with the dice. Mangin is my No. 1 candidate as the shooting craps tennis champion. Rich in his own right, Gregory has shaken a wicked bone at every big club on the circuit and most of his shots have been placements.

Tilden, beyond a doubt, is the greatest of the strategists. His durability has kept him in competition against the top-notch players far longer than the ordinary span and in that time he has been able to develop an instinctive feeling for the right move.

My perfect player must, first of all, have

a tennis mind that is the equal of Tilden's.

Not that pre-designed strategy is always an advantage. This I learned to my sorrow a year ago at Wimbledon in one of the most important matches of my career.

On the eve of this big match I sat alone and mulled over my plans for the coming day. My opponent was to be Jack Crawford, the Australian, in the final of the All-England championship. I was the defending title holder. To win at Wimbledon, of course,

put him on the defensive or force him into error. I supplemented this with the resolve to go to the net with forcing shots.

Now this was fine strategy but it met with counter-strategy on the part of Crawford. He had realized that my backhand was vulnerable.

The ball whistled across the net from one left-hand corner to another without let-up almost for five sets, and Jack was steadiness itself throughout. He was far from the Crawford who lost to Perry at Forest Hills later on. It seemed that every time I came within a point of taking a game on Crawford's service I would make an error with my backhand.

When Crawford had me, 30-40, on my service, it seemed his backhand stood up for him generally and he would take the game. That was the story of the match although many newspaper accounts overlooked it.

Crawford did not win through superior strategy but because his backhand was better than mine. It was after this encounter that I felt I could use a backhand like that of Tilden.

The point I make is that strategy is helpful but when your own game betrays no weakness a normal amount of horse-sense will be sufficient. The percentage is always going to be with the ideal player. Crawford, incidentally, has no particular strength that stands out above all others, lest it be an exceedingly fine sense of anticipation which puts him always in position to make the right move with a minimum of strain.

His chief asset is a well-rounded control of strokes. I have singled out such individual characteristics as Tilden's backhand, Perry's forehand and the like only because they sparkle with particular brightness.

Perry can do things with his forehand that are simply amazing and it is almost impossible to force him into error by hitting to his right side. Long before reaching international fame in tennis Perry was an outstanding ping-pong player, and I would not be surprised if many of his mannerisms in handling the racquet can be traced to his ping-ponging. He hits a tennis ball just as if it were a ping-pong ball. Perry loves tennis and, like Tilden, can play from morning until night without visible effects.

I have been told many times that René Lacoste of France had the best backhand in the game, but as I never saw it I am abso-

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has come to be the highest individual honor in amateur tennis and under the circumstances I might have indulged myself a mild attack of nervousness with a moderate amount of justification.

Yet I really was not nervous because, in my mind, the issue was clearly cut. In the light of Crawford's consistency, I was able to outline a course of strategy for myself with the utmost confidence that I was making no mistake in that respect. What I am now trying to bring out is that strategy is not everything in the make-up of a perfect Davis Cup tennis player. Mastery of shots is a most vital supplement.

Through two weeks of playing, Crawford had evinced only one suggestion of a weakness in his shot-making. On occasions his backhand strokes had lapsed into streaks of uncertainty. Though it was true these lapses were few in Crawford's repertoire yet I felt my only hope was to bang at this weakness.

I decided that I would keep pegging at my opponent's backhand trusting thereby to



THE NEW FOREIGN CARS

by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

THE new fashion flash on European body design features a belt line drooping towards the rear of the car, and the sketches on this page show how three nations have interpreted this new vogue. Great Britain is represented with a sports vehicle of the type so popular over there, on a Bentley

chassis. Bentley, long famous for racing cars, has been taken over by Rolls Royce. Note the racing type leather straps holding the hood in place, the racing type hub caps, and the canvas tonneau cover for use when the car is occupied by two passengers only. The French Delage has received a number of



THE NEW FOREIGN CARS

by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

prizes, for the particular model illustrated, in elegance contests all over Europe. Although it is very extreme in outline, the general effect is striking when the color scheme is sober. The third example, sketched at the bottom of the page, is the German Mercedes, one of the fastest cars in the world. With

its short wheelbase, it lends itself best to two-passenger bodies or to very close-coupled four-seaters like the one shown. Sketched above are the Hispano Suiza and Voisin radiator caps, which have remained virtually unchanged for fourteen years, together with a few suggestions for the new concealed type filler.

The Resurrection of Solly Moon

Tall tale, replete with earthy humor, about a good little man who could never be kept down

by WALTER D. EDMONDS

WE STOOD in the door of the barn where John was splitting a load of stove wood, and across the valley we could hear the chug-chug of Brown's tractor; they were threshing there, or bringing in the corn. John leaned on his axe with both hands and lifted his good eye to look over the river-bottom. Even in the barn it was a hot day to split wood.

He lifted his head. The chug-chug of the tractor across the valley struck the air like steady mallet strokes.

"Times change," said John, "you remember how there weren't any tractors and a thresher used to come through the country with his machine and engine? Sure, I remember working here when you was small. Solly Moon used to come around this valley with his two boys, Pete and Georgey, and that old steam engine. There was not any gasoline engine those days with the grit to cut your Pa's Eureka Corn, and he advertised around till he found Solly Moon's old steamer. We all had him down the valley. That old engine certainly did have the power. Once it got to going it could put an iron crowbar through the cutter. Did I ever tell you how we threshed through Solly Moon? No?"

John sat down and brought out a chew.

"That year was a great year for crops and Moon went right down the valley as far as Hearn's big barn. There was three thousand bushel there to thresh in that big barn and a lot of us hired out to help. I never see such oats and rye. The old machine would very nearly lift herself up by her wheels if you put in more than two bundles at once. Even that old engine would get sort of breathless after a good chew of those white charters.

"It was a temperance farm; but it was most way through October and the weather was cold and we enjoyed it. It was the last threshing of the year. We went down with Solly and the machines, a wagon load of us, Pete and Leo, me, and Jarvis, he's dead now; and Jarvis took along three jugs he'd manufactured with his own hands.

"We helped Solly Moon set up the rigging. You remember him. He was a little twerp with a back end that filled his pants right out and a shiny red face that always got a sweat on, even setting in the shade of a tree. He used to run around the whole darn time, talking funny as a Dutchman, and bossing

to beat the cars. I never see him do a stroke of work but once, and that's what I'm telling you about. He had a drink that day.

"Either one of those two boys of his could have picked him up by the ear and thrown him across the river. And the other one could have set him up on a piece of dirt and kicked him back again. But he had them buffaloed. They was twins and going onto thirty when I knowed them, and they was still working for the old man, paying off their keep till they was twenty-one. Solly said when they was forty-two he'd begin giving them a wage. I don't know how he done it. I guess he never give them a chance to say a word. They certainly didn't say anything to anybody all the time I knew them.

"He was always a-running here and there, bossing them. 'Hey-hey!' he'd holler. 'This ain't a picnic, Georgey! Get up there and lay out that carrier. God damn!' He had a little high voice you could hear right through the engine noises. 'Hey-hey! God damn!' He bossed them around everywhere.

"That engine was a funny contraption. It had a big box at the back end with a furnace door you put the wood into and a smoke pipe over it and the fly wheels looked as if they'd been taken off a locomotive engine. You could get up steam in fifteen minutes with it and it would come out of the boiler in a dozen places, but it delivered the power all right. It had a whistle on it they used to blow for knocking off. I guess that was the only fun those two boys of Moon's ever got out of life. It made him screech like a burnt Jack, but with that whistle going you couldn't hear him. And they'd keep on blowing it until he'd find his whip and come down hopping after them."

John chuckled.

"I remember just as if it happened last week how we threshed through three days. The food was all right. But some of us boys were getting pretty dry. We was thinking about getting into the woods for a week to get some meat. I was always a timber-beast, and so was Jarvis, and once a year

we'd get meat-hungry and have to get away.

"Well, noon of the last day, we come out from eating to set in the barn, and Jarvis said, 'Let's get out some of that oil I brought down with me.' He went and got it. Solly was close by, sweating out his dinner and picking his teeth with half a straw and he says, 'Oil?' 'Sure,' says Leo. 'Oil. It keeps a man from sweating.' 'Hey-hey!' says Solly. 'I'll have a try at it.'

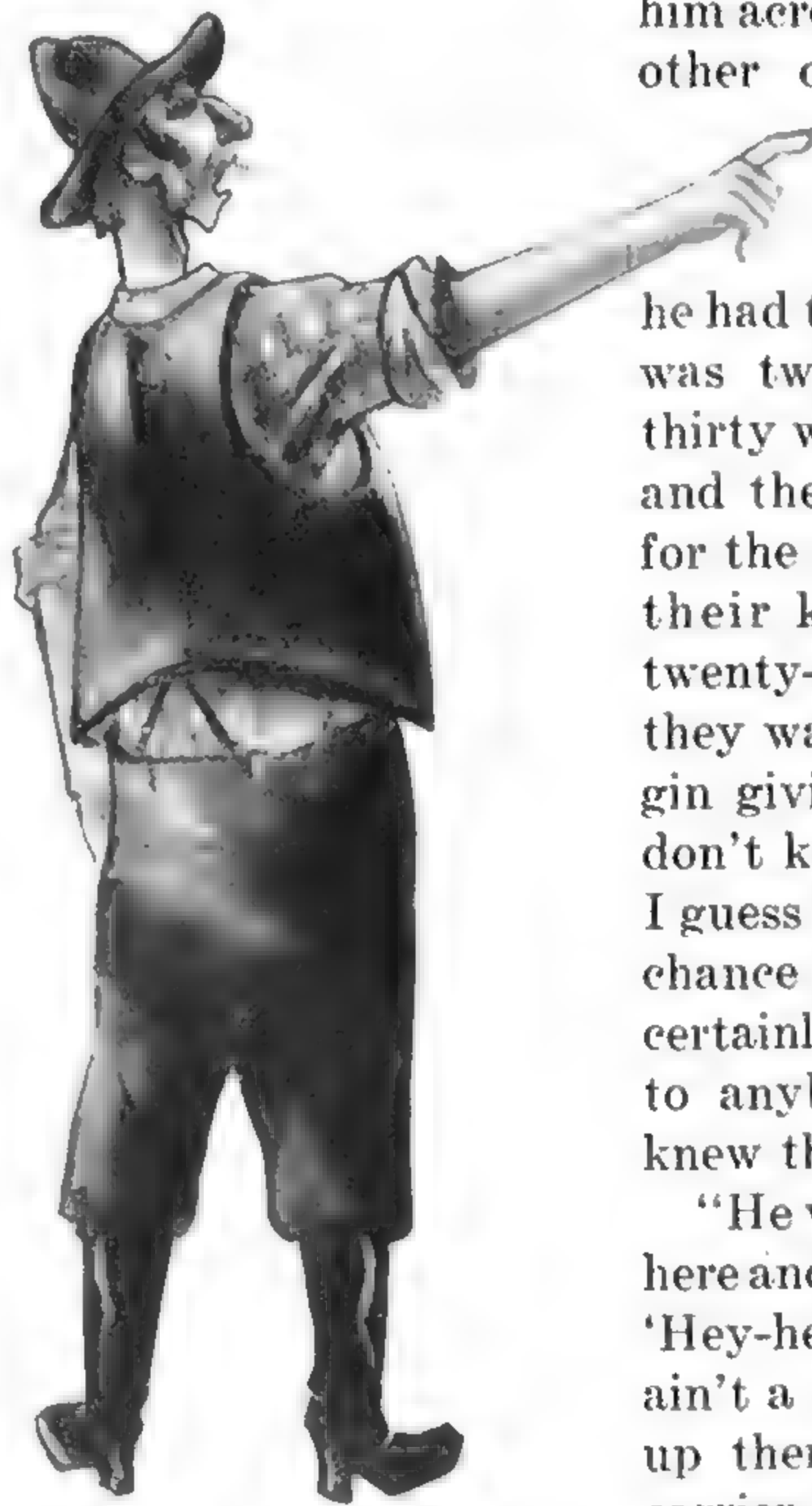
"I don't believe that little twerp had ever took a snort. Too mean to pay for it, and too much work for him to make him some. He set there sucking his teeth till Jarvis come back with those three jugs.

"Old man Hearn was temperance and nasty about it, too, so we took the jugs up in the loft, me and Jarvis and Pete and Leo, and Solly he turned on his two boys and says: 'God damn! Go down and get up steam. This is oil for men that have to sweat, hey-hey!'

"Georgey he got down and him and his brother went down by the engine and begun stuffing in the wood. They'd used up all the wood but some pine, knotty pieces, and the old engine liked the taste of that and started spitting through her valve in no time. But Solly didn't notice. He had a suck at a jug that dang near collared him and he held up his mustache with one hand and had to cough. 'God damn!' he says. 'What kind of oil is it, Jarvis?' Jarvis told him it was home made oil. Moon sat there, the little twerp, holding on to his stummick, and his fat face getting red, until the heat caught him.

"It feels like a good digester,' he says. 'Hey-hey!' And we passed him another jug. He took it onto his lap like a baby and from time to time he had a suck. I don't remember what we got to talking of. We all of us

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Señor Diego Rivera

An attempt to show why sympathy favors the Mexican, although the ethics favor the Rockefellers

by **JIM TULLY**

DIEGO RIVERA approached me in Mexico City, a large, shy man, with a diffident manner. He had the expression of a man whom a beggar would approach on the street. His eyes were soft and sad and wide apart. Their softness belied the hard brain behind them. More than six feet tall, he weighed over two hundred pounds.

He was dressed in a well made blue suit of excellent material, with an expensive scarf to match.

His weight, as I watched him, seemed to bend his knees as he walked. And yet, he was cat quick.

There was something Oriental about him, an impassive quality that was yet full of life and meaning.

Even had I not known who he was, my observation of humans would have told me that I was in the presence of no ordinary man. His hands were well moulded. The fingers tapered. His hair was raven-black and long, his forehead high.

He greeted me politely, and became silent. The man who had defied the Rockefellers was at a loss for words. He scanned me as though I were one of the hated bourgeois. We entered a near-by restaurant. His business manager and another gentleman seated themselves at the table with us. The artist toyed with his knife and fork, and after a few preliminaries, asked, "Why do you come so far to see me, and not one of the workers?" He spoke English slowly.

"Well, I'd have a devil of a time getting the editor of *ESQUIRE* to allow me to write an article about a Mexican worker. His readers are more apt to be interested in you."

He said nothing in return, but sat quite still, his elbows on the table, his ponderous shoulders sagging. He looked at his knife as though it were a sword.

"But there's millions of workers here," he finally said.

"And one Rivera," I countered.

His eyes shot quickly at me. He looked downward again at his knife, as I said, "We need you in America, and we want to understand you. I wish you could paint your murals on the clouds." He became slightly warmer, and more relaxed, but made no mention of the compliment.

The usual Communist generalities followed. Except that, being a polite man, he bored me with no economic facts, and knew Stalin, Trotzky, and others, he might have been the Communist out of work next door.

He believed Stalin a less able man than Trotzky . . . a peasant in his mind. Then his words came more slowly, "No matter what opinion I shall have about the policy of Stalin, my first duty is to all the workers all over the world, and the defense of the Soviet Union."

His business manager explained that Señor Rivera had come from an unpleasant experience that morning. The great artist acquiesced.

I liked him.

It was the first of many meetings I was to have with him.

The huge Mexican is best known to millions in America because of his quarrel with the Rockefellers. Having dared to paint a picture of Lenin on one of their walls, they dared to have it removed. There was justice on both sides, but humor was not in between.

It is not likely that Mr. Stalin would have ordered the face of John D. Rockefeller to be painted on the walls of a building in Russia. A study of the colossus-minded Lenin's life reveals a man as fanatical as Luther. But he did have a bitter humor, and he might have used such a picture as an object lesson to the children and have it captioned—

TEACH ERRING MAN TO SPURN
THE RAGE OF GAIN.

The Rockefellers were at a disadvantage in that certain economic forces were against their point of view. Otherwise, they were within their rights even though it may be questioned whether or not, in destroying the picture of one of the vastest fellows ever to walk the earth, they did not make a mistake. Posterity might also doubt the wisdom of their treatment of the greatest muralist since Michelangelo. For people who believe that wealth should only be held in trust, though they do not say for how long, they were certainly without far vision.

Rivera had just completed his gigantic conception of Human Intelligence in Control of the Forces of Nature. He considered this to be his masterpiece, and all was apparently going well with the artist in the haunts of the Rockefellers. Knowing the history of Standard Oil, he had ironically devised such a caption.

Across the top of this mural, the bland and disrespectful Communist had grouped many grim-green soldiers, wearing gas masks. These patriotic gentlemen were about to launch an attack on columns of Rivera's beloved workers and peas-

ants, who were singing, perhaps, "The Internationale." In the center of this mural he had painted the head of a worker, brooding deeply over a television machine. The model for the worker was the nephew of the deposed leader of Tammany Hall—John F. Curry.

Below this pageant of our history were radicals carrying banners, which read, "FREE TOM MOONEY" and "WE WANT WORK, NOT CHARITY." The police were pictured bouncing clubs off the heads of the radicals. And near all this was a picture of society people playing bridge.

This was disturbing. Rivera was not satisfied. Out of all this emerged a barrel-shaped man with a moon-round face. It was Lenin. He was joining the hands of a white worker and a negro.

That was too much. Señor Rivera received a letter from John D. Rockefeller's grandson, Nelson Rockefeller, which read:

"I noticed that in the most recent portion of the painting you had included a portrait of Lenin. The piece is beautifully painted, but it seems to me that this portrait, appearing in this mural, might very easily seriously offend a great many people. If it were in a private house it would be one thing, but the mural is in a public building, and the situation is there-



fore quite different. As much as I dislike to do so, I am afraid we must ask you to substitute the face of some unknown man where Lenin's face now appears."

Rivera promptly answered that to balance Lenin, the unknown man he would substitute would be Abraham Lincoln freeing the slaves, or John Brown.

Mr. Rivera was called to the main office, like any other employee, and fired.

His check for \$14,000, the balance of his \$21,000 contract, was paid him in full.

The incident shook the economic heavens for a second. Millions of newspaper readers glanced at the headlines, and noticing that the Rockfellers were in trouble again, they turned to the latest murder.

Rivera made a speech shortly afterward in which he explained that it had all been a part of a propaganda mission which he had started on his last visit to America in 1931. At that time two people were highly enthusiastic about an exhibition of his work. They were Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and her son, Nelson.

Then, Rivera told the assemblage that friends in Moscow, where he had been some years before, had told him that in all cases the workers and peasants were right, and that the artist should paint what he wanted. He explained that he had then decided to try his propaganda in an industrial country. "In order to get here I had to do as a man in war. Sometimes, in times of war, a man disguises himself as a tree. My paintings in this country have become increasingly and gradually clearer."

So the Rockfellers thought.

If ethically one leans toward the Rockfellers, the greater sympathy should go to the Mexican. A giant should beware of battles with pygmies. There are so many of them.

A short time before, Rivera's more narrow-minded Communists objected to his advertising of Capitalistic enterprise in his work.

If Rivera believes that the purpose of art is to preach the ideas of the individual artist, he has succeeded beyond any man of his time. And yet, when Rockefeller had the Lenin mural destroyed, he called it "cultural vandalism." He preferred, however, to see it destroyed rather than alter it.

A leading American critic of the arts, Thomas Craven, contrasting Diego Rivera with his Mexican contemporary, José Clemente Orozco, says, "Of the two, Rivera, with an ingratiating innocence which conceals his cunning opportunism, is the more prominent."

That Rivera is an ingratiating man, being an innate gentleman, no student of human nature can deny. His cunning opportunism, if he has it, is not for himself. It springs from his pity for those who do the labor of the world and share not its rewards.

Except that he is a greater man than was poor one-eared Vincent Van Gogh, their hearts beat in unison with pain. Van Gogh, who died a maniac, wrote to his brother, "When you have attended the free lectures of the College of Misery, you will reap a firm faith, and learn more than you can express in words. Many a man has a bonfire in his heart and nobody comes to warm himself at it. The passers-by notice only a little smoke from the chimney, and go their way. I am drawn more and more to the

conclusion that to love much is the best means of approaching God. I am trying to save my soul . . . Disdaining marble, clay and color, I am working in living flesh and blood, as did Christ, the greatest of all artists."

Rivera might smile at the allusion to Christ. He is not sentimental. Unlike most artists, he has capacity for deep thought, and a sweeping diabolical sense of irony.

The Communist artist speaks of the workers, the bourgeois, the proletariat, as naively as a Greenwich Village intellectual.

The master of irony with the brush is not shocked with Anatole France: that men should be so positive about things, when one has sought so long without finding, and when in the end one remains in doubt. Martyrs are lacking in irony; it is an unpardonable fault, for without irony the world would be like a forest without birds; irony is the gaiety of meditation and the joy of wisdom. What further? I charge the martyrs with fanaticism; I suspect a kind of natural kinship between them and their executioners, and I fancy that, were they the stronger, they would take the place of the executioners. Doubtless I am wrong. Still, I am supported by history. It shows me Calvin between the faggots prepared for him, and those that he kindles; it shows me Henry Estienne, who was at great pains to escape the executioners of the Sorbonne, denouncing Rabelais as deserving the whole range of torments . . .

The wise Frenchman would have found an ironical problem in Rivera, who might still be incited to borrow the oil from John D. Rockefeller and prepare the faggots for one with whom he violently disagreed.

He was never strictly a worker, no more than was Lenin. They saw human misery as children and decided to remember it.

To those who believe that the meanest beggar will eventually have his pockets full of stars, there are tremendous possibilities in the fact that a man of Rivera's great ability can remain so deeply imbedded in the earth, and can still be so completely fundamental that he can cry with a hurt child, or rise in rebellion with a lash-scarred slave.

He carries a heavy revolver strapped to his side. The large man, with the wide moon face, and the soft calf eyes, with a revolver strapped to his side, is one of the incongruities of nature. The big fellow has need of his gun. The Nazis recently put two bullets through the upper windows of his home. He points to them and smiles, with his ingratiating innocence.

He was born in 1886, the place Guanajuato, Mexico, where his father was a chemical engineer in a silver mine. He blends Spanish, Russian, Indian, and Jewish blood. His maternal great-grandfather was a Tarascan Indian. His father's mother was a Portuguese Jewess. Rivera's mother was born in Mexico, of Spanish descent.

He attaches no importance to his being a Mexican more by environment than blood.



He shrugged his immense shoulders when I tried to trace the influence of his ancestors. "The books of Karl Marx, and life itself, are my greatest influences—all countries my blood, all people my pity. I have no national feelings."

"How have you accomplished so much work?"

"Because I am a worker, and not an artist. I work like every other man. I do not have the temperament of the artist. I am not pretentious." The last word bothered him, but he managed it.

"Are you and Orozco friends?"

"I have no friends, and no enemies. I only care for what is useful for the workers."

"But surely you have much in common with Orozco—you must like him."

His big head shook. "I like his painting—I do not like him, and—he does not like me . . . I have taken his part here against the bureaucrats."

"Then why does he not like you?"

The great man dwindled slightly—"Because I was once asked to finish his work. No artist ever forgave another for that."

Rivera has always been in sympathy with the aims of Zapata. To many he was a common murderer. To Rivera, he remains an idealistic Indian who wanted to restore the land to his people.

About twenty years ago, three per cent of the population owned 97% of all lands, houses, and other sources of production in Mexico. One huge hacienda consisted of one-fiftieth of the land of Mexico, an area about as large as Holland.

Obregon, Zapata, and especially the strong Calles, however mixed their motives might have been, tried to attain more freedom for the vast 97% who owned nothing.

Calles removed the mystical prop upon which millions of Mexicans leaned by closing the churches. He then tried to restore to the great masses of the people liberty, land, and public education. Mexico is no longer a paradise for the foreign exploiter of other human beings, as it was in the days of Diaz. But it has no depression.

All this is of importance here. For out of the chaos of its preceding revolutions have emerged two of the greatest artists in the world—Rivera and Orozco.

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Turnabout is Fair

One of the last of the legacy
of hitherto unpublished short
tales left by a modern master

by D. H. LAWRENCE

SHE was his second wife, and so there was between them that truce which is never held between a man and his first woman.

He was one for the women, and as such an exception among the colliers. In spite of their prudery, the neighbor women liked him; he was big, naive, and very courteous with them; he was so, even to his second wife.

Being a large man of considerable strength and perfect health, he earned good money in the pit. His natural courtesy saved him from enemies, while his fresh interest in life made his presence always agreeable. So he went his own way, had always plenty of friends, always a good job down pit.

He gave his wife thirty-five shillings a week. He had two grown-up sons at home, and they paid twelve shillings each. There was only one child by the second marriage, so Radford considered his wife did well.

Eighteen months ago, Bryan and Wentworth's men were out on strike for eleven weeks. During that time, Mrs. Radford could neither cajole nor entreat nor nag the ten shillings strike-pay from her husband. So that when the second strike came on, she was prepared for action.

Radford was going, quite inconspicuously, to the publican's wife at the "Golden Horn." She is a large, easy-going lady of forty, and her husband is sixty-three, more-over crippled with rheumatism. She sits in the little bar-parlour of the wayside public-house, knitting for dear life, and sipping a very moderate glass of scotch. When a decent man arrives at the three-foot width of bar, she rises, serves him, surveys him over, and, if she likes his looks, says:

"Won't you step inside, sir?"

If he steps inside, he will find not more than one or two men present. The room is warm, quite small. The landlady knits. She gives a few polite words to the stranger, then resumes her conversation with the men who interest her most. She is straight, highly-coloured, with indifferent brown eyes.

"What was that you asked me, Mr. Radford?"

"What is the difference between a donkey's tail and a rainbow?" asked Radford who had a consuming passion for conundrums.

"All the difference in the world," replied the landlady.

"Yes, but what special difference?"

"I s'll have to give it up again. You'll think me a donkey's head, I'm afraid."

"Not likely. But just you consider now, wheer . . ."

The conundrum was still under weigh, when a girl entered. She was swarthy, a fine animal. After she had gone out:

"Do you know who that is?" asked the landlady.

"I can't say as I do," replied Radford.

"She's Frederick Pinnock's daughter, from Stony Ford. She's courting our Willy."



"And a fine lass, too."

"Yes, fine enough, as far as that goes. What sort of a wife'll she make him, think you?"

"You just let me consider abit," said the man. He took out a pocket-book and a pencil. The landlady continued to talk to the other guests.

Radford was a big fellow, black-haired, with a brown moustache, and darkish blue eyes. His voice, naturally deep, was pitched in his throat, and had a peculiar, tenor quality, rather husky, and disturbing. He modulated it a good deal as he spoke, as men do who talk much with women. Always, there was a certain indolence in his carriage.

"Our master's lazy," his wife said. "There's many a bit of a job wants doin', but get him to do it if you can."

But she knew he was merely indifferent to the little jobs, and not lazy.

He sat writing for about ten minutes, at the end of which time, he read:

"I see a fine girl full of life.

I see her just ready for wedlock,

But there's jealousy between her eyebrows
And jealousy on her mouth.

I see trouble ahead.

Willy is delicate.

She would do him no good.

She would never see when he wasn't well,

She would only see what she wanted—"

So, in phrases, he got down his thoughts.

He had to fumble for expression, and therefore anything serious he wanted to say he wrote in "poetry," as he called it.

Presently, the landlady rose, saying:

"Well, I s'll have to be looking after our mester. I s'll be in again before we close."

Radford sat quite comfortably on. In a while, he too bade the company goodnight.

When he got home, at a quarter past eleven, his sons were in bed, and his wife sat

awaiting him. She was a woman of medium height, fat, and sleek, a dumpling. Her black hair was parted smooth, her narrow-opened eyes were sly and satirical, she had a peculiar twang in her rather sleering voice.

"Our missis is a puss-puss," he said easily, of her. Her extraordinarily smooth, sleek face was remarkable. She was very healthy.

He never came in drunk. Having taken off his coat and his cap, he sat down to supper in his shirt-sleeves. Do as he might, she was fascinated by him. He had a strong neck, with the crisp hair growing low. Let her be angry as she would, yet she had a pas-

sion for that neck of his, particularly when she saw the great vein rib under the skin.

"I think, Missis," he said, "I'd rather ha'e a smite o' cheese than this meat."

"Well, can't you get it yourself?"

"Yi, surely I can," he said, and went out to the pantry.

"I think, if yer comin' in at this time of night, you can wait on yourself," she justified herself.

She moved uneasily in her chair. There were several jam-tarts alongside the cheese on the dish he brought.

"Yi, Missis, them tan-tafflins'll go down very nicely," he said.

"Oh, will they! Then you'd better help to pay for them" she said, amiably, but determined.

"Now what art after?"

"What am I after? Why, can't you think?" she said sarcastically.

"I'm not for thinkin', Missis."

"No, I know you're not. But wheer's my money? You've been paid the Union today. Wheer do I come in?"

"Tha's got money, an' tha mun use it."

"Thank yer. An' 'aven't you none, as well?"

"I hadna', not till we was paid, not a ha'p'ny."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself to say so."

"'Appen so."

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“Psst! Turn on the ol’ personality smile—he’s from Ringling Brothers!”

Jungle Table d'Hôte

**Upsetting the Hollywood idea
that it is easy for any man
to obtain food in a jungle**

by JEAN M. F. DUBOIS

IN THE jungle it is more often the question "What do we eat?" than "When do we eat?"

I was famished as I looked at the tropical stream near which we were camped. Like some vast lake draped in white mist, it stretched before me as it placidly flowed on its way to the ocean. On the other side—like distant islands or the blurred shores of a continent—the high forest trees, mostly dark-green mangroves, emerged from the horizon. With the slowly fading light of the setting sun the murky water below shimmered and flickered like molten copper.

Swallows wheeled and dipped close to the water's surface snapping at the swarms of mosquitoes that danced above it. They were getting their meal. When would I get mine? What would it be?

We had hunted the entire day, but had seen nothing worth while shooting. Contrary to the general belief game is not plentiful in most jungles. As a matter of fact often it is very rare. I thought of far away Hollywood and its version of the jungle where the stranded man on a desert island always finds coconuts and game awaiting him. Those happy-ending screen portrayals of stranded people are as untrue as the Hollywoodian conception of the average expedition, where a huge army of native porters, marching in single file, carry all sorts of cases and bundles on their heads. In my own case my resources so far have never permitted me to make such an expedition *de luxe*. In fact, almost all my exploration trips have been made alone with the exception of a few native guides or hunters as companions.

The amount of provisions we could take along was therefore small. The variety, too, was never great. It consisted of a small sack of rice, some flour, salt, spices, lard, a dozen cans of vegetables and California sardines, with perhaps a can or two of peaches or pears. This white man's food was usually consumed within the first week or so, and for the rest of the time we had to live on the country.

Three days before I had opened my last can, and I was once more dependent upon natural resources. This meant a meagre diet and I was becoming hungrier all the time. All I had eaten that day was some of the cream colored heart of a palm. I do not doubt that it would have made a delicious salad but lacking the necessary condiments I ate it as it was, cut out of the top of the tree.

Again I looked at the river before me. It had now assumed a purple hue that became more intense as the twilight drew close. From afar the muffled roar of a

howling monkey floated over the water. Back of me was the jungle. Night was fast descending, and from everywhere came whispers, shrieks, bellows, wails, roars. A small owl winged silently by. As I followed its flight I heard a faint rustle behind me. Quickly I turned. There outlined for a moment against the fading glare of the river's surface stood a solitary Carib Indian, one of my hunters.

The next instant he was gone, completely absorbed by the shade of the forest. Then I saw him again as he—armed with his five-foot bow—slunk catlike toward a group of trees nearby. His pace, swift at first, slowed down; his soft-footed stalk became the predacious prowl of a beast of prey. His entire body suggested some supple feline stealing toward its quarry. Once more he disappeared, erased by the evening shadows of the jungle.

It was almost dark. Suddenly I thought I heard the faint outcry of an animal, followed by a dull thud as if a stone had fallen into the underbrush. I was almost sure I heard it, as the nightly voice of the forest ceased for a single moment. But this silence was so short that I again doubted it. Then I saw the Indian's form looming up against the dense background of the jungle. He strode past as catlike as before, but his gait was swifter and more unconcerned. He swerved close by me and to my delight I saw something dangling from his hand. There was our supper! What was it?

I followed the native and caught up with him just before we came to our camp, a little farther up the river. His prize was a young spider monkey! Its human-like face, its thin scrawny body with the long skinny legs and prehensile tail did not inspire appetizing thoughts. Hungry as I was the creature looked repulsive to me, but my Indians thought otherwise. They were overjoyed for to them monkey meat is a delicacy, especially the skin. Therefore they did not strip it from the animal but only scraped off the hair before roasting it above the camp fire. And so, we feasted on monkey meat

that evening, two hungry Indians and a starving white man, with scruples successfully overcome.

Later as I lay awake in my hammock, my stomach pacified once more, I could not help thinking again of Hollywood, and of Robinson Crusoe, the Swiss Family Robinson and similar heroes whose "roughing it" was done in paradises compared with the jungles I knew. I have always found that the jungle is the white man's great antagonist. Almost everything around him is poisonous. Fruit that the monkeys and birds can eat may make him desperately ill. If he has never learned, like the natives, to drink from vines and roots, when no water is available, nor to dig up edible tubers, to devour grubs and other insects, when there is nothing else to eat, he will undoubtedly perish. Even the water of the streams and stagnant jungle pools that the natives can drink without harmful effect, is hopelessly unfit for the white man's pampered system. It will kill him if he does not boil it first. And, when dry wood is scarce and the few matches he possesses are perhaps damp and useless, it is not such an easy task to boil water. Besides, luke-warm jungle water

tastes unpleasantly of decaying things. Even the color is uninviting. Sometimes it is black, then again it resembles weak tea. This is caused by vegetable matter, leaves and branches that fall into the water and rot.

The Bush-negroes of the Guianas taught me how to pick my drink from the air, or to dig it from the soil. In their country grows a liana, the *Vitex* vine. It dangles snakelike from the tree branches. A section, about four feet long, is carefully selected and cut off. Then one holds it quickly above the mouth and drinks the clear, cool water it contains. There is also the *Ceiba* tree, whose spongy roots spread like the tentacles of a giant octopus, close to the surface of the jungle floor. One digs around a root, several feet away from the tree trunk, and hews off a piece with a cutlass. Like the vine, it is held vertically above the mouth and the cool water trickles down.

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The Spriv's Master

Quaint story of rural England,
in which the champion braggart
of a dozen counties is stilled

by H. E. BATES

WE WERE sitting under the cart-hovel one winter afternoon, my grandfather and I, listening to the cold rain swishing at the bramble-roof and watching it sweep in smoky gusts and toss the stray seagulls across the bare land, when the Spriv walked into the stack-yard, as usual, to borrow the gun. He was a large florid purplish-faced man, with the arrogant strut of a cock pheasant and a big straw-chewing mouth that never opened except to lie and boast of his own doings with the gun and the trombone or to sneer at the littleness of other people. He was notorious in a score of parishes round us as a belecher, a lazy boozier, a man who poached all the week and played in the chapel band on Sundays and sponged all the year round on his old aunt, playing her periodic solos from hymns and operas on his trombone in the expectation of a legacy. He swaggered into the stack-yard once or twice a week with his hands stuck in his belt and his cap defiantly over his right ear, spitting every ten yards or so with a sort of boastful ferocity, eyeing our miserable stables and carts and pigs and stacks and the hens that ducked out of his path with majestic scorn.

He swaggered across the yard that afternoon in the cold sweeping rain without haste, as though he were too big to be rained upon.

"Goin' to lend us th' old pop-gun for five minutes?" he said to my grandfather.

"You're never goin' shootin' in this?" said my grandfather.

"What d'ye think I'm made on, sugar?" said the Spriv.

"You'll never see," said my grandfather.

"See? I could stand under this hovel o' yourn and hit all the weathercocks on Lowick church, all the thirteen on 'em," he boasted.

And before my grandfather had time to speak again the Spriv had walked from under the hovel and across the yard to the tool-barn where the gun always hung. He returned a moment or two later, handling the gun as though it were no more than a stick of sugar-rock that he'd won at a fair.

"It's loaded," said my grandfather.

"It's never anything else," sneered the Spriv. "You daren't let the damn thing off. Give us a mossel o' bacea."

My grandfather meekly took out his pouch: and the Spriv helped himself to a pinch of tobacco and rolled it into a chewing quid.

"Hitch up, boy," he said to me.

I moved along the box, and the Spriv, belching deeply and holding the gun carelessly across his knees, sat down beside me, reeking like a public-house on a market day,

of stale beer and tobacco and horseflesh. We sat there for a moment or two watching the rain sweeping across the fields and washing away the droppings and foot-prints of the hens in the muddy yard, the Spriv chewing reflectively, as though trying to think of some boastful tale to tell us, until all at once we were disturbed by an unexpected voice, calling over the stack-yard gate:

"Ye haven't a mite o' dry shelter for a fellow, have ye?"

It was a quick high-pitched voice, with a strange accent. The Spriv mocked it with contempt: "A mite o' dry shelter," he mouthed. "Who the devil?" He stood upright and then took a step forward into the rain, the gun arrogantly under his arm, as though he owned it and was lord over the land and us too.

"It's a tramp," he said, "or a gipsy. He's so big he can't see over the gate."

He heard the clink of the gate-hook and a moment later the stranger was coming towards us across the yard. He was not much more than a midget of a man and we could see by the way he came towards us, with quick perky steps, that he was as sheeky as a sparrow. He was wearing a turndown faded green trilby and a blue seaman's jersey under his brass-buttoned jacket. His legs were slightly bowed, and his face, sharp and pinched from the cold rain, had in it all the cocky mischief of a bird.

The Spriv, straddling, with the gun, eyed him with contempt as the wind half blew him across the yard into the hovel.

"Ye'll be giving us a mite o' shelter won't you?" cried the little man as he came and shook the rain from his jacket and hat under the hovel.

"You ain't big enough to git wet," said the Spriv.

"Chrisht!" said the little man. "And me walking from Grantham itself since breakfast."

The Spriv looked at him with sudden suspicion, in silence, as though he were trying to reckon up whether it were forty miles to Grantham or fifty. At last he said:

"That's a tidy way for a little 'un."

"Ah! a little step, just a step."

The Spriv spat "I walked there myself and back," he said, "one Easter Monday. That was a wet day."

"Ah now?" said the little man. "Did ye? Ye didn't step on to Lincoln did ye? I was walking from Lincoln myself this morning before breakfast. It's a fine place."

The Spriv said nothing. But he gazed at the little man with faint trouble in his eye, as though trying to calculate how far it could be from Lincoln to Grantham.

"You can sit down," said my grandfather

to the little man. "Boy, you come and sit along o' me."

The little man took my place on the orange-box as I went to sit on the mound of sacked potatoes by the chaff-cutter. He looked as though he had been rescued from drowning, his clothes shining black and shrunken with rain, his hat dripping water over his pale face like a leaking spout.

"Jesus," he said with good-humour, "it's a little damp."

The Spriv, leaning against the hovel-post with the gun slanted under his arm and his mouth chewing with a sort of defiant, self-importance, eyed the little man with contempt.

"Ah," he said, "you look as if—"

"Cripes," the little man interrupted him. "that's a fine gun ye have there."

"Ah," said the Spriv, deprecating, yet fat with pride. "I'd like as many pounds as hares I've knocked over wi' this gun."

"I could see ye were a sportsman, I could see it," said the little man enthusiastically.

The Spriv stood with his mouth open a little, as though feeding on these words of quick and oily flattery.

"Ah yes," he began. "I just—"

"I was shootin' meself once," said the little man, unheeding, "with a party, a fine party. It slips me memory whether there was twenty or twenty-wan of us, but that's nothing. I'm only after thinking now how many birds we shot. And Chrisht, will I ever forget it? That was a grand day, a grand day. We was all photographed for the papers that day, all standing there with the twenty thousand birds laid out on the grass like a catch o' fish. Ah! that was a grand day."

As the little man rattled off the story the Spriv stood eyeing him with a growing look of distrust, uneasily aggressive.

"And where the hell," he said in a sort of half-menacing, half derisive voice, "was that?"

"Ah! that was in Ballyghadereen."

"What?"

"Never mind it. You wouldn't know it."

"Some foreign place," said the Spriv, with airy contempt.

"It's a grand place. Ah! sure, a sportsman like yourself would be in his glory there. I can see ye can handle a gun. Ah, they'd have welcomed a sportsman like yourself there that day."

The little man had put into his voice a tone of dark and sweet familiarity, as though he and the Spriv were the only men on earth who understood the ways of sportsmen. Flattered and mollified, the Spriv suddenly lost his expression of distrust and contempt, and over his face spread the old suave boastful look we knew so well.

"Come in out of the rain a bit," urged the little man. "Ye're such a grand man ye shut out the daylight."

The Spriv swaggered in under the hovel and sat down on the orange-box by the little Irishman.

"I hope you ain't got to go?" he said. He spoke with a sort of mouthing kindness that was touching in its simplicity. "Looks like raining all night to me."

"Ah! sure, but I love the rain," said the little man, "there's music in it, music in it."

"Music?" said the Spriv.

"I'm tellin' ye. As I was comin' along the road from Grantham this morning I would listen to it in the trees like it was meself playin' on me ould fiddle. It's a grandsound."

"I'm a player myself," said the Spriv.

"Ah! it was on the tip o' me tongue to say so! Didn't I know it? I could see by the fine look on ye handsome face ye were a musician. Sure now, that's a fine thing. And what insthument? The fiddle, or what?"

"A trombone," said the Spriv, with careless pride. "A trombone."

"And what in the name o' God," said the Irishman, "is a trombone?"

"You call yourself a musician," began the Spriv, flushing, "and not know—"

"Ah, it slipped me memory. I know the thing. It was me dad himself used to play the trombone at the opera house the time I was a little shrimp of a fellow fiddling at the old Duke's dances. Ah! the trombone, it's a fine insthument."

The Spriv became suspicious again. And

as though setting a trap for the Irishman he said suddenly:

"If you're a fiddler where's your fiddle?"

The little man was ready for him with a sort of perky gaiety. "Ah! I knew ye would be askin that. I can see by ye face ye're a clever man," he said. "Ah! I wish ye was comin' wi' me where me fiddle is. I could do wi' the company of a grand musician like yourself. I wish ye was comin'."

"Where?" said the Spriv.

"To London, that's where. Ye know London? But I can see you do, I can see it."

"I was there," began the Spriv importantly, "only last—"

"Ah! Ye'd like to be there wi' me, a grand musician like yourself. Listen, I'll tell ye something. D'ye know, did ye ever hear a man named Pagliacci? The grand musician?"

"What name?" said the Spriv, very serious.

"Pagliacci. Pagliacci. The grand Italian musician? I. Pagliacci."

"Ah yes, yes," said the Spriv. "I didn't catch it. I—"

"Well, it's this fellow—No, no, after all I couldn't tell ye. It's the grand secret. I couldn't tell ye."

"Ah, you can trust me."

"I know, I know. But it's not meself only."

"Ah! go on."

"Ye'll promise not to say half a word?" the Irishman whispered. "Ah! but I can see ye're a grand fellow. Ye're a gentleman. Ye're a sportsman."

"I know how it is," said the Spriv. "I was playing myself in London once in the—"

"I trust ye," cried the Irishman. "Well, it's this way I'm telling ye. This Pagliacci is my uncle . . ."

And in his quick perky voice the Irishman began to pour into Spriv's ears a strange long tale of how he was to go to London and play in all the grand orchestras with all the grand musicians under his uncle Pagliacci, who was the grand conductor. The tale went on as fast and persistent as the rain still pouring down over the desolate winter land lying beyond the stack-yard, and the Spriv himself drank it in as the earth soaked up the rain. Whenever the Spriv grew uneasy or suspicious the little Irishman would repeat "Ah! but ye're the grand musician yourself. Ye'll understand," with a soothing refrain. Sometimes the Spriv would try to break in upon the easy audacity of the tale with a boast of his own—"I was playing before the Prince of—" but the Irishman never paused, heaping lie upon lie inexhaustibly, with such compelling subtlety that at last the Spriv sat silent, too overwhelmed and overawed to speak, alternately fooled and flattered, yet never suspecting. All the time my grandfather and I sat silent, without a sign, except that once he turned and winked at me.

Finally the little man took up his hat from where he had laid it in the dry bare earth and smoothed its sodden brim with a nonchalant flourish. Then he held the hat ready to put on his head with one hand, and with the other he made ready to shake hands with the Spriv.

"Ah! sure, I hate to be goin'," he said,

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The Kid Across the River

A beautiful and tender
story that you can read,
but not forget, quickly

by WILLIAM McFEE

A STRANGE thing happened this summer while we were in the country. We had taken a house on a river. It ran right below our porch, and rippled over big stones that made a sort of dam and gave me a chance to fish. On the other side was a dense tangle of bushes and trees. I think it was the river decided us to take that house. The youngsters had set their hearts on a beach bungalow such as we always had, but they couldn't resist the river. It was a change from the city, to sit on the porch and listen to the murmur of the waters.

Suddenly one evening in early summer we saw a little boy on the other bank. We hadn't seen him come. He was just there, standing and looking across at us, a finger on his lips. My wife waved, and one of the children said "hello!" but he didn't answer. He just stood at the edge of the waters, a bare-legged kid of ten or so, with khaki knickers and a torn blue shirt. His fair hair was bleached by sunlight. There was a big dog just behind him too. Suddenly he was gone again. None of us saw him go. He just vanished.

"I suppose he belongs to the big house we see through the trees," said my wife. "I heard their property runs down to the river here."

"I've heard more than that," I said. "Sounds of revelry by night. They have a swimming pool the real estate man said they wanted to rent this summer, but it was too dear for us. You can see a great glare at night. And you can hear saxophones too."

"Hear what?" said my wife severely, as one of the boys laughed. "They have plenty of visitors. You can hear the cars going away late."

"I'd call it early," I said. "It was four o'clock one morning when I heard a crash. And their gate was busted when I went by to get the nine fifteen."

"Hm," said my wife. "But it may have been innocent merriment for all you know."

It was about a week later that we saw him again. There he was, in the same spot, where the river ran over the stones. He was certainly a nice kid. Our children were having a picnic on the beach, so our place was quiet. The big dog, Dalmatian I think, was standing beside him. It was getting dusk, and

we were thinking of going in on account of the mosquitoes, but we waited. At last I said "Hello!" and a very faint, sweet, child's treble replied, "Oh, hello!"

I said "How are you?" and so on.

"Oh, I'm fine, thanks," he said. He looked down at the big dog and patted his neck. I said we'd be glad if he came over and visited us.

"Maybe I will," he said, in that sweet far-away voice. I turned to say something to my wife and she turned to me. Only for a moment, but in that moment he vanished again.

It was after some days of intense heat and drought, so that the river sank and the

My wife gave an exclamation. "He's coming!" she said as though she hadn't believed in him at all before that.

He ran lightly and silently on his bare brown feet, from stone to stone, the big dog following without a sound. They came up the steps to the porch and stood there. He was an awfully nice kid, it seemed to me. My wife said something about him looking like a little angel.

"Haven't you any playmates beside that dog?" I asked him. He shook his head. "Not now, not any more," he said. At least, that was what it sounded like to me. My wife insists he said something else, but what it was she won't say. I asked him how his family were, just to give him a lead.

"Oh, they're all tight," he remarked. My wife insists that he said they were all right, and I admit that sounds more rational. But I happen to be quite positive. I was too flabbergasted to make any comment. He began to move away. I said he'd better stay a while. The kids were sure to bring back some ice cream.

"I have got to go now," he said. "They wouldn't like me to be here. Goo'bye." He gazed very earnestly at us for a moment.

I was going to protest, but he ran silently down the steps and flitted across the dry stones. I am not sure I saw the dog go. But we heard a kid crying and the deep bay of the dog a moment later, in the woods.

Saturdays a young man used to come around on a bicycle with a basket of crullers. We generally took a dozen for the children. I happened to be fixing the kitchen screen door, and I said I supposed he left a few at the big house up the road. He shook his head. He said there were no children there any more. My

wife and I looked at him.

"Used to be a kid there," he said. "He used to come to the gate and give me a quarter. Him and a big dog. But they was killed."

We stared at him, but we did not speak.

"They was comin' home late," he went on, "and they was liquored up, I guess. Car turned over and the ambulance took 'em all to the hospital. The kid and the dog was killed. That was jus' about a year back. Their houseman sez he reckons they drink just to forget it. Well, I guess I'll be gettin' along. But they's no kid there now . . ."



stones grew dry, that we saw the little boy again. We had gotten ourselves into an argument about him. My wife said, "I wish we could be sure." I knew well enough what she meant, but I didn't want to stimulate her desire for mysteries.

"You can't think we both imagine things," I told her. And she had said, "Well . . ." in a certain tone of voice that I understood.

But we saw him that time. I mean we actually saw him appear. He pushed the leaves away, and there he was, with his dog. "Hello!" I said. "Aren't you coming over?"



“But Mrs. Egbert, the spirit told me that horse would win!”

The Vaudeville Doctor

**Humorous short story featuring
an aspiring tenor willing to go
to any lengths to be discovered**

by JOHN FORBES

"A **DRAMATICAL** tenor! My friend, like a pal I'm telling you, for a nickel I could buy a carload of dramatical tenor singers and get ten cents refund back on the empty car."

Max Stiegel, the vaudeville doctor, puffed impressively on his cigar and gave Freddie Rogers, tenor, a shrewd glance of appraisal.

"Still," he said presently, "I just been doing some first-class concentration thinking, and a swell idear come to me, same as always."

"You mean you can get me a booking—"

"I mean," said Mr. Stiegel, "that if you're willing to do like I'm going to tell you, you're in like a duck."

"But, don't you want to give me an audition? After all—"

Mr. Rogers, idol in happier days of the Chicago Civic Light Opera Theatrical Association, Inc., betrayed both incredulity and hurt pride that the vaudeville doctor did not care to hear him perform.

"If you say you're a tenor, then I shouldn't believe you're a basso singer," said Mr. Stiegel. "Besides, you look like a tenor. In fact, you got that tenor smell. So that's all settled. One question—do you know Louis Swanson like a friend?"

"I never got past his third assistant secretary," said Mr. Rogers.

"Good," said the vaudeville doctor. "To-day I found out Swanson is going to put on another big operetta, like that smash wow of his, 'Mountain Rosebud,' only in this one, everything is Eyetalian, on account it's an island of Capri where he spent his No. 4 honeymoon wedding trip."

"I don't believe even you could sell even me to Swanson," said the tenor, with conviction.

"Son," said the booking agent, "you're

right, I couldn't sell you to him. If you was to say I couldn't sell Caruso, McCormack and Chaliapin all rolled up like one to this feller Swanson on a straight business deal, you'd be telling a fact. But, I got an idear, a swell, class idear. Swanson is a fool for discovering people."

"Yes, but—"

"Never mind interruptions. I got a plan thought out Swanson couldn't miss accidental discovering you. Can you handle a mop good?"

"I never touched one," said the tenor.

"Well, you could learn quick. The last guy I got discovered by Swanson had to learn barbering in less than two weeks so he could be discovered by Swanson in a barber shop. It's too late for the barber shop act this year as Swanson's got his 1934 haircut, but I can place you as a mopper on the third floor of the new Swanson Theatre building on Broadway. I can fix it easy with the superintendent of the building.

"So you go to work. You're made up Eyetalian. You got to over-exaggerate the type like Ellis Island. Corduroy costume and streamline tie very poetical. You look so much more like an Eyetalian peasant you should get a laugh from a Mulberry street pushcart horse.

"You go to work. You spot Swanson easy. He comes down early the same time every day—eleven o'clock. After you been there a couple days, you start humming easy, like you're happy at your work, and would rather mop a floor than be President, which is the way, maybe, I feel about it, at that.

"Even with your five-alarm Eyetalian outfit, Swanson shouldn't notice you the first couple days. But, you keep right on mopping and humming and humming and

mopping. Every day you get happier with your work—and the music—something heavy from Verdi or Puccini and maybe Swanson's 'Rosebud' show, gets a little louder. Also, you got to give up the tenor smell and use garlic effects till after you're discovered, see.

"After while, Swanson should be bound to notice a lowly scrub-mopper with a voice like an angel. His new show is Eyetalian. You're Eyetalian. That gives him an idear. It adds up even like two plus two. Then he discovers you. Then he discovers he's made another discovery. After that, you're another of the big Swanson finds. Publicity. A contract. Dough, re—and me—especial me, on account I discovered the way Swanson couldn't help stumbling on you accidental without missing. My cut is fifteen per cent, every Monday morning."

"I think it's all splendid," said Mr. Rogers, "only I can't quite see why you don't want to give me an audition."

"I got reasons," said Mr. Stiegel. "It's more important you should get a good workout mopping floors. Pay somebody to show you how to use a mop, or else, the superintendent might have to fire you before Swanson gave you a tumble."

Having made his plant, Max Stiegel, the vaudeville doctor, turned his attention to matters other and more pressing than the tenor's need for a booking.

It was more than two weeks before he again heard from the mopping tenor.

Rogers telephoned from a lobby of the Swanson Theatre building.

"He listened for a couple moments today on his way in," the tenor reported. "He didn't say nothing, but he appeared impressed."

"He's liable to discover you any day

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"I'm a dry—I shall always be a dry!"

Petey the Beep

**A fast tale of a pitcher with
a slow ball, a slower one, one
slower than that—and a beep!**

by G. C. RICHARD

"BEEP" says the guy.

"What do you mean 'Beep'?" says I.

"Beep," says he again, waving his arms and getting awful red in the face.

I put my mask on quick then. I am on my way to the showers from catching behind the plate for a solid hour of batting practice. I still have on shin guards and chest protector, but the mask I am carrying in my hand. So I pop into the mask because I figure that this lad is nuts because no boy with any of the old grey matter in the skull is going around saying "Beep" to guys he has never met sociably before. I also figure that in case he is queer in the belfry it will be doing me no harm at all to be well covered up in case he gets violent. I thereby prove how smart I am. In fact, it is well known that I am one of the smartest receivers in the big leagues and would be right up there with Bill Dickey and Mickey Cochrane if it is not a fact that at the old platter I am a sucker for a curve ball.

So, when this tall, skinny party steps up to me right on the training field at Swansea, Florida, and says to me "Beep" like that, I am considerably astonished but still in possession of all my facilities. I step back and look him over, wishing I have a bat as I do so. But after I look him over, I see that he is really a harmless sort of bird at that.

He is very tall and very lanky. In fact, he is the tallest and lankiest party that I ever see. He wears a most peculiar assortment of uniform, and it is very plain to be seen that the trainer has had a hard job covering his carcass with anything even resembling a uniform. His noggin is very small and so he wears a cap that I remember seeing on our mascot once. But even this cap is too large for him, and every time he bobs his noggin the vizier of it falls down over his eyes. He wears a grey road shirt with "Goliaths" on it, the kind of shirt the team wears when playing away from the home grounds. The shirt is long enough, but there is room for seven or eight guys in it like this feller. He looks like he was just holding it up like the pole of a tent. His pants are white, home ground pants, and they are so short and so tight on him



that he looks just like he was wearing tights. And he wears his stockings down around his ankles like socks, so that his shanks are bare.

All the time that I am looking him over he just stands there in front of me making funny gurgling sounds in his throat and saying "Beep" once in a while. He seems to be full of words but can't get any of them out.

We are still staring at each other when up comes Jim Spain. Jim is the manager of the Goliaths and plays first base in addition.

"Ah," says Jim, "I see that you two mental giants are getting along fine together."

"What do you mean 'fine'?" I says. "This guy is a nut. 'Beep' he says to me. Like that, 'Beep'. And nothing else. Who is he, chief?"

"He is Petey the Beep, Joe," says Jim. "And he is a pitcher, Joe, a left-handed pitcher. Anyways, Tom Hawke says he is, and anything Tom says I listen to."

"Oh," I says and look Petey over quick like. He looks more like a giraffe than a pitcher to me, but it is well known to all and sundry that Tom Hawke is the best scout in the majors and when he says a guy is good the guy is good and no mistake. And besides, left-handers are always queer, anyways.

"He looks emancipated," I says. "Don't he get enough to eat?"

"Emancipated?" questions Jim. "Oh, I see. Well, we'll let it pass. No, he is not emaciated, Joe. In fact, he has the appetite of a python. But it don't seem to do him any good. He is anyway some pumpkins of a pitcher, which is all I care about. He has no hook, no fast ball, no drop."

"What has he got then?" I ask.

"He has got a slow ball," says Jim, "and a slower ball, and one slower than that."



"Nothing but a slow ball!" I exclaim. "How does he get by then?"

"Well," says Jim, "I do not mind telling you, Joe, since you are going to work with him—"

"Me handle this beeper!" I yelp.

"Softly," says Jim. "Where's your gratitude? You know if it is not for Petey here you would be on your way to the cookie league right now."

"How come?" I ask, not getting the idea.

"I have been keeping this bird under cover," says Jim, "until I can look him over because I figure that maybe Tom is kidding me. And it seems that besides his slow balls and his system—"

"What system?" I interrupt.

"He pitches so slow," explains Jim, "that very often the batters go to sleep at the plate waiting for him to throw the ball. Then he fans them."

"I see."

"In addition to this system and these slow balls," resumes Jim, "Petey has a beeper ball."

"A beeper ball!" I exclaim. "What does it look like? How does he handle it?"

"That is the trouble," says Jim with a sigh. "He does not handle it. It handles him. I cannot tell you what it is like. You will have to see for yourself. He cannot control it, and he cannot tell when it is going to happen until after it has left his hand. Then it is a beeper ball and things happen."

"I see," I remark. "But why do I handle him and why does he keep me my job on the team?"

"Until ten minutes ago," says Jim, "I have decided that I have enough catchers on the squad. And since we break training tomorrow and head North, I have decided to release you to East Paduka in the Three-States League."

"What happens ten minutes ago to make you change your mind?" I ask. I am half glad to hear that my job is safe and half mad that he was going to slip me the old grease.

"Fifteen minutes ago," replies Jim, "I have three catchers—Bray, McGary, Collins—and you on the squad, Joe. McGary is in the bullpen warming up Petey here and Bray is standing there talking to him."

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“The people of the City of New York versus the Loyal Friends and Square Deal Protective Association!”

Covered All Night

A story of a woman's ingenuity
when faced by a tramp wearing
her missing husband's clothes

by ALLAN VAUGHAN ELSTON

RAIN was drumming steadily on the tent roof. Above its monotone Mary Ryan, waiting for her husband to return from Timberline Lake, could barely hear the rillings of the creek. It was past midnight. Yet Mary Ryan assured herself for the tenth time that she wasn't in the least bit worried. She moved to the tent flap, looked out. Through the night she could see no further than the ear to whose roof a fly of canvas stretched. Beyond it she could smell the dripping wilderness. The starless mountains were there, unseen. She could feel them. She shivered, not so much from the cold as from a sense that some dark, damp mystery hovered near.

Coming back into the tent she turned the flame of the oil stove higher. There were two cots, each snugly inviting, but she had no thought of retiring until George came home.

"No, he hasn't fallen over a cliff and he isn't drowned. Stop being a silly fool, Mary Ryan."

George, she reflected, could take care of himself, in or out of the woods. Hadn't they camped here in the upper Shoshones for three summers now? The worst that could have happened, she thought, was that George had fished at the lake until after dark, then, coming home, had lost his bearings and was standing pat until dawn. Even George Ryan might get lost on a rainy night.

Over the camp stove Mary Ryan warmed a pot of tea. The trout, fried hours ago for supper, were stone cold; nevertheless they'd make a grand feast for George when he came in. She set out bread and butter and jam and cheese. She made a salad. Then she sat down to wait.

After an hour, her tension grew. Her ears were now painfully alert to catch a hail from without. None came. Nothing came but the steady drumming of rain. The stiffness of her pose, silhouetted on the canvas wall, made the woman shrug, and then relax for awhile. She produced her compact mirror, powdered her nose, touched rouge to her cheeks. This, the steady confidence of her own eyes reminded her, was the first time in ten

married years that she had ever had to wait up for George Ryan.

At half past two she thought she heard him coming. At any rate some shuffle of sound came to her which surely was neither rain nor rillings. Her feeling was that someone was tramping down the brushy trail just back of camp. She went to the tent flap, peered out, saw nothing, heard now only the rain.

She returned to the canvas arm chair and sat down. And in a few minutes she again heard what might have been a step outside. This time the sound struck her as a clink, as though someone had kicked against a can and set it rolling.

"George!"

There was no answer. Yet she seemed to hear an awkward retreat. Possibly one of those half-tame bears was prowling about. Mary Ryan wasn't in the least afraid of them. The Park bears often came this far south and were a nuisance rather than a menace.

At three o'clock she noticed George's gray coat over on his cot. There was a button missing. For something to do, she decided to sew one on. She took the coat, sat down and spread it on her lap. Reaching to her left she opened a small camp chest in which there was a wicker sewing basket. In the basket was a heap of George's socks, in need of darning.

A gruff voice almost surprised a scream from Mary Ryan.

"Hold right still, sister," it said. "Jest mind yer business an' I'll mind mine."

Looking up from her sewing, Mary Ryan saw that a man had stepped quietly into the tent. His face, seen under a dripping hatbrim, was haggard and unshaven. There was a heavy, black revolver in his hand. The menace of it, as well as the man's look of wild desperation, shocked Mary Ryan to the verge of petrification.

For a moment he said nothing more. Then he came forward and sat down. His gun still menaced. "Keep outa my way an' I'll keep outa yours," he said finally. "Come daylight, I'll be pullin' out with the car."

At first sight of him, Mary Ryan had almost screamed. She did scream now, for she saw that he was wearing George Ryan's clothes. It was a half-choked shriek, barely audible, as might come from one who awakens suddenly from a nightmare. Now she stared in a growing horror at the hat, cream-colored corduroy outing suit and knee boots in which her husband had set forth for Timberline Lake. This intruder now wore them. Worse, there were stains of blood on the front of the coat.

"Where did you —?"

The question, though, died on her lips. Mary Ryan knew it would do no good. Most certainly the man wouldn't tell her the truth. Nor did the stark and frightful truth need to be told her. Plainly this desperate fugitive had assaulted George Ryan and exchanged his own rags for stouter garments.

The man might not know that he was confronting the wife of his victim. If not, there was nothing to be gained by telling him. She mustn't be a fool. She mustn't go into hysterics, or faint, or fly at him with indignant questions. She must sit tight and think.

"Keep right on sewin', lady," the man said. "How fer is it to Shoshone?"

She heard herself say that it was fifteen miles down the mountain to Shoshone. The man still sat facing her, his reddish eyes fastened on her alertly and yet impersonally. The pistol was still in his hand, but he made no threat with it. His manner indicated that there would be no

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*“Miss Brown, can’t you picture a little cabin ’way up in the mountains
and just you and me?”*



“Don’t be a sorehead, Joseph—I was only clowning when I kicked you in the pants”

Mr. Jeeves' Gentleman

**Suggesting that literary pedants may
safely discover P. G. Wodehouse
now that nearly everyone else has**

by **GILBERT SELDES**

FOR several years I have been waiting to see a stern Marxian criticism of the works of P. G. Wodehouse; I have even been tempted to write one myself, but my sense of burlesque is rudimentary. I wanted one of those book reviews which are extremely intelligent and informative and then crash into a grand finale explaining that the author's entire work is rendered null by his ignorance of dialectic materialism or materialistic dialectics, and suggesting that without a three year course in Moscow, the author cannot hope to be a harbinger of the proletarian revolution, which happens to be about the last thing the author proposes for himself. The nearest I got to my desire was a paragraph by Arthur Brisbane who recommended one of the Jeeves novels as an illumination of English life, particularly stressing the brainlessness of Bertie Wooster and the massive intellect of the man, Jeeves, whom he was fortunate to employ. It is a good point, but beyond that point, social criticism of Mr. Wodehouse has not yet gone. I begin to doubt whether it ever will. The cult of Jeeves is very similar to the cult of Gilbert-and-Sullivan, and only last week I noted Mr. Michael Gold writing in *The New Masses* a very sympathetic account of the charms of the Savoy operettas. Come Communism in England, Jeeves will still shimmer into Bertie's room with one of his special pick-me-ups.

I was carried into a crowded movie palace a few weeks ago to see a picture called *Riptide*, one of those smart sophisticated things in which everybody is either charmingly dressed or marvelously attractive in a bathrobe, and only one person in fifteen minutes has any compunctions about adultery. All light and gay—and not one single witty line in the whole thing. So I thought of P. G. Wodehouse who had been in Hollywood and had been monstrously paid in Hollywood and had done no work in Hollywood during the very years when Hollywood announced its own wit and sophistication to the world. He hadn't even left a mark; not one turn of his five hundred attractive turns of phrase, comes out of Hollywood. It is as if he hadn't existed. Yet the material lies before any pirate who can imitate a fresh combination of words, in all the Jeeves books and in many more.

It was hard not to think of Wodehouse this winter with a serial by him running in the *Cosmopolitan* and another in the *Saturday Evening Post*; and now the announcement has been made that two-thirds of the triple threat which supplied the best musical comedies of our own time can be counted on for a show next year: Wodehouse and Guy Bolton are again collaborating, and Cole

Porter pinch hits for Jerome Kern. (When you remember that *The Siren Song* and *The Little Ships* and *When the Girl You Love Loves You* and a dozen others were Kern's contribution to the ensemble, you hesitate to say that any one will "take Kern's place." I wish Mr. Porter luck; I hope he doesn't write about rabbits, and that he keeps it clean.)

The Wodehouse-Bolton-Kern shows were produced, chiefly, at the Princess Theatre in New York and were known as the Princess Shows; it may be pure yearning for my youth which makes me think of them as the most delightful things of their kind ever done, but I think not. I do not yearn for the movies and plays of that period, nor for the little war we had at the same time. I have seen individual musical productions I have liked as well, but no series of comedies with music has appeared to take their place. I have for ten years hoped (and feared) that someone would revive the lot.

Mr. Wodehouse's contributions were the lyrics, and so far as I know, he has written no lyrics since. Those old lyrics had the great virtue which Gilbert's lyrics have and which, I am told, the comic verses of Moliere and Aristophanes also have: they say things as simply as you would say them in common speech, yet they sing perfectly. When Gilbert wrote: "Although the compliment implied inflates me with legitimate pride, it nevertheless can't be denied that it has its inconvenient side" he challenged you to say the same thing in any other way; and Wodehouse did it when he wrote: "When out with Cleopatra, men always made their wills; they knew they had no time to waste, when the gumbo had that funny taste . . ." Or in, "Although the thing that's smart is, to stay out all night on parties . . ." There was nothing he wanted to say that he couldn't say to music.

He never attempted political satire, which makes him old-fashioned. He wrote pretty love songs, which makes him more old-fashioned still, but at any rate they were not torch songs. Above all, he knew what style was appropriate to the slender operettas in which he worked, and he used that style to perfection. Then he reverted to Jeeves.

(I might as well note that he has also written a lot of stories which have to do with golf. It is a tribute to the overpowering dullness of golf that these stories are not interesting. Everything else Wodehouse has written, is. Among the other things, incidentally, is an adaptation of a play by Molnar, the best adaptation of his best play: *The Play's the Thing*.)

Now about Jeeves and about the dozens of novels Wodehouse has written concerning

the love affairs of young people, one thing ought to be said: he hasn't any more originality than the man who plants cabbages, but he imitates only the best model: himself. I do not suppose that since 1850, anyone has written so many stories of which the plot is: A loves B; owing to a financial or social tangle, B, who loves A, suspects that A is lacking in devotion; B therefore takes up with C who is heartbroken because he has been thrown over by D (for the same reasons heretofore adduced); after an escapade involving violence of action, all are reconciled. Actors, hotel-keepers, chicken-raisers, fourth and impoverished sons; daughters of the nobility, actresses; their fate is always the same. As an inventor, Mr. Wodehouse is nowhere. The old bean doesn't operate.

But in steps, or as I have said, shimmers, Jeeves, and there should be no confusion: Jeeves is not the perfect gentleman's gentleman. Jeeves is Fate and Jeeves is Brain and Jeeves is the God out of the Machine. You will find a dozen stories in which Jeeves attempts to prevent Bertie from wearing some novelty or monstrosity in dress; in each of these a coldness results and Jeeves has to be placated before he will extricate his young master from an imbroglio or has to be thanked later by the sacrifice of the offending object. Jeeves does all the valeting a man needs, but you hardly ever hear of it. It is Jeeves as a man and character, as one familiar with the works of Shakespeare and ready to supply a missing word to the addleheaded Bertie, who counts. He does fundamental brainwork, and is an artist.

Yet for good company, I prefer Bertie. In men as in dogs, I do not like too much intelligence. And Bertie's brightness and want of brain make him an admirable companion. Always ready to do his utmost for the Bingos and Claudes of his acquaintance, he has an actual appetite for incident; with nothing to do, he does everything. Few characters in fiction and fewer human beings have this rare capacity. Born in a sterner era, Bertie would have been a maker of Empire—and it would have been a better-made and more attractive Empire than Rudyard Kipling's stern and silent men created. Bertie, by the way, is a typical Englishman—he is always talking, and usually about himself. He has no reticence.

It may be worth noting that he and his friends are presented to us in several dozen of the most delightful long and short stories ever written. When the literary pedants find out that their Saki is pretty much of a fraud, and a dull and elaborate fraud at that, they will have time to discover a really fine comic writer. Nearly everyone else has, by now.

Hot Night in Rockford

**Of a carnival in a small town,
of a girl alone and lonely, and
a slick salesman on the loose**

by ALBERT HALPER

THE travelling salesman who came from Chicago checked in at the hotel, rode up the elevator and after the bell-hop set the grip down took his shirt off and began shaving. He was a short strong fellow of about twenty-five and had a dark stubborn growth of beard. After he finished shaving he stood before the mirror, saw a ravelled cuff on his shirt, then put it on anyway. He picked a hot looking neck-tie from his grip, twirled one part of it expertly as he knotted it and began whistling softly. The room was hot so he raised the window shade. Across the way was another hotel and a young woman was leaning out one of the windows. The night was quiet. The salesman stuck his head out, coughed very loudly and stared at the other hotel. The young woman across the way was offended; she drew herself inside and closed the window with a bang. This made the salesman laugh to himself.

Afterwards he put his vest and coat on, cocked his straw hat slightly on the side and left his room. On the way down in the elevator he cracked a joke to the operator who smiled widely but said nothing. The operator was a young kid of Polish extraction and there were small pimples around his chin.

"Those slick travelling guys," the kid told the other operator as the salesman walked through the lobby.

"Yeah," said the other kid, "they're slick."

"Any mail for Mr. Gold?" said the travelling salesman at the desk. He had checked in only a half hour ago and knew there wasn't any mail, but he had to kill time somehow.

"None for Mr. Gold," said the clerk. "Perhaps later."

"That'll be fine," said the salesman and began walking away.

Over to the left was the cigar stand which had a view through the front windows. It was eight o'clock and a warm wind was blowing up the street outside.

"My name is Gold, Mr. Gold for short," said the travelling salesman to the girl at the cigar stand. "And how are the cigars this evening?"

The girl smiled. She was small, her hair was bleached and her age was about thirty or so. The salesman told himself she wouldn't do, even in a pinch.

He picked two ten-centers out of a half empty box, bit one at the end and as the girl stood up, turning her back to ring up the sale, he looked to see what kind of a leg she had. Then he struck a match and stared outside, seeing the lights of the other hotel across the way.

He spat toward the spittoon.

"By the way, sister, what's the name of this town?"

"You can't kid me," she told him.

"I can't eh? Ha, ha. Well, who knows, I'm not trying very hard," and once more he spat toward the spittoon; there was a small thud as it landed on the outside of the brass bowl.

"This town happens to be Rockford," the girl said, amused.

"Rockford, Illinois?"

He had her smiling now. It was Saturday night and tomorrow was her day off. She began toying with a bar of candy that was in a container and started to look pensive.

"This isn't such a small town," she said after a while.

The salesman took another puff. Outside a few young girls were walking by and he wasn't listening. The girl at the counter kept on talking slowly.

"So this is Rockford," he said absently.

The girl said nothing more but sat upon her high stool in back of the counter and waited. There was something dead and soft about her, as if she had put up many little struggles, each struggle weaker than the last. And there was something game about her, a tired sort of gameness, but the salesman had already lost interest and stood smoking, staring toward the street. He flicked a piece of lint from his fine gray suit and saw a poster standing against a rubber plant.

"Where's the carnival in town?" he said after reading it.

"It's been going on for over a week," the girl answered, "but it's not much."

The salesman stood smoking. Then, glancing at the girl's disappointed face he bought another cigar, stuck it into a vest pocket and turned to go.

"Gold is my name, Mr. Gold for short," he said and watched a faint tired smile start up. He shoved the big front door open, stepped outside and the warm air blew a trail of cigar smoke back into the lobby and the girl at the counter smelled it.

At the next block he asked a traffic cop where the carnival was taking place.

"At the outskirts of town," said the officer and told him how to get there.

The salesman hopped a trolley, rode a ways, then transferred north. On the second trolley he noticed a lonely looking girl who held a worn-out leather hand-bag in her lap. The girl kept staring out the window. A few blocks further on were the lights of the carnival and when he stood up the salesman saw the lonely looking girl get ready to get off also. The motorman opened the front



door with a slam and almost all the passengers got off.

The salesman crossed over. The place was noisy with a big crowd. There was a large ferris-wheel going and an old organ with a European tone to it and all along the street were small stalls. Men were throwing balls at difficult targets and over to one side stood a few middle aged wives who were trying to act as young as their husbands. One had a high shrill laugh and another one was very short and fat. Everywhere he looked the salesman saw lights. It was a cheap noisy small town affair but he liked it.

He walked along. Coming from Chicago made him feel strong. He lit his second cigar, a few girls looked his way and he stopped in front of a stall where a small crowd of people were watching a mechanical horse-race and took it easy. A tall skinny fellow with his hat shoved back won the race and the man behind the counter gave him a big doll, then began bawling for others to try.

"Carry away a great big beautiful doll, folks," he yelled, "all for ten cents, step right up, you're bound to win, and I bet it'll be that little lady with the red dress, the girl with the stout gentleman that'll win, yes sir."

The salesman walked away, puffing his cigar. Folks saw he was a big town fellow. He took his time, paused before each stall and stood assured. It was Saturday night, a hot Saturday night in Rockford, and he wouldn't have to buckle down to business until Monday morning.

Within the next half hour he saw three or four women who were by themselves and who seemed waiting to be picked up, but the night was young yet and besides, none of them were much to look at.

The second time he walked around the grounds with the floating discordant blare of the carnival in his ears he found himself in front of the mechanical horse-race stall again, and because there was a bigger crowd there he stopped. The girl with the bright red dress was still turning the handle and keeping her eyes on the indicator to regulate the speed. Behind her stood the short stout gentleman who was her escort. He didn't have a doll in his hands yet and stood sweating a bit, hoping she would win in a hurry so that they could get away from the stall. The girl in the red dress had a small stubborn mouth and the salesman saw the stout gentleman slip her dimes every time she lost.

Then the salesman saw another girl watch-

ing. He moved closer. The manager frowned down at the small tin horses as he held them in leash; when he struck the gong the people at the counter began turning the handles and the horses were off. The girl in the red dress lost again but the salesman did not notice; he kept looking sideways and saw that the other girl was the lonely looking one he had seen on the trolley car. She was standing in back of three small kids so he blew cigar smoke over their heads toward her and she looked his way. The blue-grey smoke thinned near the counter, floating slowly in the hard glare of the unshaded electric bulbs.

Just then a big heavy man in front of the lonely looking girl moved away, leaving an empty space, and someone in the rear shoved her forward against the counter. She began working herself away when the salesman caught her eye, placed a dime on the counter, smiled at her and told her to take a chance. He was a healthy looking fellow and knew how to smile frankly. The girl hesitated but he urged her gently, still smiling, and hearing the bawling of the manager who stood in front of her she half timidly took hold of the handle while the travelling man stood smoking his cigar. When the gong sounded she began turning, but without confidence, and she lost. The salesman placed another dime down and she tried again. The third time she almost won and turning quickly smiled at him. He smiled back.

"One more chance?"

She shook her head. Someone else took her place and they stood silent, watching, each one thinking about the other. Finally the salesman said a few words and she answered and before long they were talking, still standing in front of the stall but not paying much attention to the races.

Afterwards he bought her a cold drink and they stood watching the rifle-range, listening to the sharp spit of the shots. He began calling her Mary. That wasn't her name but she said it didn't matter. They walked some more, going slowly and thoroughly over the grounds, stopping at different stalls and all the while the salesman's conversation flowed smoothly and she had to smile often at the things he said.

By this time it was ten o'clock. They were near the big ferris-wheel. The salesman bought tickets and they got into one of the cars. When the wheel began turning slowly the girl had a sweet weak feeling and grabbed his hand suddenly in a childish gesture just as they reached the highest point. Far below lay the grounds and lights were everywhere.

The salesman did not put his arm around her, there was plenty of time. They had

another ride, then got into a small jerky car that went through a short dark tunnel. He kissed her twice, then they shot out into the light and she made him take his arm away. He laughed, moved over so that he pressed her against the side of the small car and told her she was some kid.

"My name is Gold," he said, "Mr. Gold for short."

"Now you're kidding me."

"Nope. I'm Gold, pure Gold all the way through, Mary, and that's a fact."

He had her laughing hard as they stepped out of the car. The sudden glare of lights after the dark tunnel and the kisses made her slightly confused; and she remembered the masculine taste of cigars on the salesman's lips which had been vaguely pleasant.

"I've got to go home now," she said.

The salesman chuckled.

"I really do, my mother must be getting worried."

"All right," said the travelling salesman, "if you want to, go ahead," and he smiled casually.

"Well, I can stay another half hour, but that's all."

"I don't want your mother to sit up worrying, Mary."

The girl began smiling and turned her head the other way. They walked from the busiest part of the carnival and the noise began to blur behind them. On the outskirts of the grounds it was rather quiet. There were two or three stalls run by oriental looking men, but business was dead and only a few small boys stood around, teasing the small dark men who smiled back with their mouths.

By the time they reached the furthest corner of the place the noise behind them had died away and all they had were the lights in the distance. A railroad track curved away from the grounds, climbing a slight rise, and they had to wait for a long slow freight to pass by; the engine chugged hoarsely and the engineer, leaning out, waved his arm at them. Then they crossed the tracks and struck the state highway in the dark, still walking aimlessly and very slowly.

The salesman had stopped talking. He took his hat off and felt the wind blowing

through his dark stiff hair. A little further on a dog barked and the girl came closer. He slipped his arm around her waist, she protested quietly, but after a while allowed it to stay. The travelling man was taking things easy. He wanted to work up a good sentimental feeling, and going through the warm darkness with this girl made him feel that he wasn't such a bad fellow after all and perhaps this lonely looking kid was the finest girl he had ever met.

Then he began thinking that time was getting short so he gave her a little squeeze now and then. He told her a few stories and when he had her laughing hard he stopped and began kissing her on the highway. At first she put up no resistance, but after a while she grew frightened and told him she had to go home, her mother was waiting and it was late.

"Oh, please, please," she said quietly as he stood kissing her.

"What's the matter?" said the salesman.

"I've got to go home."

He gave a chuckle.

"I really do," she said as he kissed her again. "Honest I do. Oh, please, Gold, Mr. Gold, please, please."

The salesman took his arm away and the girl began fixing her hair. Then they sat on a fallen telephone pole and the girl began fingering her worn-out handbag. The salesman sat silent, staring up the dark quiet road. He knew she was waiting for him to say something, but he kept his mouth shut, so she herself had to start a conversation. At first she spoke in a quiet even voice, then she began crying softly.

She told him she was married, that her husband wasn't much good and she was going crazy thinking about their life together. She and Bill always fought now and in the end he would shoot a game of pool with the boys, then come home and not speak to her for days. He was a taxi-driver, worked nights and picked up fares around the depot.

The salesman sat listening. Like all hard-boiled travelling men he had a sentimental streak. He began patting her hand and pretty soon she stopped crying, only sniffing now and then. He told her things would turn out all right, Bill would settle down after a while and once more gave her hand a pat. She drew closer and he stroked her shoulder in a brotherly manner. Then, just when he thought she was all right again, she began crying harder than ever, telling him between sobs that Bill had hit her for the first time today. She pulled her blouse down and showed him her chest but the night was too dark for him to see the bruise. He had nothing to say.

Suddenly she stood up from the fallen pole and began twisting her hand-bag nerv-

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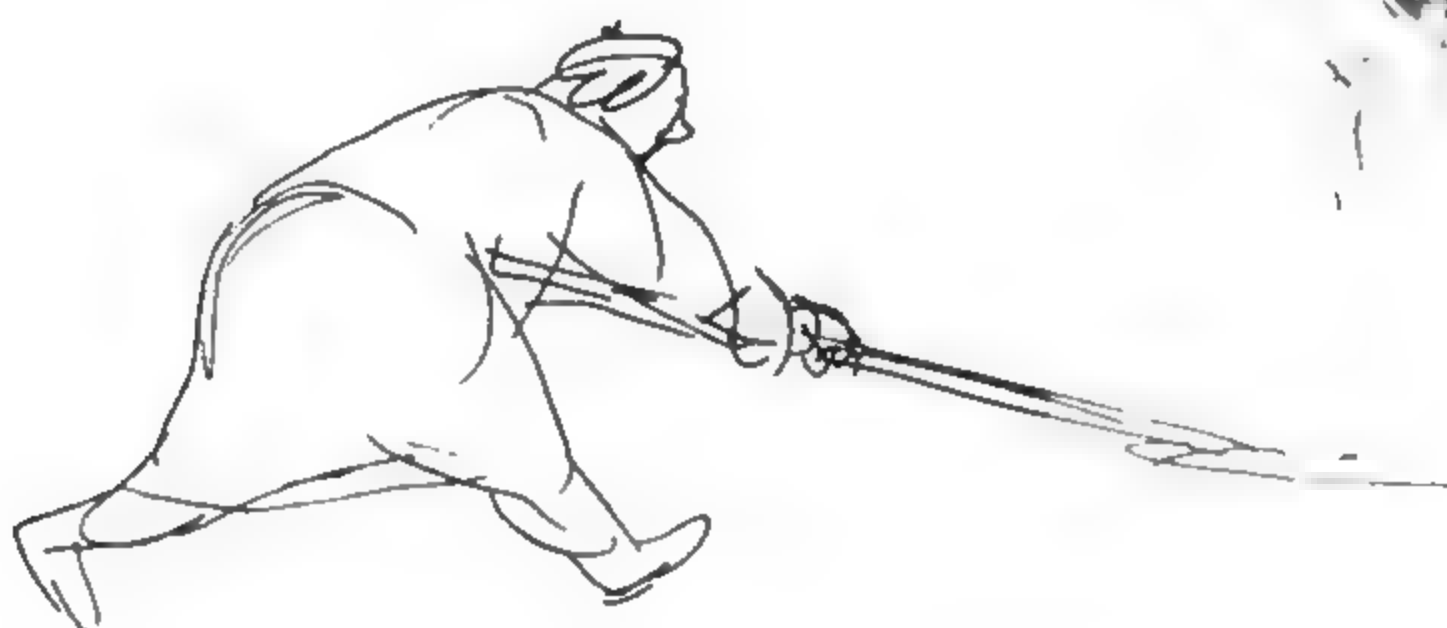
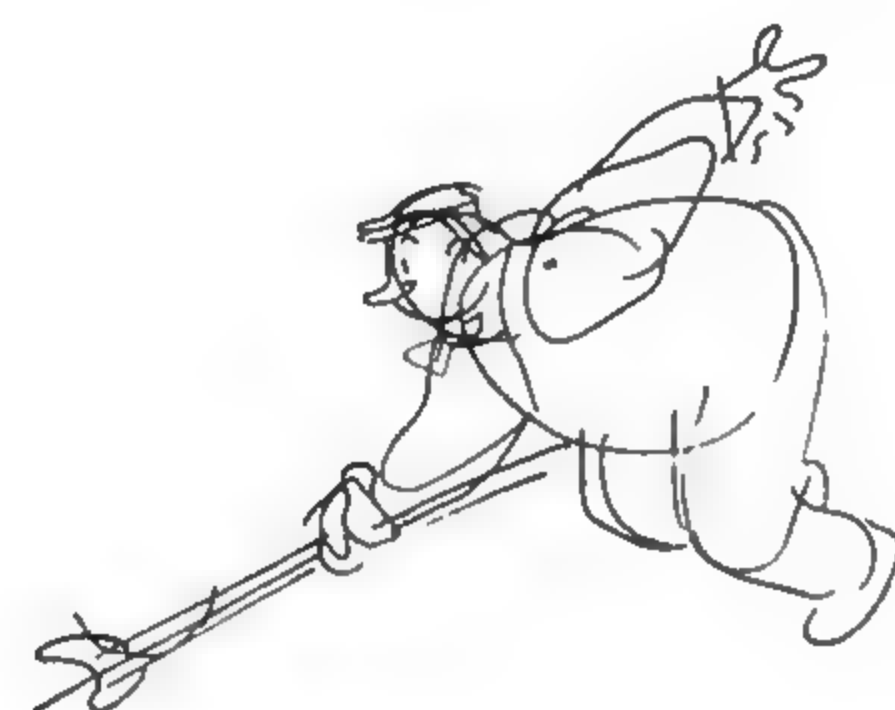
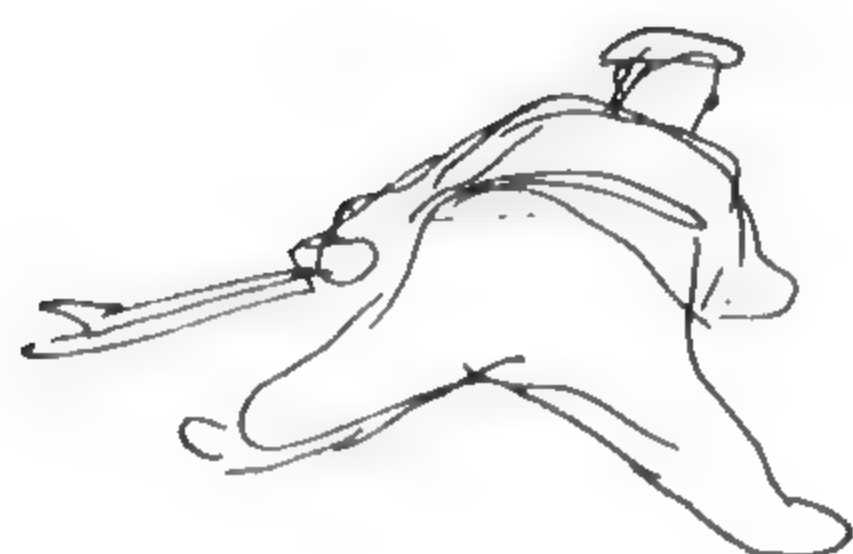




Ho for the Life of a Sailor!

by JOHN GROTH

THE fettered fathers, leading squirming kids, and the emancipated mammas, swinging shuffle-sticks with a technique born of broom handles; the strenuous people built like cattle and the languid people built like Olympians; the wrong people solemnly attending lifeboat drill and the right people staying away; the deckhouse hikers, never sitting down and the deck chair corpses, never sitting up; the constant click of the inevitable and ubiquitous camera . . . let others sketch with an eye to the glamor inherent in gleaming rails and towering stacks; John Groth has eyes only for the human comedy, on shipboard or anywhere.







“Excuse it, we thought you wuz someone else!”

For Gentlemen Only

Historic data and lively case histories show that forgery is strictly the gentleman's crime!

by **BRUCE L. HENRY**



IF YOU are interested in becoming a successful criminal—as who isn't, these days—consider the advantages of forgery as a career.

A forger never has to wield a lead pipe, sandbag or club; he requires no machine gun, gat or bomb; he need not exert himself scal-

ing porches or blasting safes, and he doesn't have to associate with exotic fauna of the Capone, Moran or Diamond genus. Rather, he leads a quiet, pleasant existence comparable to that of a remittance man . . . with the difference that a good forger's annual emolument is practically unlimited. Best of all, as a forger you would belong to a select criminal class which consists almost wholly of well-bred, intelligent men who are publicly, if not privately, beyond reproach . . . until they run afoul of The Law.

For the fine art of forgery is strictly a gentleman's crime. Boors, thugs, rough-necks, fools and women never are successful forgers. The very nature of the calling demands of its adherents a deal of artistic ability, a knowledge of adult psychology, the gift of conversing wittily and well, a flair for dress, a knowledge of the basic laws of physics and chemistry, histrionic talent, linguistic training, some formal education, a so-called "magnetic" personality, abnormal dexterity with pen and ink, and the nerve of a brass monkey. If you can satisfy those demands, or a reasonable portion thereof, you can undoubtedly become a first-class forger. If not, you'd better take up some of the easier branches of crime, such as murder, arson and public utilities promotion.

That forgery is a gentleman's crime is borne out by historical data. One of the first of the world's important forgers, records show, was an English ecclesiastic, Reverend Doctor W. Dodd. Respected, socially secure, Dodd maintained several country estates and half-a-dozen mistresses on the earnings of his pen. He only made one mis-

take in his life: In 1777 he thoughtlessly signed the name of Lord Chesterfield to a valuable document. Chesterfield, piqued, complained to the Crown . . . and poor Dodd was hanged. With his lamentable demise, however, the tradition that forgery is a high-hat extra-legal diversion for gentlemen was firmly established.

True, prior to the Reverend Doctor's martyrdom, forgery was practiced with considerable abandon by anyone who could write. However, as if to protest against a monopoly of the interesting craft by unworthy folk, laws were quickly framed with an eye toward discouraging lowbrows from tampering with a crime for which they were congenitally and socially unsuited. Around 1562, in fact, forgery by an ordinary peasant or tradesman was punishable by a fine, standing in pillory, having both ears cut off, the nostrils slit and seared, the forfeiture of all property and perpetual imprisonment. Gentlemen forgers, on the other hand, got off with a fine, plus some grease for divers official palms.

Hoi polloi forgery fell into disfavor.

Having cleared the field, the laws were amended, in 1634, and forgery was made punishable by hanging, without benefit of clergy . . . a stipulation which undoubtedly amused the Reverend Doctor W. Dodd as he danced on air, and the way was cleared for a long succession of gentlemen forgers.

Today, the successful forger enjoys a reputation based on two centuries of dishonorable achievement and basks in crook adulation that makes the much-publicized devotion of racketeers to their gang-leaders look sick. On the kleptomaniacal fringe, caste lines are even more finely drawn than they are in the weaker world of honesty. Crookdom recognizes, therefore, that while any muscle-bound Hunyak can use a typewriter, pour soup or heist a notch joint, it takes brains, technique, poise and what Grandpa used to call guts to be a map-layer. That is why

a forger is always a gentleman to other criminals . . . he's an aristocrat of crime, Dishonestville's Man-About-Town.

Most forgers are harassed souls who have turned to the art in a desperate effort to secure funds. Coming from widely separated walks of life, they bring with them a

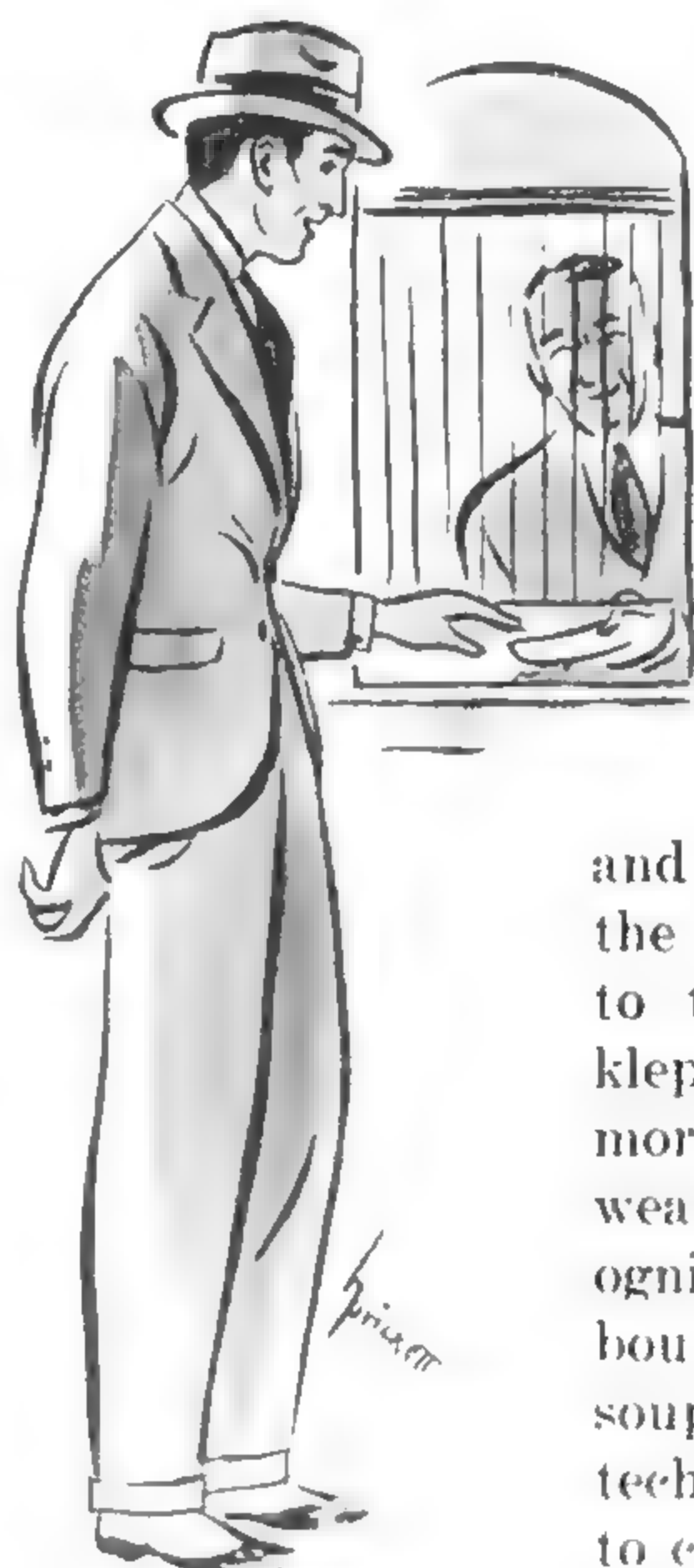
varied assortment of talents. This not only guarantees perpetuation of the breed, it makes certain that forgery methods will be kept up-to-date. Banks are continually inventing new devices which will "protect" cheques and other negotiable instruments from forgery, and only by developing equally new devices with which to overcome the obstacles presented can forgers hope to exist. A great portion of the work done by forgers is therefore devoted to research and experimentation, and so painstaking and inspired is this laboratory work that there exists no so-called "protective" device today which they cannot

conquer. Cheque-writing machines, perforators, safety-paper . . . all surrender to the technique of the master penmen, a lugubrious admission which is made by such authorities as Mr. William A. Pinkerton and Mr. George E. Bennett, PhD, LL.M.

Secure behind his bulwark of technical excellence and alertness, the good forger works alone, being intelligent enough to realize that a crook's women pals and buddies are the Law's best allies. Almost invariably he surrounds himself with luxury, devotes his leisure to civilized recreation, and indulges in none of the excesses which lesser lights of the half-world seem to prefer. There are exceptions, of course, but the most successful forgers are men who are morally, if not legally, decent. They steal, but they steal elegantly.

Bidwell and Macdonnel, who climaxed a brilliant career of forgery by muleting the Bank of England of 200,000 pounds, were said to be university educated. Charles Becker, who holds the all-time record for the greatest single job of cheque-raising, was an art collector and connoisseur. George Wilkes, who developed the syndicate system

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GAUDIER: TORSO

Gaudier: A Postscript

Further word from the first
champion of Gaudier-Brzeska,
"savage messiah" of sculpture

by EZRA POUND

THE moral of Henri Gaudier's death is that hate is worth while, and that men incapable of hating the Bank of France, and the hook-up of munitions firms, Creusot, DeWendel, Schneider, Skoda, Mitsui, and too slothful to trace out the affiliations and financial causes of war are a scum and sediment, and that those who accept aged evil passively have no right to the arts.

A foetid greybeard in Schönbrunn, and a pustulant egotist in Potsdam, a gang of highly placed Russians, Grand Dukes betraying their country for money, as subsidized pacifists are still ready to betray their country, any country, for the sake of a subsidy, all this has been or continues, and a few hunks of carved marble remain.

For eighteen years the death of Henri Gaudier has been unremedied. The work of two or three years remains, but the uncreated went with him.

There is no reason to pardon this either to the central powers or to the allies or to ourselves who hadn't then the brains to chloroform him and cage him.

I dare say there was never a man better fitted to serve in trench warfare, and his contempt for war is a message. A contempt for war is by no means a contempt for physical courage.

"I seen so many better guys bumped off!" said Mr. Hemingway in the face of minor author's obituaries. Than Henri Gaudier no better guy was bumped off. And for that reason I receive letters complaining that I do not tolerate sons of bitches, economic pimps and obese receivers of subsidies with that suavity which would gain me a greater circulation and make my writings more universally soothing.

With a hundred fat rich men working overtime to start another war or another six wars for the sake of their personal profit, it is very hard for me to write of Gaudier with the lavender tones of dispassionate reminiscence. The real trouble with war (modern war) is that it gives no one a chance to kill the right people.

William Hohenzollern was never in personal danger, the Baron de Wendel, Zaharoff, the brothers Schneider were never in personal danger, nor were the Krupp and Vickers directors. Hence the stink of the

shambles. They say the ancient Serbian custom was to send the old men first into the battle. I could nominate nearly a full regiment.

The art of a period is what the artists make during that period, apart from that there are, in Foch's magnificent phrase "merely verbal manifestations."

Good sculpture does not occur in a decadence. Literature may come out of a decadence, painting may come out of decadence, but in a decadence men do not cut stone.

A few blocks of stone really carved are very nearly sufficient base for a new civilization. The garbage of three empires col-

demur by any person of the slightest competence. In 1916 it wasn't. The work was done from 1912 to 1914, with perhaps a little preliminary skirmishing in 1911, it was done against the whole social system in the sense that it was done against poverty and the lack of materials.

All our work was the work of outlaws, and the significance of that fact is now, with the passing of two decades, effulgent. I stated in my memoir that this fact had a meaning. I stated the meaning: Namely that the upper strata of society was rotten, I don't mean sexually fantastic, but that the whole mind of the exploiting class was trivial, idiotic, and that the best conversa-

tion was found in *quadrivis et angiporis*.

The white-gleaming intelligence in Gaudier's studio (half the space under a railway arch in Putney with the sides boarded up) in comparison with the podgy and bulbous expensiveness of Schönbrunn, the tawdry, gummy, adhesive costliness of the trappings of the bourgeois drawing-rooms of the period, had a meaning.

And that meaning is now written into history. You can't keep a good man down, you

can't keep the *beau monde* under, and the *beau monde* is the "world" with the most beautiful mind. Lenin was a better man than half witted Nicholas, Hitler is probably a better comic, or at least a pathetic comic in comparison with Bill the Kaiser.

The "revolution in the arts" was quite distinctly revolution. The social revolution was coming, that is to say the most intelligent young ladies of Mayfair were spending their time in Tottenham Court Road to escape from society boredom. The young women with lesser mental equipment were seen *only* in their hereditary surroundings.

The key word of vorticeist art was Objectivity in the sense that we insisted that the value of a piece of sculpture was dependent on its shape.

It is probably difficult for the contemporary (1934) reader to conceive any other position, yet if the last snippet of newspaper concerning London speaks truth, the ineffable Britons have recently elected a director of their National Gallery who doesn't yet know this, and whose views on painting



GAUDIER: WILD CAT

NO. 3

lapsed over Gaudier's marble. And as that swill is cleared off, as the map of a new Europe becomes visible Gaudier's work re-emerges, perfectly solid. The last country to be seen collapsing is his own. The real France of the banks and gun works shows in Stawisky. I suppose he, Stawisky, was a great minor crook and owed his immunity to his knowledge of the real ghouls and wreckers.

Having said what I knew about Gaudier in my memoir of him (Lane, 1916) I should have very slight excuse for restatement unless I could now show the same facts in some other light or perspective.

An artist's statement is made in and by his work. His work is his biography, and the better the artist the more this applies. "There *is* my autobiography" said Jean Cocteau one day when we were expressing mutual annoyance with the series of importunates who return again and again to requesting it.

The significance of Gaudier's sculpture is now granted, so far as I know, without

are equally stupid.

Pre-war Europe was guttering down to its end. One tried to persuade it to make a "good end." One may even have thought one was in the act of succeeding. In any case the years immediately before the great slaughter were full of exhilaration for those in the middle of the action—I suppose one must call it the intellectual scene—it was rather like a battle between a weasel and a cow with all the fun for the weasel. Whether we supposed we could trans-animate the cow and produce a miraculous super-antelope or springbok, I doubt. At any rate capitalist society refused to make a good end. They hadn't the theatrical élan supposed to have been present in the aristos during the French revolution.

Even in his vicinage I don't know that we understood Gaudier's "Vortex." I mean we, a few of us, saw that it was a damn fine piece of writing, tremendously condensed. But if he had then heard of Frobenius, he was the only man in London who had, and, as nearly as I remember, he had forgotten the names of the authors of whatever he had read about art's archaeology.

But you can't even now get an English translation of "Erlebte Erdteile," or even of "Paideuma," and if you could there would still be more of Frobenius' essential knowledge in Gaudier's four pages than would go into any translator's forty.

"Sculptural feeling is the appreciation of masses in relation."

"Sculptural ability is the defining of these masses by planes."

And that was 1914.

We have gradually learned that the best African sculpture is conceived as mass, and that inferior sculpture has been seen as silhouettes in succession.

Epstein was already talking about form. And in twenty years I suppose a number of people have gradually got round to understanding the apparently simple and apparently platitudinous statement that a sculptor *expresses* his meaning *by* form.

A sculptor is a bloke that cuts stone (with the kindred arts of modeling in clay or wax and having bronze cast into forms). Mr. Adrian Stokes has thought a great deal about sculpture, about carving, modeling, meaning, but he is not thereby a sculptor.

People will sometimes admit this, but I am not wasting either your time or my own, when I try to induce you really to think about this distinction.

For eighteen years after Gaudier's death no one showed the least chance of succeeding him. Epstein had already done his most satisfactory work, and Brancusi alone continued the conquest of marble. Brancusi alone continued to use form to express a reality with greater precision, with greater knowledge than his contemporaries or predecessors had possessed.

Cubism has not decayed. Concepts do not decay, but inferior minds and inferior artists waddle about in dilutions of concepts, and exchange weak or faulty imitations.

Gaudier's meaning is expressed in his work. There is no use in anyone's thinking they can explain that meaning by mere talk about the work. If you can't get to the

actual three dimensional objects, the photographs will give you an approximate idea of his *meaning*, as they give you an approximate idea of his work. It is even possible that a well meaning spectator with limited perceptions could study a statue by photographs, as he might find a dictionary useful in studying a foreign language. Stoke's photos, in his "Stones of Rimini," may help a man who has seen the original to see *more of it*. But no one will ever see all of it from the photos. Neither will the present reader get the full measure of the distance between Brancusi and Gaudier and inferior sculptors merely from looking at photos.

Any more than you can get an idea of Dante by reading some bloke's essay about him.

John Cournot said at the time (1914).

"Gaudier's Vortex is the whole history of sculpture." It is also the history of Kultur-morphologie, it is also . . . (and herein is the justification of my writing a new article



HENRY MOORE: "TELLURID"

NO. 4

on the subject), it is also the proclamation of a new birth out of the guttering and subsiding rubbish of 19th century stuffiness. A volitionist act stretching into the future. The "fall of impressionism," the "Untergang" you can't call it sunset, but the moon-set or the slop-set of a period that had included the whole three or four preceding centuries, in which expensiveness had usurped the place of design.

It meant a complete revaluation of form as a means of expressing nearly everything else, or shall we say of form as a means of expressing the fundamentals of everything, or shall we say of form as expressing the specific weights and values total consciousness?

Or would it be better to say simply "form as a means of expression?"

At any rate it was three dimensional assertion of a complete revaluation of life in general, of human life in particular, of man against necessity, by which I include social and physical necessity and there is, of course, in the long run no social necessity. What we call social necessity is nothing but the temporary inconvenience caused us by

the heaped up imbecilities of other men, by the habits of a dull and lazy agglomerate of our fellows, which sodden mass it is up to the artist to alter, to carve into a fitting shape, as he hacks off unwanted corners of marble.

In this field Gaudier did his bit. Magnificently did it, in two or three years, getting rid of no end of superfluous nonsense in his immediate field, which was perhaps fifty dollars worth of marble, and ten dollars worth of paper and ink. (I am here making a maximum estimate.)

There is still enough energy even in what I was able to get into my memoir of him (i. e. all his own writing and 40 half-tone reproductions) to modernize Russia, to bring communism up to date, I mean into harmony with the best thought of the occident, and to make America fit to live in. By modernizing Russia I mean that the trouble with Russia is the trouble with a smoky locomotive. When they get to dividing the cultural heritage, and to seeing that this heritage is the actual source of value they will have arrived at a state of understanding which will make them good neighbors even though Russian. And if we could do likewise we would also be good neighbors for them.

The illustrations to this article form part of the text and their letter-press can be read consecutively or even twice.

1. Torso (on page 72), photograph given by the Victoria and Albert Museum, S. Kensington, London.

2. Another torso from the same model (on page 75), showing that in neither case was the model simply copied. People talk about "abstract sculpture" without realizing the various degrees of abstraction which can obtain and have obtained in great sculpture. We will never have active sculptural criteria until more critics understand the extent to which a good sculptor "abstracts" form, takes form from natural objects, and puts it together again in his work.

3. Wild Cat (inset on page 73), cut in a fragment and showing, among other things, the utmost possible use of the bit of stone at his disposal.

4. "Their opulent maturity was convex," wrote Gaudier in his "Vortex." The professional photographer having failed to grasp the idea that a statue is, or can, or should be, a composition of masses and not merely a silhouette on a pivot, an amateur was called in. (Inset on this page.)

Gaudier's Vortex was so brief that very few people saw its profundity. John Cournot saw that it contained the whole "history" of sculpture, but it also contained pretty much the whole "Euclid." I mean the whole layout of the fundamentals. The real sculptor "sees" or is aware of, not only all the sides of his work, but of the "through," that is the diameters that can be passed through it from any angle.

5. (Page 16) Hieratic Head of E. P. The only large block of marble Gaudier ever had at his disposal. The work represents two months' actual cutting, and was preceded by a hundred drawings, many of which could be recognized as portraiture, and any one of which might serve as sculptural education. Like Henry James' prefaces, they indicate what the artist has in his head before he starts on the final manifestation.



FROM THE SAME MODEL AS TORSO ON PAGE 74

GAUDIER: TORSO

No Spare Wings in Hell

Another aviation story by
the author of "Zero-Zero"—
and a thriller all the way

by **HARRY ASHE**

I DIDN'T want to teach her to fly. You know how it is. Most girls are punk pilots anyhow and besides they have too glamorous an idea about things. If they're the sort who like flying well enough to take it up, they're apt to be a little careless about danger. A man can usually feel death when it brushes close but a girl like Jerry just smiles and calls it adventure. I don't know whether it's lack of sense or lack of fear.

I remember the first time I saw her. She came out to the airport one Sunday afternoon when we were hopping passengers. Of course if she hadn't been pretty I wouldn't have noticed her. She was slim and lovely and beautifully built. And she wasn't cocky. I hate a cocky woman.

She came over and said she wanted to make a hop. And right then I had the strongest hunch. I knew that in some way we were going to be mixed up in disaster. You know the sensation you've had of being in a situation before? Well, that was the way I felt. Of course I didn't say so. It would have sounded funny to her and it did to me—for awhile.

There was something wistful about her and an odd seriousness in her eyes. I can see them looking at me now.

I knew the ship was all right. I'd been hopping passengers all afternoon and the motor was running mighty sweet. But just as an extra precaution I checked over the controls again. I revved the motor too a little longer than usual before taking off. She ran very smooth and the indicator turned up to sixteen fifty revolutions.

The weather was perfect. There were just a few scattered cumulus clouds on the western horizon and the sun was just about to slip behind them. Already the edges were turning pink while the center mass was still a creamy white. Darned if it didn't look like a strawberry sundae.

Well, we headed for the Sound. That was where she wanted to fly. I found out later she lived over there. I was still feeling a little jumpy from that hunch of mine and I was watching fields below like a hawk—just in case the motor should quit.

She sat pretty low in the front cockpit and I could just see her head with that brown hair of hers sticking out from beneath her helmet. She kept moving from side to side of the cockpit and leaning over—afraid she'd miss something, I guess. I knew she hadn't been up before.

Manhattan was off to the left and you could see the buildings sticking up like a lot of dirty fingers. In the sunlight, the dome of the Chrysler Building gleamed like a torch.

The kid was having such a swell time that it gave me a fresh kick out of everything myself. I was flying higher than usual so as to increase my gliding range if needed. Pretty soon we were above the edge of the Sound and she leaned over farther than usual and pointed down excitedly. There wasn't any use in trying to tell her over the noise of the motor that most of the Sound, half of Connecticut, and a large piece of Long Island was where her finger pointed. I just nodded and she seemed satisfied. I cocked the ship over on one wing so she could get a better view of what she thought was her house or something. She thanked me with her lips and smiled. I hate thin lips, don't you? Hers weren't.

I was supposed to be back at the field in a few minutes to take up other passengers but we just flew around seeing what God had to offer in the way of beauty until the sun went down. I sort of wanted her to get a flash of Manhattan when the lights came on—anyway.

When I did land it was so dark they had to turn the floodlights on for me. The field Auditor came running over. "Did you know," he beefed, "this was a five dollar flight and you've been up over an hour?"

"Ssh!" I whispered. "—Prospective student. Good prospect for a plane." He walked off grumbling to himself. He had it all figured out that every time the floodlights were turned on it cost \$1.62. If suddenly he'd be made Auditor for the Universe, he'd make Long Island the land of the midnight sun. He says I haven't an eye for business but just the same we've got more students than we can handle.

But to get back to the kid. I never saw anybody so crazy about flying. Even in the dim light outside the hangar her eyes were flashing sparks of happiness. "Oh, thank you," she said, and I think her voice broke a little. Then she came over and kissed me and was gone. I stood there sort of sheepishly. I didn't even know her. I didn't know her name. She was just so full of emotional delight she just had to give me some of it. She did.

I got to thinking again about that hunch—it seemed farther away than before and rather absurd. "You're getting old," I said to myself, "and pretty soon you'll see spots before your eyes." But that night I woke up in a cold sweat—something I haven't done in years.

I was awfully busy the next day instructing. I had soloed a couple of the boys which always puts me a little on edge. So much depends on their doing the right thing and keeping their heads on that first

flight alone. Of course if you've covered things thoroughly there isn't much chance for a crack-up but you can never be sure. They don't know it but it takes as much out of me as it does them. It's the only time I'm aware my stomach has insides.

I saw a roadster pull in alongside the Administration building. Through the windshield I saw a tousled head that looked like it belonged to the kid. I was sorry she had come out although I knew she would. I knew that the love of flying had gone clean through her.

She came over casually. "Hello," she said.

"Hello," I answered.

"I'm ready to start," she said and grinned.

I understood of course. "I don't teach women," I said and I wasn't very pleasant about it.

"I heard you didn't. Why?"

"It's a man's game."

"What about hockey? What about sailing?" she demanded.

"Well, what about them?"

She was really sore. "I can beat you at either," she insisted.

I believed her and it sort of tickled me. She was so darned little and so tremendously defiant.

"What are you going to do if you learn to fly?" I asked and looked away as though I were bored. "I suppose you're ambitious to stay up three hundred and sixty-six days or something like that?"

She left me before I'd even put the question mark on the sentence. I hated to see her go and yet I was relieved and disappointed too. I started over to the ship to take up another student . . . Voices reached me through the open windows of the Administration building. "Is that instructor out there in charge of the field?" It was the kid talking.

I heard the Auditor answer in that querulous, annoyed voice of his. "He's in charge of flying operations," he answered. "But the business management has been put in my hands." Of course I knew what was coming. After all, the fellow does sign my pay checks.

"I want to take a complete flying course," she said, "and I want (I could feel her pointing) that man to teach me." . . . I called Doctor Gowan, the Department of Commerce medico. "Listen, Doc," I said. "I want you to do me a favor. You've been living off the fat of the land from the fees of all those student pilots I've sent you for physical exams. Now listen. A girl by the name of Jerry Allen will be in to see you this afternoon for a student's permit. If

you're a friend of mine you'll find something wrong with her. Maybe I'll tell you sometime . . . Yes, I know I'm crazy."

Two hours later he called me back. "Listen, Hero," he said. "There's not a thing wrong with that kid. What's the matter with you anyhow? . . . Certainly I passed her."

"You're a hell of a friend," I said and slammed down the phone. I went out to get some cigarettes.

. . . The hangar doors weren't open when Jerry arrived at the field next morning. The only man around was a grease monkey. He told me later that she sat in every ship in the hangar and just stared and stared. And my pet ship that I use for instructing—she kept running her hand over the surface of the wing like she was petting a puppy.

We found some coveralls for her to fly in. They just about swallowed her and you couldn't even see her hands. And we had to get some extra cushions for her to sit on in the cockpit. Without them she sat so low she would have been flying blind.

When we were in the air I showed her the effect of the controls. Through the speaking tube attached to her helmet I told her how to keep the ship straight and level, how to climb and glide and make simple turns. She ate it up.

Every day after that she was first at the field in the morning. They were very happy days for me. I had more students than you can shake a stick at and I was damned tired after wrestling with them all day. But not in the mornings. You know before the earth gets heated from the rays of the sun and the rising currents make for bumpy flying, the air of early morning is velvet smooth. Of course later on I made Jerry fly under all conditions but those first hours of wing sprouting were in the morning. Even now I'm most depressed at that time and most elated too.

I never had a better student. She'd listen eagerly to what I had to say and sort of grab my words like they were my last and then file them away in her mind. She believed almost pathetically in me as a pilot. Let any other instructor on the field try and tell her something and she'd nod politely and let the words dissipate like fog in the sun.

You can imagine how careful I was with her.

. . . There was a fellow named Riker at the field who owned a private ship—a Stearman with a J6 motor. About the only thing he had was money. Good enough looking but a natural heel. Everybody hated his guts. He had two ideas—both of them wrong. He thought he was God's gift to debutantes and a crack pilot as well. You know the sort—a show-off.

He'd had just enough flying to think he was good. He'd chandelle down-wind on a take-off and come within an inch of falling off in a spin. Then he'd go up for the benefit of his assembled retinue of Manhattan concubines and make some sloppy loops and what he thought were barrel rolls.

There was about as much precision to them as a dollar watch. But the concubines were well pleased with his heroism.

He affected the students in several ways. He possessed color even if it smelled and there was a certain swashbuckling bravado about him that had its appeal to the younger pilots even though they didn't like him. Of course I knew that eventually he would demonstrate completely the cause and effect of bad flying. It was just a question of time. Meanwhile it was difficult to restrain the younger pilots from stunting too low. Riker apparently was intent on defying all the regulations of the Department of Commerce and the force of gravity as well.

Why didn't I report him? I did once and his license was lifted for two weeks. For a while he was almost human but he went back to natural.

He got to pestering Jerry. "How many



hours instruction you had now?" he'd ask goadingly. She'd tell him. "What's the trouble?" he'd sneer. "Flying's simple. Maybe you need another instructor. How about a date with me tonight?"

She'd wisecrack back at him but her pride was touched a little. Everybody wants to solo in a hurry for some reason. It doesn't mean a thing but insufficient training.

I was figuring on soloing her soon but I was taking my time. I had to be sure of that kid. Her take-offs and landings were clicking pretty consistently now and her air work was very smooth. But her steep turns were still a bit ragged and I didn't feel she had perfect confidence in spins. Of course I didn't expect her to be a finished aerobatic pilot before I soloed her but I wanted her to know thoroughly what was going on.

There was an easy camaraderie between us. I've never known anything just like it. You know there's always an odd cord of understanding between a pilot and those who fly with him. There's some inner bond of adventure. Between Jerry and me there was something beyond that—something incalculably fine.

How sensitive she was and with what eager delight she responded to every maneuver, every take-off and landing. When she

flew she plainly rode on wings of ecstasy. And I soon found that in criticism or praise I could crush those wings in humiliation or lift them joyously to the skies.

Another week went by. She hadn't missed a passable landing in three days. Each morning she'd have that eager hope of soloing in her eyes and then go home a little sadly in defeat. She never said anything. I guess she knew it wouldn't do any good.

I was getting very depressed. I faced myself and knew I was afraid to solo her. I never felt that way before about a student. I'd come out to the field determined to let her go. Then I'd argue with myself. There was a cross wind. It was too bumpy. The motor didn't sound just right.

I'd look at her in the cockpit. Those earnestly serious eyes. That tousled hair disciplined by her helmet. That impish wave of her hand to me.

I wanted to run away from myself.

"How would you like," I said a few days later, "to skip instruction this morning and just take a joy hop with me?" There were some high, overcast clouds above.

She was eager for it . . .

. . . We climbed through the outer fringe of one cloud then blindly into the center of another. A gray nothingness eliminated the world. Earth and sky became things of memory and not of fact. Bubbles of moisture dabbled the windshield and the struts and fittings began to sweat. I watched the instruments on the board. Steadily we climbed.

I glanced outside the cockpit. The ship hung suspended in a gray void. I turned again to the instruments . . . The light in the cockpit grew brighter now and a flash of blue revealed itself and was gone. The sun gleamed hazily as though seen through dark glasses. Oblivion again then release into brilliant sunlight. Below us now was a level sea of clouds—fuzzy and curled like the wool of sheep. Above and about us in that strange immensity the sky was sparkling clear. It was as though we stumbled suddenly, breathlessly, upon the abode of God.

No other ships, no other beings rode this path of infinity. Only the shadow of our plane, circled always by that odd halo of a rainbow, raced phantomly on the clouds below.

. . . I throttled the motor and we descended. The propeller whistled softly. Down now through the grayish murk again and toward the dark, unhappy earth. The mist thinned and parted. Below us was the Sound. Toy boats skimmed and darted like tadpoles upon the glassy surface.

I spiralled down over the airport, glanced at the windsock and landed. When the ship finished its roll upon the runway I climbed out. I didn't say anything. I didn't need to. Things were like that between us. She knew she was to solo . . . I think I've never seen such happy eyes.

I stood there with a pounding heart as the ship leapt eagerly forward. My throat felt dry. The take-off was straight and true and the ship had plenty of flying speed when it left the ground. The first turn looked good. It was precise and well banked. The

Continued on page 102

How Banks Betray the Public

Things you might never have known until now about some of the bigger bank failures

by **FRED C. KELLY**

ONE day in late February, 1933, the following advertisement by one of the big trust companies in Cleveland occupied large space in Cleveland newspapers:

"Lest We Forget"

There have been times these last three years when practically every man and woman has felt the chilling fear of being without work. Are you going to suffer that fear again, or will you provide your own unemployment insurance—a Guardian savings account. Cash in the bank is the foundation of self-confidence and peace of mind. And it pays 3 per cent, tax free. Will you forget so easily—or will you begin now to become independent of whatever the future years may hold? Start a Guardian savings account today."

Just six days later that same bank which had thus urged depositors to bring in their money was closed—"busted." If the advertisement had been more truthful, it might have said:

"Due to lack of integrity, ignorance, and all-around dishonest management, this bank is about to be forced to close its doors. Big corporations and important wealthy depositors, having inside information about the perilous situation, have been withdrawing their funds on so large a scale that unless you smaller depositors, who have been our chief victims, come to our rescue, our banking racket is ended and the whole truth about our mismanagement and betrayal of your confidence will become public."

The advertisement that did appear must have been effective in helping to lure funds from small wage earners, and school children, for public investigations later showed that in February, 1933, while commercial depositors were withdrawing \$8,000,000, Thrift Club accounts increased nearly \$40,000! Many more millions had already been withdrawn by the real insiders long before the final banking crash was so imminent. The big boys knew. It was unsophisticated, guileless people, who could least afford to lose, whose deposits represented their life savings, who showed their misplaced confidence by sticking with the banks to the last. They looked at the monumental bank buildings, with great stone pillars in front, and thought any institution so impressively housed surely must be safe.

What I shall say here about banking practice in Cleveland is of interest chiefly because it takes us behind the scenes and gives us an opportunity to know how big banks in any city may become the invisible government. We know more about this in Cleveland than in most other cities because

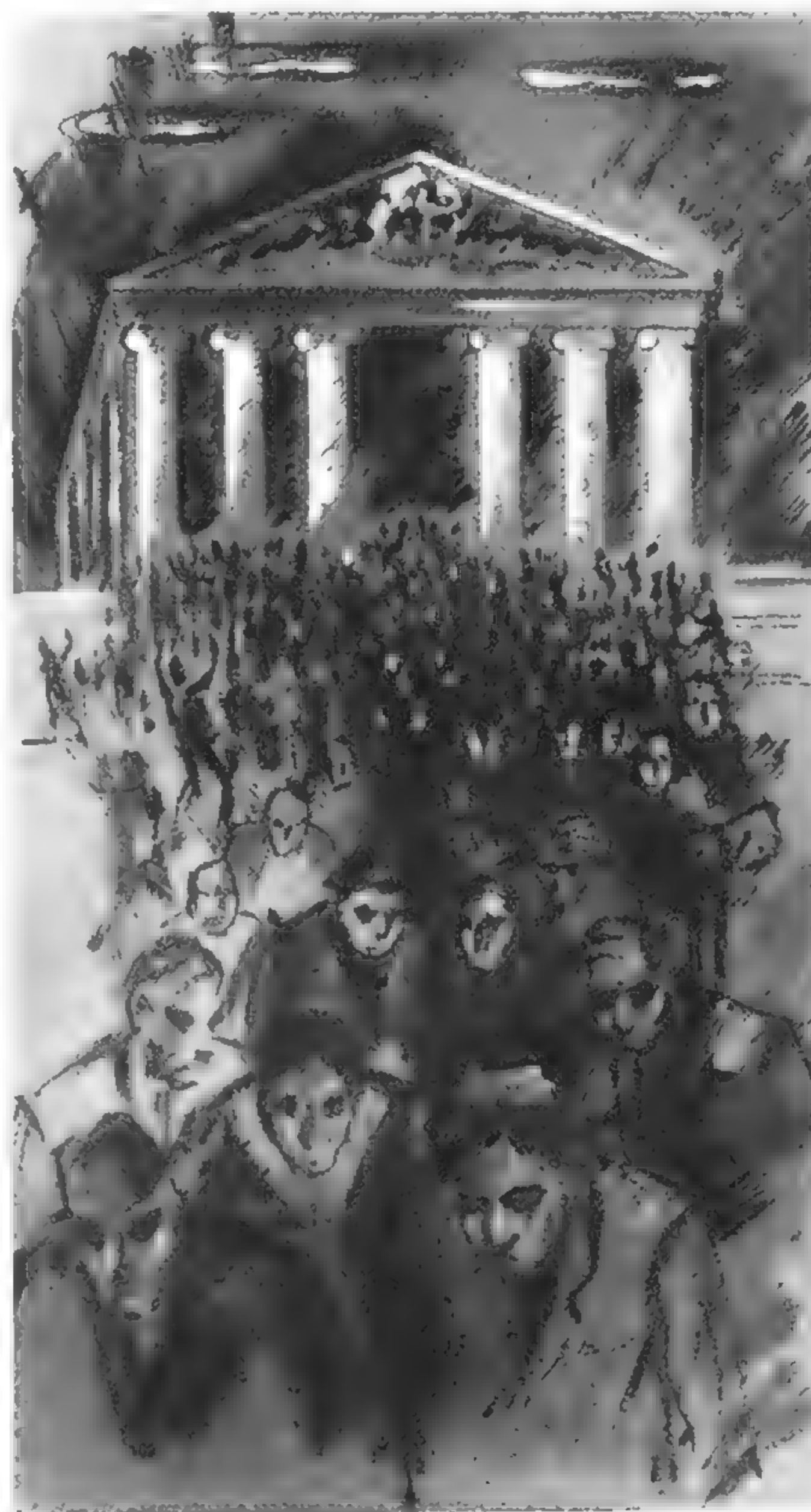
two trust companies that collapsed there were among the largest in the country and their closing gave investigators a chance to learn what had been going on. It is unlikely that all the vicious practices so common there were peculiar to Cleveland. Any reader, no matter what city he lives in, might properly ask himself if he has accepted too readily the supposed integrity of the men who are handling *his* money.

For years a Cleveland bank kept one of its vice-presidents in the state capital lobbying for banking laws which protected banks rather than the public. In nearly every state capital will be found banker lobbyists helping to force legislation to make it easier for banks to prey upon the public. No wonder so few bank robberies by bank officers are done outside the law. Bankers have plenty of leeway *within* the law. The laws were framed for that purpose. In Ohio no crime under state banking laws carried a more severe penalty than for a bank examiner to let depositors know what is happening to their money. Some months before the banking crash of February, 1933, the Superintendent of Banks for Ohio sent a letter to officers of the Guardian Trust Company warning them of the bank's precarious condition. This information soon made its way to many insiders, for officers of

the bank were financially interested in two hundred and fifty corporations. Officers of these corporations learned the truth while the rank and file of depositors, who furnished 90 per cent of the money on which the bank operated, heard only stories intended to allay fears. The bank was not run in the interest of all these depositors. It was operated, as public hearings disclosed, for the benefit of a little group of insiders. Nine men, called the Executive Committee, were in complete control. They approved or rejected all loans and determined the amount of all salaries. Yet these nine men owned only about one-half of one per cent of the bank's total capital stock. Though they put in little, they borrowed much. One man with an investment of \$21,500 borrowed for himself and enterprises with which he was associated, \$1,100,000, more than the total value of all bank stock held by the entire executive committee. For conducting the bank's affairs in the interest of this little group of earnest marauders, officers were considered worthy of substantial rewards. The president of the bank drew a salary of \$108,000 a year, and one vice-president's salary was \$77,708. Yet the Governor of the Bank of England gets only about \$10,000 a year!

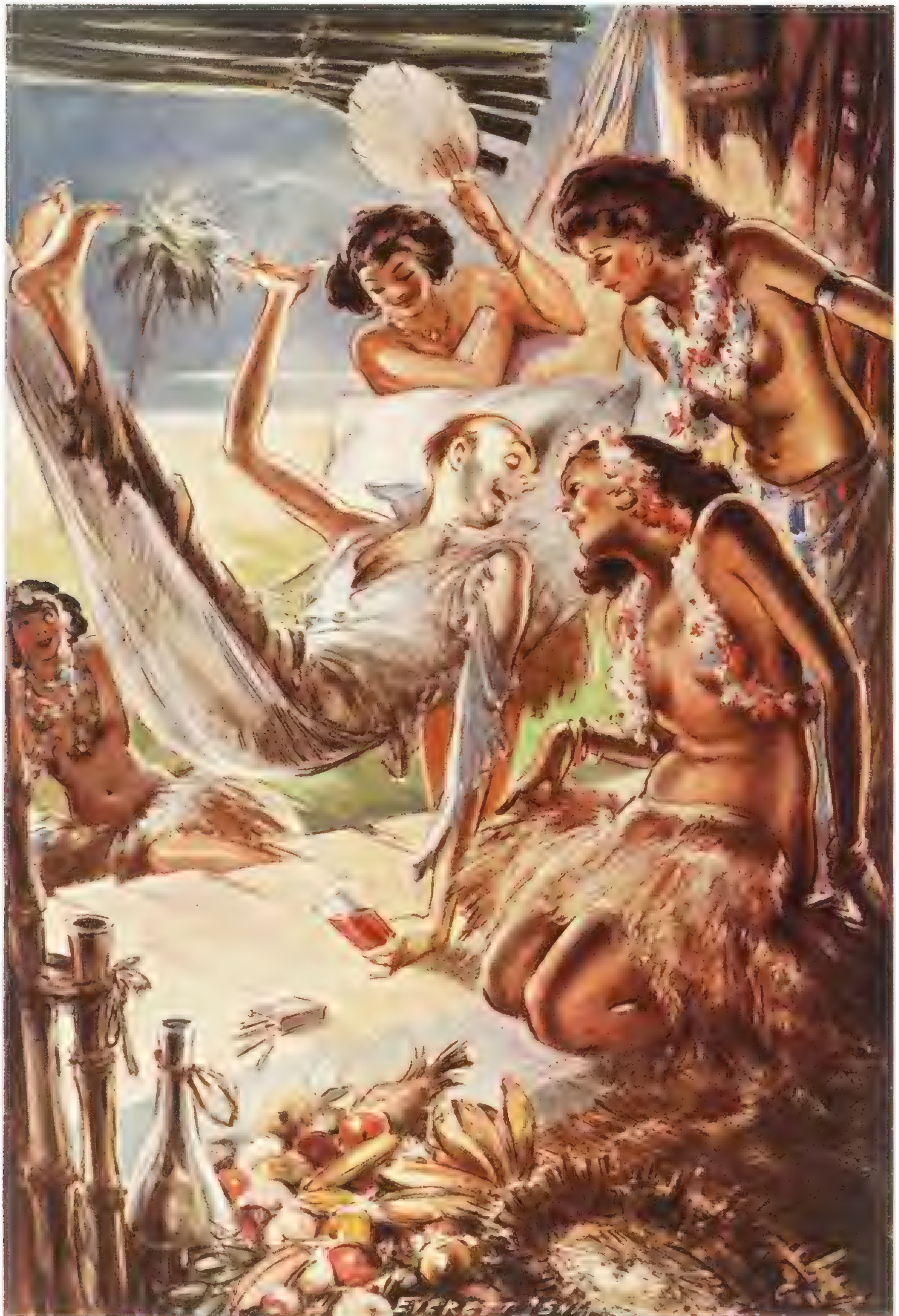
As an example of the kind of banking methods carried on by these high-salaried bank executives and their associates, here is a story told by records of the state banking department in Ohio: Out in Indiana is a railroad known as the Algiers, Winslow and Western Railroad. The name of this railroad company does not appear in any standard financial book listing American railroad securities. When investigators sought information about this road they searched fruitlessly until they chanced to find what they wanted in a little handbook used by salesmen for railroad equipment. Then they discovered that the road had only twenty-four freight cars and only thirty miles of track. So far as could be learned, the road's only customer was the Enos Coal Company, having a mine in Pyke County, Indiana. Yet the Guardian Trust Company, of Cleveland, had invested \$200,000 of its depositors' money in bonds of this little thirty mile railroad. The bank's loans to the coal mining company, to its president, to its officers, and its investment in the company's bonds totaled more than \$1,100,000. All this seems strange until we learn that the treasurer of the coal company was also a director and member of the executive committee of the Guardian Trust Company. In connection with the bank's investment in this coal company, the state banking department made the following comment:

Continued on page 95





“—and they don’t even say ‘I love you’ anymore!”



"Then I threw a hammer through the time clock!"

Fairway Queens and Rough Cats

An attempt, to the point of leaning over backward, to be fair about the lady golfers

by WALTER HAGEN

ONE golf article that never will be written is one that some men want to read about women's golf. They have the idea that women stars purr very contentedly when everything is lovely in competition but always will unsheath their claws and scratch, spit and snarl when another tabby is padding her way closer to a trophy of more sentimental value than intrinsic worth.

If that were true it would be very gratifying to the noble nature of man. It would permit him to smirk benignly from beneath his halo of sportsmanship at women who let the mother instinct for cuddling a winner's cup to their bosoms over-rule traditions of fair play. The days have departed when knowing males expect a women's championship to be something like a tong warfare with a few added features like an incendiary fire in a foundling's home. The smart girls have acquired a competitive temperament that is so case-hardened to even the most adept of the tabby touches that there have been very few championship matches in the last few years that have been played with claws instead of clubs.

But there have been some incidents in big-league women's competition that provide the male with a foundation for his suspicions that all is not sweetness and sunshine in the women's tournaments.

One of the favorite weapons of feline attack has been the rules of golf. Women know the rules and observe them far better than men. The woman who trifles with the rules, through ignorance or hope, doesn't have a chance to get away with it. I recall one case concerning a rather wealthy woman who had as her guest and traveling companion during several tournaments another woman who was not in the same fortunate financial state as her hostess. The luck of the draw finally brought these two together in a hotly contested match. As the match got closer to its finish the sweet friendship of the two dears perceptibly puckered. On the seventeenth green Lady Bountiful who was one down accidentally moved the ball a fraction of an inch while addressing a putt. It plainly meant a stroke penalty under Rule 12, but even then she had a possible win in sight for the hole and an almost certain half as she was within three feet of the pin in three, counting the penalty stroke. Her opponent was six inches closer, but was lying four.

Before Lady Bountiful could continue

with her putting, her companion in previous joys said in that poisonously tender tone of a woman intent on deft dirty work:

"Dearie, that ball moved. It counts."

The other woman straightened up and glared furiously. She spat:

"I'm counting my strokes. Are you?"

The knife had gone into a vital spot of the putter's nervous system. She was shivering like a hula dancer as she bent over her putting. She putted a yard past the hole, missed her putt coming back and lost the hole and match as the erstwhile partaker of her hospitality blithely holed out.

Usually there is a tortured, taut grimace accompanying the hand-shake given the victor by the loser even under such circumstances because women are natural actors but this time the loser grimly walked off the green without formalities and as she made her way toward the clubhouse I heard her talking about her old pal in terms that I believe in-

ferred that the O. P. rode around on a broom Halloween after dark, although the label she used might have been another word sounding like the name applied to the broom-riding hags.

That was the end of that beautiful friendship and it also was the end of the tournament attendance in luxury for the young woman who had jabbed in the needle.

I thought it was a perfect instance of instinctive malice in competition, because both women were veterans in competition and knew the accidental stroke counted.

There also are plenty of cases, too, of instinctive kindness in women's tournaments; some of them that don't turn out so well for the considerate soul. I recollect one occasion when a very good woman player was matched against another woman, not so good. The inferior player was one of the slowest players I ever watched. Her tender-hearted opponent waited behind until the extremely deliberate player had made each shot and then walked up to her own shot, pretty well upset by the long wait. The delay between the shots threw the better player off her game and down she went in defeat.

In the next day's match the slow player met a wiser head. This opponent would walk ahead to her own shot right after she had played, sit down and very calmly smoke a cigarette while the other girl was fidgeting around and studying. After a few holes of

this the slower girl had her heart shot out in midair simply by seeing the opponent always ahead and always serene.

Professional golfers seldom talk or write about women's competitive golf because no pro wants to imitate Clyde Beatty, the circus man, who walks into cages in which there are queen tigers and empress lions. I remember in a story about Beatty something about his act being dangerous because he took a chance with females. Things are tough enough for pros without taking any chances.

Then, too, pros are pardonably afraid to lay themselves open to arguments concerning women's golf if these arguments are going to be handled by the women themselves. I claim for my profession that man for man we can out-argue all the rest of the country except each other—and the subject doesn't have to be golf. But there is no chance of even the best of our star tournament arguers, arguing within ten strokes of an average good woman arguer.

While I am trying to keep myself out of the rough of debate on women's golf I will make a stab at a statement I think is air tight as far as the women are concerned: Shot for shot the better women players have everything needed to win any championship. The lack of power in women's shots isn't the reason for their failure to trim the men. I have seen any number of fairly good women golfers who were uniformly straight off the tee and averaged more than 200 yards in length. Many of the championship calibre of women golfers will slam the ball out around the 225 yard marker. When Johnny Goodman won the National Open at North Shore in 1933 some accurate driving length figures were kept by one of the statistically minded observers and his records showed 220 yards was a long drive for Johnny.

After watching many of the ranking women players make thousands of brassie shots I will say that the leading ten women players are superior to the average of the first 50 professionals on these wood shots from fairway lies.

Now here comes the part I can't understand, and when a fellow comes to something he can't understand he blames it on the feminine temperament,

which always is a Class A alibi. The short game of the women, where delicacy of touch is all-important, is the fatal weakness of their golf.

This mystery whips me because I have tried to do something requiring delicate

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East Side, West Side, Upside Down

On terrapins and needles
in the gay nineties with a
hail fellow well gourmet

by **RAYMOND KNIGHT**

EDITOR'S NOTE: Raymond Knight, who for the past few months has been exposing himself in ESQUIRE, now reveals another move in his checkered career. We here learn that he was none other than "Raymond" of the famous Raymond's, prince of restaurateurs, famous bon vivant of the 90's and inventor of the world-famous "Lobster Raymond"—a recipe for which is given together with the proper emetics.

"WAITER, bring me a ham sandwich on rye, a quart of Moët and Chandon Champagne, fried oysters and cole slaw with an absinthe frappé, waffles and maple syrup with a hot Tom and Jerry, then Lobster Newburg and a gin fizz and apple pie a la mode with an old-fashioned."

The writer recently (1934) heard this order given in an exclusive Gotham hostelry and, gentle reader, you may well believe that my very soul cringed as those words were uttered by the pale faced, cigarette-smoking young man, while a simpering and berouged girl sat opposite him toying with her stein of Chateau Haut-Brion 1903.

O Tempora—O Moron! It was the modern generation summed up in one word and that one word was—Oh! To begin with, 1903 was a bad year for Chateau Haut-Brion, to say nothing of Mrs. Haut-Brion (she was locked in a wine cellar and forgotten in the hurry and bustle of things). In the second place only a madman would think of drinking an absinthe frappé with fried oysters. But then, as I sit here, amid my mementos, and look back over the years when eating and drinking was considered a fine art, I believe that maybe the world is a bit mad. Or at least sore.

I have been asked by the editor of *ESQUIRE* to recall the days when hansom cabs drove up and down Mrs. Astor's terrace, when gay talk at Rector's was punctuated by the popping of champagne corks—because nobody knew how to use commas or periods—and when the name of Raymond Knight was one to conjure with. (Thurston used to say it as he pulled rabbits out of a hat.)

To give you the picture of New York as it was in those happy, careless days, let me go back to the years when I was born in the teeming east side—the streets were full of teems instead of automobiles.

I can remember New York when uptown was downtown and vice versa, when Eleventh Avenue was "away over" on the East Side, when Rumpelmayers was Rumpelstiltskins and when Grant's Tomb was but a fantastic dream

in the minds of a few visionaries.

Every morning my brother Abel and I (Abel later became William McKinley and was elected President) would walk down to the aquarium and allow the fish to stare at us. In those days we children believed that if you kept a horsehair in a bottle of water long enough, it would turn into a snake. The result was that half of the horses down around the Battery had no tails and practically all of the tanks in the aquarium were so choked up with horsehairs that the fish had to be taken to kind-hearted neighbors who kept them in their tin bathtubs until Abel and I grew up.

You see those were the days of the Tweed Ring (an outgrowth of the Nibelungen Ring) and "father," as we called him, was an important cog in the political machine. No one dared to interfere with the children of "Homespun Harris" Knight, the Tweed Lieutenant, and so for about three years

Abel and I clogged up the aquarium's tanks with a varied assortment of equine appendages.

When the tanks were finally cleared, "Mackerel" Mahoney, the taciturn old curator, hit upon the idea of using the hairs to cover sofas and thus ushered in the horsehair sofa era, laying the basis of the great Mahoney estate which later passed to his hair-apparent, John Jacob Astor Vanderbilt Mahoney III.

At that time most of our neighbors lived in the then fashionable brownstone front houses. We, however, wished to see how the other half lived, so we lived in a brownstone back house.

In those days people took politics seriously. The masses were against everything and "anti" this and "anti" that societies sprang up overnight. I can remember being awakened at eleven o'clock one night by the sounds of a riot. Mother came in to reassure me and to tell me it was just a demonstration by the Anti-Macassar faction. My head didn't touch the pillow until morning.

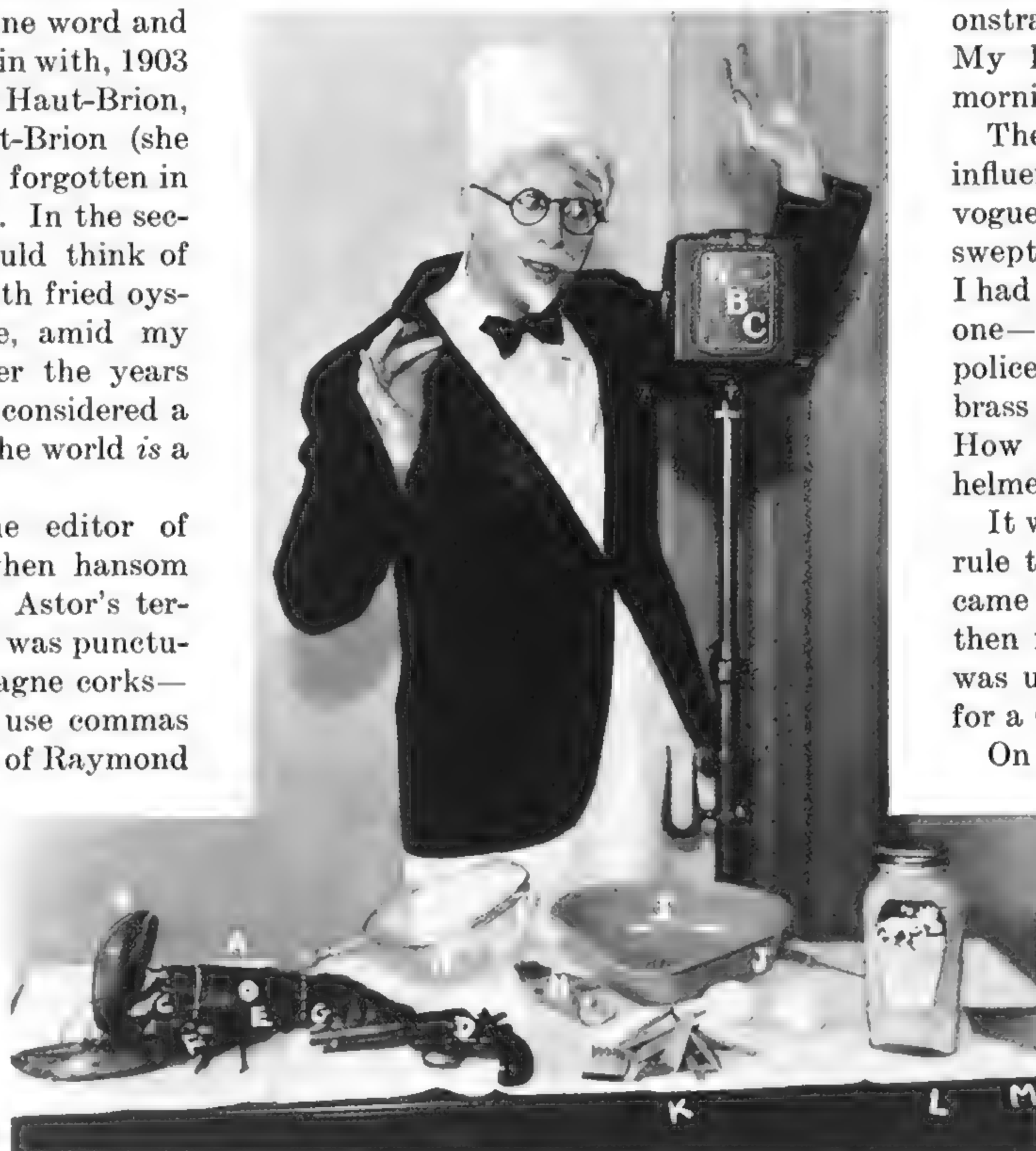
Then came the Frances Hodgson Burnett influence. She was a rage overnight and the vogue of Little Lord Fauntleroy velvet suits swept over New York. Everyone wore them. I had a pale blue one—"father" had a black one—and mother an apple green one. The policemen all wore dark blue ones with little brass buttons and large white lace collars. How funny they looked with the tall grey helmets!

It was not long after the Lord Fauntleroy rule that the Marquis of Queensbury rules came in. The reign of Boss Tweed was down, then it was up, then it was down, then it was up—then it wavered. How we longed for a Graham McNamee to describe it!

On a warm September seventh, shortly after I had achieved my first pants pockets, I was hastily awakened at eleven o'clock in the morning by my "father" and mother. It was the day that the first horse car was to be run on Madison Avenue and we all hurried out to see the gala affair.

By now, you must remember, 14th Street was no longer considered "uptown." It was called "half uptown," and Wall Street, formerly "uptown," was now "way downtown," while 23rd Street was called "uptown" and 22nd Street, only a block away, was called "practically uptown." 42nd Street was called "the Bronx."

Just as Gramercy Square was once considered the place to live,



Raymond, as he is today. He has recently come out of retirement to broadcast his famous recipes on the Old Grey Mare Horseradish program. Here he is shown preparing his famous Lobster Raymond for the unseen audience. The Lobster (A) assumes a derisive attitude as indicated by his claw (B) against his nose (C) and is thereupon shot with revolver (D) at point indicated (E). It is then cut open on dotted lines (F) (G) and the meat, if any, is removed and placed in sieve (H). The meat is carefully pressed through the sieve, placed in a sink strainer (I) and thrown away. The sieve is then chopped into small pieces, and the whites of two eggs (J) are folded in for no apparent reason, and the whole left to simmer over an open fire (K) for six days. Then a jar of Old Grey Mare Horseradish (L) is rubbed into the hair and the whole thing forgotten. The fly swatter (M) and a half of a banana (N) were left on the table by mistake.

while now Park Avenue is, so did *the* place to live shift not only back and forth from uptown to downtown, but it shifted from east side to west side. During Grover Cleveland's term of office, the east side of Fifth Avenue was the place to live, while the west side was considered *au fait* during Dewey's triumphant return. And so it went, back and forth, first the east side of Fifth Avenue and then the west side. Socially important families would move from one side to the other as many as six times a year. Permanent evidences of this constant migration are visible to later generations in the large holes which gape today in the Fifth Avenue pavements.

At every corner all the way up the hill, the men would stop at the saloons to discuss the great event, while the women and children would stand outside and gossip of this and that. Talk would flow freely of the topics of the day. Quotations were heard on every lip from the writings of John Wanamaker, Elbert Hubbard, Mother Hubbard, and an obscure young man by the name of Theodore Roosevelt who was one day destined to have a famous cousin. The women talked of purchases from old-established stores which are still in existence—Lewis & Conger and A. T. Stewart. In those days no one ever talked of Hammacher Schlemmer & Co. There was a good reason for this—they hadn't learned to pronounce it.

It was several years after this that I became apprenticed to George Rector as a bus boy. In those days George used the Fifth Avenue buses for table service, and it was the bus boy's duty to run in front of the bus, waving a red flag to clear the aisles. Later, these were done away with and I merely ran in front of George.

It was at Rector's that I became adept at catching champagne corks as they left the bottles, at shining the brass rail at the bar, and polishing the diamonds on Diamond Jim Brady. It was shortly after, in quick succession, that I made the acquaintance of Henri of Henri's, Delmonico of Delmonico's, Bustanoby of Bustanoby's, Mouquin of Mouquin's and Brown of Harvard's.

Finally in 1891 I left the old Brevoort and was carried home, and the next morning I opened "Raymond's." This was done with a key which I carried. Immediately my restaurant became the rendezvous of the elite. My cold bottles and hot birds were the talk of the town, and were even discussed over in Hoboken. My cellar not only contained the most famous vintages, but also a good-sized furnace. I personally served most of the famous figures of the decade, and my service was especially praised by William Tilden II.

The climax of my career came when the Prince of Wales (later Edward VII, still later Edward VIII and eventually Edward IX*) was entertained in my restaurant at a banquet by a group of Manhattan millionaires. He arrived incognito while the millionaires arrived in cabs.

Ah, the wine flowed freely on that festive occasion! There are tears in my eyes as I think of that night. (I am even now making a bowl of my famous onion soup as I write.) The town was scoured for the best viands, and the kitchen tables were scoured because they needed it. From Raymond himself

*EDITOR'S NOTE: That number has since been changed again and is now Barclay 4-3607.



A rare photograph of Raymond of "Raymond's," taken on his wedding day. The woman seen in the background is believed to be his wife.

down to the smallest scullery maid and back again, we worked all that day and when darkness arrived and the lights were turned on . . . we still couldn't see! So we put another quarter in the meter.

I have not the space here to tell all that happened that evening. How His Highness smacked his lips over my famous "Soup du jour Raymond," how a famous actress of the day was disclosed in a huge artificial rose, practically n-k-d, except for several millionaires who gallantly crowded around to hide her from eager stares, and how His Highness kissed me on both cheeks, gave me his auto-

graph, drank twenty-three slippers full of Piper Heidsieck 1892 and staggered through the door singing "Down With Britain's King."

I have thought many a time of that great day and I still have my memories of it. I often recall the amount of the bill and wonder if it will ever be paid.

For those of my readers who enjoy good living and remember when the art of eating reached its height at Raymond's, I reprint from my diary the menu of that never-to-be-forgotten banquet, together with the wines and liquors served and a newspaper clipping of the following day which dealt with the event.

(Dry Martinis)
COUP DE GRACE
(Dry Martinis 1848)
FILETS OF BONELESS SARDINES AUX CANS
(Dry Martinis 1894)
SOUP DU JOUR RAYMOND
(Dry Martinis 1896)
SWISS ON RYE DEUX OEUF, SUNNY-SIDE-UP
(Dry Martinis 1894)
HOT DOGS AVEC MUSTARD
HOT DOGS AVEC PICCALILLI
(Dry Martinis 1897)
PIGS' KNUCKLES (Our Special Wed.)
(Dry Martinis 1492)
ROS' BIF
(Dry Martinis 42 B. C.)
CLEVELAND 6 NEW YORK 0
BREAD ET BUTTER SOUS CLOCHE
(Dry Martinis 1776)
APPLE, CUSTARD, PEACH, PRUNE PIE
(A La Mode 10c Extra)
(Dry Martinis 1812)

PETITS FOURS PETITS FIVES
FIGS RAISINS NUTS!

(Newspaper Clipping)

"Ambulances from Flower, Bellevue and other city hospitals were summoned last night, following a dinner at Raymond's. Forty-two diners, comprising the entire party, died as a result of partaking of a banquet there. The only survivor of the affair was Raymond himself, who had previously eaten his dinner at his favorite restaurant across the street."



The famous dinner to the Prince of Wales at "Raymond's." Raymond himself is introducing an American delicacy to His Highness. Later on His Highness introduced himself to the two ladies who are seen flanking him. The lady at the left is evidently familiar with Raymond's cuisine. The lady on the right is not Raymond's cuisine, but a niece.

Fame and Frank Black

**Fine article about a man who,
remaining relatively unknown,
has made others world-famous**

by CARLETON SMITH

"WHO in the hell is Frank Black?" Musicians around the country asked each other and received no answer. None of them had ever heard of him. But here it was in cold print. One Frank Black had been made music director of the National Broadcasting Company, a post which Walter Damrosch had instituted, monopolized, and publicized. Surely, here was a nonentity whom Damrosch had foisted on the musical babes in the woods that manage the broadcasting networks, a man who would do nothing to grab the spotlight from the venerable Dean's own activity for children!

A few on the inside in New York knew Black was a masterful arranger, and the "short-haired"* orchestra men had heard him accompany The Revelers. Music-lovers are not hep to arrangers and accompanists. And even today, after some months at his job, Frank Black hasn't developed into a big personality boy (with all due respect to Publicist Earle Ferris). His name is unknown to the general public, except perhaps as identifying tag for certain NBC symphony broadcasts. In a celebrity contest with Whiteman, Vallee, Gershwin, Toscanini, Stokowski, or Damrosch, Black would be a blank.

Yet his job is, or should be, one of the most important in the country. He is on top of the heap in whatever organization our radio system has. John Royal, NBC's large intestines and vice-president in charge of programs (and the ring-master of half of broadcasting's ten-ring circus), takes his musical tips from Frank Black. It is Black's business to suggest new programs, to formulate ideas which advertisers will buy, and in general to supervise the ether's musical menu.

Considering the difficulties to overcome, and the intelligence of business men become impresarios, Frank Black does a damn good job, partly because he knows business men and their ways. Unlike Toscanini, for instance, and other more inspired maestri, Black is aware of the vast economic forces

and complicated organization that make it possible for a conductor to step before a hundred musicians and have the music heard from coast to coast. Also, he is aware of the existence of the guy at the dials.

Just what he does and how he got that way is interesting. He is not a cat-gut scraper or a crooner. He paws the ivories, yes, but he does not pipe, pump, twitter, or tweedle. He is neither baritone nor bard, nor does he strike the lyre nor beat the drum. He is not arty.

But he is able to suggest almost any situation through music. He can *write* instantly sounds to represent a woman choking, a submarine sinking, a kitten sneezing. In the days before movies made their own noises, Frank Black cued them in with his orchestra. Not only did he write music—which he doesn't often do, now—but he arranged and directed it. With all his work today, he spends hours arranging parts and turns out manuscripts that are identical with a printed and engraved score. This he does at lightning speed while smoking a cigarette and exchanging gags with his friends. He thinks in tones as other men think in words.

A vacation for Black is merely an opportunity to get more work done. He invariably takes along an extra suitcase full of music to be arranged, and spends most of his time in a hotel room surrounded by piles of manuscript.

His great achievement, perhaps, was in the creation of The Revelers. For The Revelers, whether you know it or not, are Frank Black's creation. When he heard them in 1924, they were in the barber-shop class. Since then they have become the world's leading male quartet.

Frank Black had the idea of having men sing instrumentally instead of vocally. He knew four saxophone players breathed alike, intoned alike, phrased alike and enunciated alike. So he wrote arrangements for The Revelers to sing just that way. He chose the song "Dinah" to launch his new technique and the recording went all over the world. He fostered the toe-tapping, "doo-wacka-doo" singing with which The Revelers shelved the "Sweet Adeline" quartets for good.

The Revelers became known among musicians as the "Flonzaley of male quartets" and no higher praise could be given them. The Flonzaleys for a quarter of a century represented the acme of perfection among string quartets. The Revelers sing with the nuance of a fine string ensemble. (In the summer one of them, Elliott Shaw, suffers from hay fever and this causes his voice to drop to a slightly lower pitch. Black takes this into account in making his arrangements.)

In 1928, when few Americans knew of them, Heinrich Schlusnus, the sensitive German baritone, was distributing their records among his European musical friends as Christmas presents. I photographed a poster in Munich, on which a German vocal quartet was announced as singing "in the style of The Revelers."

After his contribution to vocal art, Frank Black laid off the brasses and wood winds and introduced singing violins which assume the tonal qualities of clarinets and trumpets in the orchestra. He arranged Mozart and Beethoven piano sonatas for strings, and performed them over the air. He has organized the muted singers, blending human voices with the instruments of the orchestra as if the voices were instruments themselves. These experiments were particularly effective in dance music.

Though he has become independently wealthy through arranging, conducting, and playing jazz music, and he appears on eight or ten such programs a week, he loves serious music. Most of his time is spent on symphony programs.

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*Radio musicians frequently play serious classics one hour and jazz the next. They are alternately dubbed "long-haired" and "short-haired."





THE BATHING BEACH

A Portfolio of Sketches

by FRANK BOYD







A Portfolio of Beach Sketches

by **FRANK BOYD**

CATCHING moods and moments that are as evanescent as a bubble from a clay pipe—that is the sphere and function of Frank Boyd's sketchbook. The hush of evening on the beach, when all but a rear guard of incurable romantics have left, when the shouts and screams of the day have so far subsided that you can hear again the splash and swish as each dwindling wave spends itself on the sand—the feel of the sun on your closed eyelids as you lie and laze on the beach, while orange and red balloons jiggle on the black screen that is the backdrop of your mind—this is such stuff as midsummer dreams are made of—this is life as it pulses through the brush of an artist on a beach.





THE BEACH *by* JOHN GROTH

Fairway Queens and Rough Cats

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touch that almost every woman does instinctively. I have tried to thread a needle.

One night I came into my hotel room after an afternoon's golf that I considered one of the best rounds I ever had played. My touch had been perfect. While I was loafing in my room waiting for the evening's party to get started I casually picked a needle and thread out of one of those cushions hotels keep on bureaus for fellows who haven't time or trust in the establishment's valet or laundry. I stabbed the needle at the thread and the thread at the needle, without hitting the target enough to put me in the tenth flight as a needle threader. Some of the wives and sweethearts of the fellows who came in for the festivities later took the needle and threaded it instantly, even though they had enjoyed several lady-like gulps of stimulant. Why this nicety of touch isn't shown by women on the putting green baffles me.

I have followed Joyce Wethered, the English girl who was easily the foremost of women golfers during her competitive career. She certainly was on her game when I saw her and as I watched her I thought there wasn't a male golfing star in the world who wouldn't envy the strong, firm type of stroke she played.

She had a graceful, compact swing that swept the clubhead through the ball. She hit her shots crisply like a man expert, but without having any mannish mannerisms to detract from her charm as a quiet and gracious young sportswoman.

Comparing Wethered with some other star women players whom I will not mention by name because life is very sweet to me, it seems that the strength of her game was in its strictly feminine characteristics. She had grace and timing and touch.

Others of the girls with aspirations toward the queenly position that Wethered surrendered, fall short, in my opinion, because they tried to graft too many masculine features onto the women's game. Never the twain shall meet in making a woman golfer of the first magnitude.

The two leading women golfers of our own country, Glenna Collett Vare and Virginia Van Wie, are entirely feminine. They have lovely characters and although I have seen them grow up from little girl golfers in the teen age to champions, I never have seen, heard or read of them being, in the slightest way, even tomboyish.

There have been a lot of stories told about how Gene Sarazen and I used to try to get each other's goat in match play championships. I can tell you that these tales were very interesting fiction because Gene and I play only our own games and both of us realize we are temperamentally immune to any irritation or distraction that the other might try, if so disposed. But I know that were either one of us susceptible to needling, some women I have seen play in championships would have us calling it a day before we had played with them much farther than the out nine.

Since 1914 I have played in at least 70 championship events in the United States, England, Scotland, Canada and France and I don't know how many important money tournaments, but in all of these events combined I haven't seen the demonstrations of genius in making the opponent uneasy that I saw in one women's championship a few years ago.

Some women apparently have an instinctive urge for that sort of thing and since I'm sticking my neck out by writing anything on women's golf, I might as well stick it clear out from the collar-bone to the chin and say that this impulse to make the opponent feel uncomfortable is a major flaw in the games of some otherwise strong contenders for championship honors. It becomes a habit that causes them to think too much about the enemy rather than concentrating on their own game.

I have begun to believe, lately, that this sort of felinity is vanishing among women golfers, but it may be that I am entirely wrong and the work of the tabbies is getting so perfect it gets past my eye. I can't follow the victor and the vanquished into the women's locker-rooms and see whether they tangle their dainty hands angrily in each other's hair after company's gone.

Being chivalrously inclined and with a high regard for women's ability to figure out things quickly I hope I guess right when I suspect that the example of Miss Wethered, Mrs. Vare and Miss Van Wie has begun to influence others. These three, as I have observed them, seemed to have removed themselves so far above the reach of any insidious stings harpooned at their poise by opponents, anyone who might calculate battle tactics of this nature against them would waste the effort.

One of the greatest competitive temperaments I ever saw in women's golf was that of Mary K. Browne. She, as you will remember, was a great tennis player.

In golf her shot-making ability never was up to her confident attitude, but the combination gave the rest of the girls some competition that didn't mean a restful afternoon.

Mary had that air about her at a golf tournament of; "Say, darlings, this is soft compared to a tennis tournament. Who is the sister I'm going to dust off next?" At the first women's national championship in which she qualified (that of 1924) she beat Glenna Collett one up in 19 holes in the semi-finals and lost out for the championship by 7 and 6 to Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hurd, the only woman to win the United States, British and Canadian women's championships.

Miss Browne that year had barely qualified with a 96. The top qualifying score was 97. The top qualifying score at the 1933 women's national championship was 87, so you get an idea of how the pace is getting hotter.

That year of Mary's debut in the cham-

pionship brackets her first match play victory was over Mrs. H. Arnold Jackson who had beaten the Browne qualifying score by five strokes; the second match-play triumph was over Miss Louise Fordyce who had been 15 strokes better than Miss Browne the qualifying round; the third match-play round win was over Miss Bernice Wall who had beaten Mary's score in the qualifying round by six strokes, and in the semi-finals Mary beat Glenna whose qualifying round as medalist was 79, 17 strokes better than the qualifying round shot by Miss Browne!

Now I say a record like that shows fighting spirit and tactical warfare of a superior sort. But don't jump at the idea that I infer Mary catted herself to conquest. She's a real sportswoman. If you do draw such an inference some woman is liable to point out that George Dunlap barely got into last year's national amateur tournament match-play rounds after a play-off in the qualifying round, nine strokes behind the medalist, Johnny Fisher. However, only in one case did George play a match against a fellow who had qualified more than one stroke ahead of him.

The second time Miss Browne played in the women's national the match play rounds went about according to form as shown in the qualifying round and she was put out in the semi-finals by Mrs. W. G. Fraser by a 3 and 2 margin. Mrs. Fraser had qualified with a 77 as against a qualifying figure of 82 by Miss Browne.

The moral, if any, is that women golfers the first time they meet may have matches decided by competitive tactics but the second time the issue is decided by cold-blooded golf.

Men are the other way. One fellow who is several shots poorer may have the Osage sign in match play over some superior medal play performer and defeat the better player nine times out of ten. Why there should be this difference between men's and women's golf, I don't know.

There is that old gag about women and elephants never forgetting and I am disposed to think that it applies to women's competitive golf. The women seem to remember just what it was that got them upset before and they subconsciously build up a defense. Sometimes this defense is a lofty detachment from personalities in the play and other times the fair ones apparently apply the policy that a strong offense is the best defense, but in either case it makes women's golf exceedingly interesting to watch.

I am of the opinion that the great improvement in the standard of women's golf during the last decade will be excelled in the next ten years if there are more medal play events for women players. In match play the players play each other and in medal play, they play golf first, last and all the time. After twenty-five years of watching women golfers as a professional and spectator I have come to the conclusion that women golfers are defeated more by women than they are by golf. The women do better when they remember what they are playing instead of remembering whom they are playing. That's the secret accounting for the success of our outstanding women stars.



Perfect Tennis Player

Continued from page 44

lutely satisfied with Tilden's. Perhaps I should not say satisfied, exactly, for that stroke has caused me all sorts of aggravation. Tilden is not only endowed with marvelous steadiness but he will make defensive backhand shots that at once put him on the attack. Under all sorts of pressure, he can place the ball anywhere in the court he desires.

In one of our first professional matches Tilden gave me a taste of that backhand. I whipped over six shots in succession along the left half of the court, sometimes sending the ball deep, sometimes short but always having the attack as I thought. Continually on the run Tilden returned the ball to exactly the same spot in my backhand corner six times. Eventually, I pounded the ball into the net and I learned that night that there was no use in trying to pound Tilden into submission by firing at his far side only.

When it comes to the All-American lob there is only one George Lott. It is that stroke which may enable the United States to surprise the world and win back the Davis Cup this year for with the use of it Lott is unbeatable in international doubles. They might as well concede America one point in the inter-zone final right now and in the challenge round against England, too, if America gets that far.

In my choice of the greatest strokes I have ever seen I must place the lob of Lott's very high. I had direct contact with it in the Southampton final of 1930 and it cost my friends and myself a tidy sum of money.

I had been going well all year on grass and when I got to the final at the Meadow Club I was highly favored to defeat George. I had brushed by everybody with my usual attacking methods. It would be smash, bang with my forehand, a rush to the net and a quick volley, and the point would be over. I loved to rush to the net and whack out a clean placement, although oftentimes I was crossed by my opponent or by my own recklessness.

It was that season when I first began to have trouble with my stomach. All week I had been going good and had felt no bad effects. Lott, made confident by that lob of his, had different ideas. What did he do? He and "Pop" Baggs got together at the club house the evening before the final and also during the luncheon hour the next afternoon and coyly asked if anybody wanted to bet on Vines? Well, a lot of fellows did. Lott and Baggs covered practically everybody in Southampton.

As soon as the match began I started hammering my way to the net and just as soon Lott commenced to lob and volley. He put the main accent on his lob, however. I would rush forward for a kill at the net and back would come that tantalizing lob of his, headed straight for the baseline. I am pretty lucky with my overhead generally and my height helps me a lot. I would constantly rush back and smash away, most often for winners. When the other man lobs there are three things you can do. If it is low enough, reach up and try to get it back—fast. Otherwise, race to the back court without any delay. Or let it go entirely. The latter course is by far the most comfortable.

Lott was missing nothing in the way of lobs. None seemed to go out. I stretched for one after another, hitting them back, hitting them back. If I didn't reach for them Lott would score. It was uncanny. I wasn't going well from the baseline that day so I had to make for the net and here it was that Lott's lobs came in.

Eventually, my stomach began to do tricks. My stomach muscles tightened up. Never before or since have they been so stretched as in that big betting match. I was within two points of victory in the fourth set—on service—but I was in such agony by that time that I had to leave the court soon afterwards. Lott and Baggs collected. Since then I have watched my diet and had my stomach muscles treated. At that, they do me wrong once in a while. A torn stomach muscle was the reason for my collapsing on the court in the Davis Cup match with Perry last year.



I might point out in respect to the lob that it also can be a very treacherous shot. If too low, it is a set-up for the opponent. If too high, he gets back to it and frequently sets himself for a placement. If too long, it automatically means the loss of a point. If too short, it leaves your rival with the advantage he was striving for. A lob must be good or not used at all. I suggest that the next time you watch Lott you study his use of the lob. See how easy it floats along. That an offensive shot? Well, play against it some warm July afternoon.

Cochet's volleying is done with artistic ease and accuracy but I am compelled to express the conceit that it bothers others far more than it disturbs me. For some strange reason, I have a psychological advantage over Cochet every time we step on the court together. We met three times as amateurs and I won each time. Afterwards, on our professional exhibition tour I beat him ten times in succession.

Except for the fact that I am overcome by a feeling of complete confidence when I go out to meet Cochet, I can't explain why I defeat him so consistently. I was just as sure of myself the first time I met him as I have been since. Cochet, on his side, knows he is beaten when he walks on the court against me. Despite my success against him the one feature of his game which has always impressed me is his knack for getting eerie angles on volleys. He gets them on the rise

and how they come back—away from you. Five years ago when Cochet was in his prime he drove Tilden frantic with these returns.

There is nothing so discouraging to a player as to see his best shots come bounding back over the net, faster than they went over almost. You make a terrific forehand smash and say to yourself: "Ah! but there's a nice passing shot. That makes it 30-0!" And even while you are thinking it the ball is coming right back at your feet or out of your reach, and you are entirely unprepared mentally to make a return.

It is quite liable to rattle a player if it happens often enough, especially with volleys, and Cochet is the one who can make the most amazing returns in the vicinity of the net. I believe that must have been largely responsible for his domination of world tennis during the years France held the Davis Cup. Cochet and Richards stand forth, to my mind, as the best of all volleyers. Richards, on low volleys, never saw his equal and never will to my way of thinking.

The perfect tennis player that I would like to see representing the United States in Davis Cup play this year would have the service of Doeg who retired from tournament tennis a few years ago to marry into a Newark publishing family. Tilden himself admits that there never was a service he faced as powerful as that of Doeg.

A couple of years ago when Johnny won the national singles all he had was that service, an adjunct volley and a fighting heart. His ground strokes were merely defensive. Yet, with that service of his Doeg wore out the entire field, including Tilden, then an amateur, and Frank Shields at Forest Hills. Built powerfully, Doeg would win on service, win on service until each set was protracted. Finally, his opponent would practically crumble from exhaustion. A left-handed delivery, you never could tell where it would twist to. Doeg had it so controlled that he could hit a penny with it. A peculiar thing about it was that it never took anything out of him, the service being in the nature of a natural swing. My own fast service which has been much praised is often a strain on me and I save it as much as possible, using it only for critical points or games.

A combination of these best strokes of best competitors is my perfect tennis player. With the match play temperament of a Frank Hunter, a Tilden or a Rene Lacoste he would be unbeatable. And in an event so uncertain, so dramatic as the major Davis Cup tests an ambitious challenger almost needs such a man.

You are competing before a large audience in a Davis Cup match but it isn't you yourself who are playing. You stand for one hundred million people or sixty million people and when I say you are nervous I mean you are nervous. Didn't a United States Ambassador intercede to allow Tilden to play one year? What if you should do this or fail to do that? You are carrying the whole nation's honor on your shoulders or, anyway, that is how it seems. And if there is anything you would like to be at the moment it is the perfect tennis player possessed of all the great strokes I have mentioned.



"I want to present Mr. Shaznovsky—he simply loathes the class we represent"

Court Tennis

**A simple and concise article
which explains a traditional
and extremely intricate sport**

by ALLISON DANZIG

DEMOCRACY is great stuff in athletics. So the pillars of our amateur sports governing bodies tell us. They talk about their game being a great leveler and common denominator of the blue blood and the pauper and extending the hand of fraternity and equality across the seas—such stuff as dreams are made of.

But there are limits to what even your good old-fashioned Jeffersonian democrat can stand, as has been evidenced down in the Capital of N.R.A. Suppose he was indulging in a harmless little game with a friend and a man whom he hired to officiate over his play told him, "Chase the door." He wouldn't say that democracy—even democracy under the Blue Eagle—compelled him to put up with that, would he? He wouldn't, and, begging his pardon, he'd be wrong as Hell.

Put up with it? Why, man, he'd love it if he heard it and appreciated its import. Perchance you, gentle reader, may have heard it. But if the inquiring reporter stoppeth ninety-nine of a hundred on the street the answer would be no. For it so happens that the only place where this apparently far from innocuous imperative falls upon the stilly air is in the cloistered sanctuary of a half dozen clubs in which every little colored peg stuck in the entresol wall tells the coming and going of a Mr. Millionbucks.

Mr. Millionbucks hears it every day in season and in his humor. "Chase the door," says the hired help, and Mr. Millionbucks walks right past him under the penthouse without even giving him the eye. His friend, lolling in his Bond Street clothes in one of the throne chairs as he watches the play through the royal dedans in Park Avenue's famous rendezvous of sportsmen, nods his head in approbation.

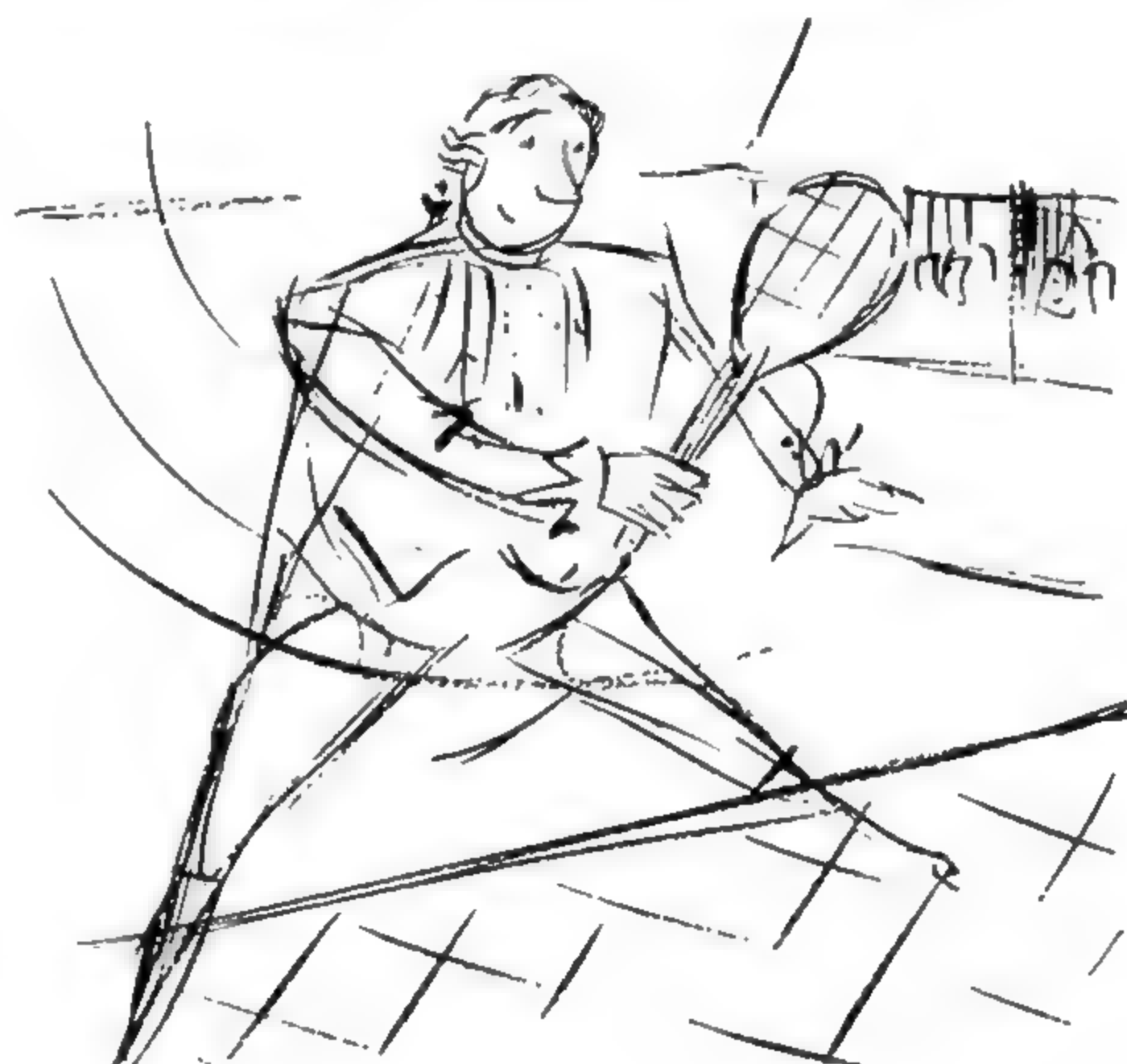
"Chase the door," may I now take time out to say, is a figure of speech and it is entirely impersonal. Singular as it may seem, there is nothing of the asperity of the first person singular about it and it carries none of the connotation associated with such idiomatic injunctions as Isabella's classic adieu to Christopher in 1492: "Go take a ship for yourself."

Upon the tympana of none less than princes to the purple born has the cry, "Chase the door," fallen and yet there is no record that the crier ever paid for his tongue with his head on the execution block. Louis heard it at Versailles—X, XI, XII and XIII, but not XIV. So, too, did Francis I, Henry II and IV, Charles I, II and V and Henry VII.

Henry VIII heard it, with Cardinal Wolsey looking on through the grille of Hampton Palace, but not when he was on the

chase behind closed doors. Put down also Edward VII and George V. Likewise, Napoleon at Fontainebleau and Wellington in London before they heard the call to Waterloo.

The same cry was heard in the very hall at Versailles where the deputies of the *Tièrs-État* in 1789 took the famous "Serment du Jeu de Paume" never to abandon their efforts until they had given a constitution to France. It resounded in the ears of monks in their monasteries, princes in their palaces and knights in their chateaux seven centuries ago. At one time, during the reign of Henry IV of France, so an English ambassador wrote home, there were more people playing to the call of those words in



Paris than there were ale drinkers in England.

Today, in America, the British Isles, at Paris, Pau, Bordeaux and a few other continental centers, the cry of "Chase the door" is still heard, but it is only a small, faint echo of its former self. And for good reason.

To hear that cry one must invest personally or belong to a club that has invested or have a friend who has set himself back in the neighborhood of a quarter of a million dollars for the sake of playing a game. It's no game such as your international yachtsman plays with winches and duralumin masts in a kicking sea but a game whose only implements consist of a bat strung with gut and a box of balls.

No, sir! It's not lawn tennis, even though a net is involved in it too. No, not badminton, either. Ping pong? Please, now. The gentleman from the Racquet Club is recognized. Right you are, sir. It's tennis.

Ah, but there is a difference. Lawn tennis is one thing. Tennis is something quite different, even though it is the progenitor of the game you see at Forest Hills, Longwood, Newport, Town and Tennis and Wimbledon and Auteuil.

If you were from jolly England I wouldn't have to convince you. When you speak of tennis at Queen's or Prince's, Knightsbridge you speak of the real thing and you speak with reverence. You're talking about the game of Peter Latham, of Edmond Barre, of Punch, of Ferdinand, of Covey, of Lyttleton and Heathcote and of Jay Gould and Tom Pettitt.

Let the poets dream of dwelling in marble halls. Sir Edward Guinness had himself a dream of a black marble tennis court and built it in Dublin, where the world's championship was played in 1890. There are no black marble courts in the world today, but, marble or no marble, they are something to see, with their composition finish which Bickley of London, the patent holders, apply. Wherever courts are built, Bickley sends out trained workmen to put on this top surface over the cement base and they work in secret and day and night without stop.

Clarence H. Mackay built himself a court in 1909 at his Harbor Hill estate in Roslyn, L. I., and the late Payne Whitney opened another in 1915 at Greentree, Manhasset, L. I. Both courts would knock your eye out with the luxuriousness of their baths, showers, plunges, baking rooms, lockers, lounges and other appointments. George Gould had a court at Georgian Court, Lakewood, N. J., and it was there, under a professional imported from England, that the world's greatest amateur of all time, Jay Gould, was trained in the game.

These are the only three private courts extant in America and less than a dozen others, all told, have been constructed in clubs. Their scarcity is easy enough to understand when you know the tremendous expense involved and the difficulty of mastering the game, which has been described as a game of moving chess, combining the exactitude of billiards, the co-ordination of hand and eye of lawn tennis and the generalship and quick judgment of polo. A writer in the *London Spectator*, 1912, declared of it, "It is not only the sum of ball games. It is the absolute in games. No one, it is probable, has yet sounded the depths of tennis, and players of the greatest genius cannot master its fine potentialities."

DeGarsault, one of the earliest to contribute to the literature of this game, states in his "*L'Art du Paumier-Raquetier, et de la Paume*," 1767, which was adopted by the *Académie Royale*, "La Paume (tennis) is the only game which can take rank in the list of arts and crafts, the description of which has been undertaken by the Royal Academy of Science."

Let's try to picture a court tennis court.

Continued on page 130



"We gotta let ya go, Steve, yuh just ain't got no showmanship!"



"You're fascinating tonight, Marguerita"

How Banks Betray the Public

Continued from page 78

"The company's securities have no value and the only thing that can be done is to await a return to something like normal in the industry."

In a Cleveland newspaper, October 14, 1923, appeared an advertisement for a \$2,000,000 issue of bonds of a local hotel. It stated that the value of the leasehold held by the hotel company, as appraised by Mr. Robinson,* vice-president of the Guardian Trust Company, and others, was \$4,250,000. Earnings of the hotel were conservatively placed at \$487,520 a year.

Barely two years later, this same Mr. Robinson who had assisted in making the \$4,250,000 appraisal, made application to the Board of Tax Revision, seeking a reduction of taxes on the hotel property, and wrote a letter to the county auditor in which we find the following:

"A large number of the rooms have no bath facilities, the floors are sagging, the plaster is falling, and it requires the most constant vigilance and outlay of money on the part of the management to keep many portions of the building in an inhabitable condition. The earning power of the rooms per square foot is very low, as certain parts of this building are used or acceptable to the public only when there is a crowded condition in the city."

In response to that letter, the tax commission wrote: "We have not as yet been able to allow your claim which is based upon value of your lease which you claim is worthless. We note your claim with reference to the buildings. Will you kindly advise us who made the appraisal of the buildings and why it was made, stating how it could be valued on appraisal to the amount of \$2,432,180. It seems that *there must have been some reason* for this write-up in value."

I wonder what the reason could have been!

Long before the bank holiday of early 1933, banks in various parts of the country, suffering from mismanagement, were trying to bolster up appearances—to present to the public a seemingly favorable appearance, though a grossly distorted picture of banking conditions. In other words, there was constant effort to delude the public. A common method of doing this was by obtaining temporary use of funds at times of bank examinations.

Hence we find the Guardian Trust Company, of Cleveland, wiring the treasurer of an oil company in Oklahoma: "Can you arrange to deposit some extra funds with us from December 30 to Jan 2?"

This brought a reply from the obliging treasurer of the oil company, presumably in expectation of favors later on: "Mailing today deposit one hundred thousand. Sorry cannot do more but cannot arrange it."

Another method of hiding the true state of affairs in a bank was by having important customers agree to let it appear that money they had on deposit was not subject to immediate withdrawal when in truth it was.

Banking affairs in Cleveland must have been in a sad state long before the public had a chance to get at the truth, for on October 23, 1929, about the time of the first big Wall Street crash which marked the formal opening of the depression, and three and a half years prior to the bank

holiday, a vice-president of the Guardian Trust Company, in Cleveland, sent the following letter to an officer of an important oil company in New York:

"As you know, we have to keep a ten per cent reserve in the Federal Reserve Bank against money we have on demand and a three per cent reserve against money which is called time money.

"Some of our larger customers are coöperating with us so that we can count on their deposits as time money and I am wondering if I can have an understanding of the same nature with you.

"All I would ask you to do would be to write me a letter stating that the money held on deposit here by....., would not be drawn except upon thirty day notice to us.

"That letter we would use only in the event the Federal Reserve Bank asked us for evidence supporting our contention relative to time deposits. I want you to understand, however, that your money is subject to check whenever you require, the same as usual.

"This may seem a very unusual request but the first time I see you I can explain more in detail. Of course this letter is strictly confidential between you and me."

It was as if the banker had written to the friend in the other big corporation saying: "Please write us a certain lie to help us in hiding important facts from our smaller depositors for if they suspected the truth, we might not be able to rob them."

This bank took other steps to protect themselves from annoying insistence by the local Federal Reserve Bank that they follow certain rules laid down for protection of depositors. They sought to curry favor with the Federal Reserve Bank by being nice to its officers. At any rate, investigators into the bank's affairs found in the card index records, a card regarding loans to E. R. Fancher, governor of the local Federal Reserve Bank. On this card was a pencil notation: "We cannot press for payment of this loan because of Mr. Fancher's connection with the Federal Reserve."

Ohio banks succeeded in getting a state law passed permitting them to invest their deposits in common stocks. Loose as this law was, it did require that deposits could be invested in common stocks only of corporations that had paid dividends on such stock for a period of five years prior to the investment by the bank.

The Union Trust Company, of Cleveland,* not content with taking advantage of this law under which they could invest their customers' money in common stocks, even went beyond the law. They invested \$635,000 of deposits in stock of the Allegheny Corporation, a Van Sweringen enterprise, when this corporation was just organized and could not have had any dividend record. This purchase was called illegal by the state banking department, but the bank had enough powerful influence not only to prevent the department from taking any action but also to persuade them to reverse their decision and declare the investment to be legal.

Both the now defunct Cleveland trust companies had subsidiary corporations which

they used as a cover for transactions of questionable legality. One report of the state banking department said:

"All the capital stock of the Guardian Securities Company is owned by the bank, and in examiner's opinion the company is believed to have been organized for the purpose of dealing in stocks which were not legal investments for the bank. The depreciation in investments held by the Securities Company is sufficient at this time to wipe out the capital stock entirely."

As part of their technique for being the invisible government of a great city, both these big trust companies in Cleveland had a long list of loans to politicians on scant security, or sometimes not any at all. All the important newspapers in the city owed the banks millions. Cleveland has three big daily papers. The company controlling two of these was heavily in debt to one bank, and the third paper owed millions to another bank. When it became known to insiders how serious was the condition of these banks, naturally prices of bank stock dropped to only a fraction of their former level. Banks did not want this known to the public for it would have aroused suspicion. People would have inquired what was causing prices of bank stocks, with their double liability, to drop so rapidly. The banks therefore arranged with the local stock exchange not to issue any statements about prices of bank stocks which changed hands. All three newspapers accepted this ruling and for many months made not the slightest effort to give their readers any idea of current values in local bank stocks. Publication of bank stock quotations would have given the public a hint as to the true situation, but the papers acquiesced in keeping such facts quiet.

As I have said, it is improbable that standards of banking integrity or ability were any lower in Cleveland than in many other places. But the sins of these Cleveland bankers chanced to become public. We can now peer into the records and learn what to guard against elsewhere.

Just how are we to be properly safeguarded? Not just by passing laws. What we need is bankers who don't require laws to keep them straight. For hundreds of years, the Bank of England has been a private stock company entrusted with power even to issue currency, and practically no laws exist to keep its officers within bounds. If they cared to, they could lend all the money of the Bank of England to one man. But they don't. Never has there been a serious scandal in the Bank of England—simply because its officers take seriously the public trust. The responsibility is so great that nobody desires to cheat. But just how are we to create such a spirit in American banking? Well, if the boys won't behave there is another alternative. We can take their banks and their profits away from them! In other words, we can turn it over to the government to run, with no thought of treating banking as a gigantic racket. Luckily, perhaps, banks are now so deeply in the government debt that this may not be difficult to accomplish. Government banking is no longer a fantastic notion, but a probable necessity.

*Now under indictment for bank frauds.

*Of which, two officials are now under indictment.



PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY H. HARRIS

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

**FISHING FOR EASTERN BROOK AND RAINBOW TROUT
IN SWIFTCURRENT LAKE**

Trout Talk

**"Common conversation" devoted
to the three basic factors of
fishing for trout in the Rockies**

by ARTHUR H. CARHART

ADVISING a friend who is choosing a wife is perilous business.

I figure it is just as risky to ride herd too close when he's dickering for investments, hair- tonic or fishing tackle. In these little personal matters, like selecting a better half or a trout rod, mild men sometimes go headstrong and opinionated as a long yearling stuck in a mountain bog.

If you'll consider my remarks about trout and their habits just common conversation, and not advice—. Agreed? Well, then, I'll tell you—.

Middle Fork down there beyond the corals, is one of the best stretches of pools and stillwaters in the state. Ever since we settled on this ranch, years back, I've observed trout on the hoof, so to speak. I don't claim to know near all about those fish; just have picked up trail sign here and there. If passing on this information to you will help you fill your creel, that's just fine.

Now trout are choosy fish. You've bait-fished for channel cats and probably cast plugs and spoons for bass. The art of teaching trout to lead is different. Catching catfish is something like handling a broad-sword while catching trout is more like handling the long rapiers these fencing masters play with.

I figure the three most important factors in western trout fishing outside of being on good waters, is the amount of fish lore possessed by the human on the shore end of the rod, the lure offered, and the cagey party in the pool, namely, the trout. Of course, after these, come the questions of line, reel, rod, fly-book, boots, creel and landing net, and in addition there are a lot of doo-dads that salesmen will tell you are essential to trout fishing. But the first three factors are basic.

Don't misunderstand me, a good outfit is a desirable thing. But fundamentally, fishing skill, the right lure, plus trout that are feeding brings fish for dinner. It's just as simple as astronomy or making flaky pie-crust. An able fisherman with a willow pole, no reel and some moth-eaten flies can coax trout from holes that have been whipped something frightful by hundred dollar outfits that brought not even a rise. I've seen many guests here, who looked like fashion plates of what the well-dressed troutsmen should wear, break their heart trying to take one fish from that pool just above the horse barn. Still, if you can take one there you're good; it is the first place everyone hits for and the trout there are pretty well educated.

Most fishermen don't know that there are several breeds of trout here in the Rockies. Three years ago we had a professor chap here and he told me considerable about the herd book of the trout breed. Original trout stock of

the Rockies generally is bunched under the one name of "Natives." Actually there are four species; Black Spotted which is commonest, Green Backed the next most plentiful, then the Rio Grande Trout which ranges around Wagon Wheel Gap where Charley Dawes has fished often, and finally the Golden Fins, originally found only in Twin Lakes near Leadville.

The Shasta Rainbow Trout has been introduced in streams of the Rockies. The Golden Trout has been introduced in Yellowstone; that's the trout named in honor of Teddy Roosevelt. Brown trout, which is an English sort and often misnamed "German Brown," and both Dolly Vardon and Lochleven, which are very close relatives of the Brown, are in many streams. The Brown family will live in creeks and rivers catching irrigation overflows which allows the state to stock some waters that cannot support Brook, Natives or Rainbow. I'd bet that some of the eastern streams that are too silty to support other species would be good waters for Browns.

The family name of all of these, except Brook trout, is *Salmo*, which means, according to the professor chap, that they're related to all salmon fish, fresh water and ocean going. That accounts for something that always baffles the dudes. In certain waters, certain times of the season, and with certain feeds, especially fresh water shrimp, any western trout's meat may show salmon yellow. Tourists and a number of local citizens refer to them then as "salmon trout" regardless of species. All *Salmo* are insect feeders and therefore fair game for fly fishermen.

Fish we call the Eastern Brook Trout is no *Salmo*, but a char, or being scientific, he is *Salvelinus fontinalis*. He's a good fish in spite of such a name, though many fishermen say the Rainbow and Native fight harder I never saw a fellow toss back a Brook because he was disgusted with the fight the fish had put up. In some lakes of the Rockies Mackinaw Trout have been planted. His name is *Cristivomer namagcush*. No wonder he's a cannibal with a name like that. Brook, like the *Salmo* tribe, are insect feeders but the Mackinaw often prowls for fingerling of his kind or other trout. He's a sort of wolf with fins and no good citizen in small trout lakes.

Those are the breeds of trout you'll find in our mountain lakes and streams. As closely related as they are, there is no telling which trout species will take which fly and at what time. One kind will come on the high-lope while another kind in the same stream will sulk in the shadows like a cow-kicked sheep dog. You don't mind a little fishing yarn do you? It illustrates just what I've said.

Over at Deep Lake which is on the White River National Forest, Rich Thompson, an old ranger partner of mine, and I, went out after trout. Years back T. R. camped in one of the old cabins still standing on the south shore of that lake. He hunted cougar and bear from there. Rich told me that Lon Chaney, tired and trail-weary after some big picture was finished, would hit for this quiet lake and soak up a lot of living while fishing there. The lake is well stocked with Black Spotted, Brook and Mackinaw.

When Rich and I put out, the sun was blazing and beautiful beyond the spruce-fringed ridges, ripples were shivering over the water, and we had our mouths all set for good fishing. The Brook were on the prod. They hit solid and with enthusiasm. Black Spotted refused everything. Mackinaw hit only spinners, with gobs of angle worms on the hooks, and then only when the lure was sunk deep and trolled slowly. At first we did not have full response from the Brook but we could see them jumping and breaking water so we started changing our flies. A few came to Royal Coachman, Red Spinner and Parmachene Belle. Then I put on a span of funny flies I had along. Let me tell you how they got into my fly book.

Some seasons back I had a fool notion that when trout wouldn't rise to Gray Hackle or one of the Coachman patterns, it was no use casting. One afternoon I hit Island Lake on Grand Mesa when the Golden Fins were feeding like mad. Flies offered by my friend H. A. Cobbett were getting three trout where I was hooking one. I had on two Royal Coachman peacock. I smothered my fishing pride and moseyed to see what he was using. It was one of those "flags-of-all-nations" patterns I always believed were made for greenhorn sportsmen to buy but not for trout fishing. It was a fly named the Jock Scott.

I traded Cobbett out of one, put it on the upper leader loop, kept the Coachman in what is supposed to be the better location on the lower loop, and from then on the Jock Scott took three to the Coachman's one.

That's when I made a resolution to carry a greater variety of flies in my book and when the trout wouldn't hit the old stand-bys, to try the others.

That is how it happened I had several wildcat flies along the day those Deep Lake trout showed indifference to the Hackle and Coachman patterns. I put on a Jock Scott and a Chama Willow Special. Ask any trout fisherman about that Chama Willow and he is almost certain to say he never heard of it. Well sir, those trout at Deep Lake went for both of those odd flies like range

cattle crowding into a new salt ground.

A week or so later, when I was riding grub line at Pete Englebrecht's place up on the Frying Pan, he told me how he and a tourist guest fished from the same boat, both using the same fly, but not both flies by the same manufacturer. Pete was getting the trout and his guest wasn't. Finally they compared the flies. One had a little streak of red feathering the other lacked. The guest took one of Pete's flies and his luck improved.

Which merely goes to show it is good technique to have a good selection of flies in your book. Which patterns? Well, I specified I wasn't giving advice; just offering talk about trout. But I can tell you what I take along and you can make up your own book. First, I have a basic supply of Gray Hackle and Royal Coachman, both of these in peacock, plain and fancy variations. Right after those I now would select Jock Scott and that Chama Willow Special. Black Gnat is good for fishing early snow waters, and later in the season Grizzly King, Rio Grande King, Silver Doctor, Ginger Quill, Parmachene Belle, Red Spinner, Red Ant and a crazy, fluffy, buff-feathered thing called a Dead Chicken may get you trout.

Where did I pick up that Dead Chicken? Up at Pete Englebrecht's. Ralph, who is Pete's son, and I rigged up a trip to Fairview Basin which is about fifteen miles west of Holy Cross mountain, between Avalance and Fool's peaks, and maybe four miles by trail from Pete's dude ranch. Morning, when we were to start, brought smoky mists. Pete wrangled the broncs. Ever notice how enjoyment of fishing is largely in proportion to how much you observe clouds and mountains and Nature in general? You have? Well, you're a good fisherman regardless of catch.

Ralph and I reached Fairview Lake where he started getting tandems on this Chicken. Then business stopped and we shifted to a Jock Scott which the trout hit pretty briskly. They quit the Scott and we shifted to the Chama Willow Special which brought them for a short time. Then they quit cold. All this happened within an hour; but by shifting flies we had taken sixty counting those we turned loose after we got the limit. A variety is the best insurance in fly patterns.

Flies I buy usually are size 10. Many prefer 12 and smaller. Size 14 often is the actual size of living insects but those finer hooks tear out more easily. For that reason some consider the small size more sporting. But I use the larger size because little fellows stand less chance of getting on. If you yank out a little yearling trout and are not careful about wetting your hands when you turn him loose, his sides are usually injured and fungus infection kills him. It's harder for the little ones to get on a 10 size or larger hook and that is why I use 10's.

Learn if you can what they may be feeding on; and whether on the surface or below it. Last July, when Cochetopa Creek was roily with overflow irrigation, I got a fine lesson. Trout were feeding there all right. I tried keeping the fly on the surface, then let it sink like a drowned fly, but with no luck. There were plenty of strikes, quick, easy, nervous one. Finally the truth dawned on me. These trout were "nymphing." That new to you? Well, certain flies pass the winter as sort of water grub; like helgamites. You know, helgamites are a trout delicacy early in the spring when waters are too roily

to fly-fish. Use 'em on bait hooks. As they hatch these larvae pass what is known as a nymph stage which is between the worm-like helgamite and the full-winged mature fly. It seems that the nymphs are found maybe a foot under the water surface and when they are there the trout will not look at a pattern that is modeled after a mature fly. When they are taking nymphs, select a pattern near as possible like the nymph, put it on the end loop of the leader, leave the farthest fifteen inches of the loop bare, but coat the rest and maybe four to six feet of line with oil or light grease so that section will float. The fly and the bare leader soak up, the fly sinks down into the halfway zone but no farther. If you have luck and they are feeding, you will get a mess. You see, trout are dumb—like a foxy coyote.

Setting the hook just as the trout takes it is a trick. When you see a trout lunging for the fly, try to take it away, with a light, quick lift of your rod. You are not quick enough to get it away from him but that flip sets the hook. Then it is just a question of whether or not you play him right. He may free the hook and spit it out (a little slack line gives him a chance to do that), or he may tear loose.

Dry fly fishing and barbless hooks are new sporting ideas in western trout range. Try those too if you want to. I find it hard enough to get the limit with ordinary fishing; but when I do I try these other things just for sport.

Do you figure on wearing that light shirt when you go out this afternoon? You better dig out a dark one. Trout eyesight is pretty keen. Then there is the question of fishing up stream or down. Trout head up stream, against the current, when they're loafing. I figure they wait for the current to bring food down to them. The theory of fishing up stream is logical, for trout facing that direction are not likely to see a fellow sneaking up on their tails. But unless you are pretty nimble, when you cast over them, to put your fly where they can see it, you lay your line and leader over them with a spat, and away they go, always up stream, like a gang of Paul Reveres scaring other trout in the pool above. I fish down stream, letting the fly fall a little above the pool and drift in. Then if any trout dash up stream they go into pools I already have fished.

Pete Englebrecht and I had such an experience as would prove it's best to fish down or across the pools. It was on Lime Creek when the Brook, all orange and brilliant in their spawning colors, were thick in the little pools. The *Salmo* spawn in the spring, but Brook spawns in early autumn. Pete had on his boots and I was fishing parallel to him, following the banks. Fish were there but we were not getting any. So I went up ahead and watched. It didn't take a minute to see what was happening. Every new pool full of trout that Pete would approach would be scared out of its scales before he ever dropped a fly on it, and when he did drop a fly it frightened them into racing with alarm to the next pool. That convinced me that at least in small streams, fishing up current is not the correct approach.

Now as to line, rod and the like—, I use level enameled line, though the tapered kind is better for it lets you drop the fly on a pool in a more convincing manner. Best way I can describe just how to let a fly drop

on a trout pool is that he was paralyzed in mid-flight and just dropped, easy and helpless. Tapered line runs from around five dollars for twenty-five yards on up in price. You'll want it if you hope to have the best outfit on the creek. I use a single or double action "twist-or-strip" reel; twist if you've got time, "strip" if the trout charges toward you so fast you can't wind in the line. Always keep a taut line if you hope to land them. Stripping's done by holding the rod in the right hand, hauling down line with the left, catching the line above the slack and holding it between fingers of the right hand while your left goes up for any more slack you can take. Every time I snarl-up doing this I swear I'll get me a light automatic reel for their quick, positive action are a virtue of importance.

When you consider rods there is a chance to put a sizeable dent in a check-book. I've handled handsome rods costing nearly a hundred good dollars each. But being just an ordinary fisherman myself, I tote along three moderately-priced rods, preferring the flexibility in type of use of three fair rods to one of higher cost.

If I could take only one rod into the Rockies, my selection would be a 3¼ ounce rod, seven feet long, two joints, selected bamboo, that will play a fifteen pounder if I should hook one. It is whippy and tough as whang leather. I happened to mention to a friend of mine who makes rods, how the nine foot, three jointer that is my other regular rod, was too long for the average mountain creek, how I caught flies well up on the shank of a hundred foot spruce about every third time and the trout saw me when I tried to get untangled from the too-high cast and what a blessing a light, fighting seven foot rod would be. Next thing I knew he'd sent me one. It is a number-one rod for mountain streams. Highest powered piece of fishing plunder I've had in a badger's honeymoon.

Those are two rods and for the third I pack along a short-jointed, low cost affair that can be stored in a tackle box; one of those "Sunday" rods. This is for friends who might abuse a good rod and for emergencies.

Creel, fly book and leader box to keep a supply of two or three leaders moist and ready, are handy. Then there's boots, a landing net, that is important, when you can't tire your fish to a finish, then lead him to shallow water at the bank and hoist, not jerk, but just lift him easy. Well, from there on, what you take along is your own choice. Probably there are plenty who have pet ideas that are contrary to what I've already said. There's as many ideas on how to trout fish as there is on courtin' a widow.

Recollect, I warned you, this was just conversation, not advice; but if it's given you any pointers, you're welcome.

A trout just jumped over where the willows hang low over the pool beyond the horse barn; another up in that second pool by the foot-bridge. That means flights of insects that come out around sundown, have started. The breeze is strong enough to kick up a riffle on the beaver ponds in the upper meadow. You go try your luck and I'll come along with my outfit. We ought to get enough for a good plate-full for supper.

Just you keep remembering, trout are the temperamentalest fish and you have to be on your toes to out-smart them.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN KABEL

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

**FISHING FOR CUTTHROAT AND NATIVE BLACK TROUT
IN AVALANCHE LAKE**

Navy's Master of Mitts

**A silhouette of Spike Webb
whose job is to make boxers
out of the young midshipmen**

by ARTHUR GRAHAME

*"There'll be leather meeting leather
Yes, it looks like nasty weather
But the Navy men are never stopped by
storm!
We have traded in our books
For a lot of jabs and hooks
And that other team will find it mighty warm!"*

THE final words of the war song of a thousand midshipmen of the United States Naval Academy echo among the lofty rafters of McDonough Hall as a cheer leader's upflung arm stops the chorused chant.

Sudden stillness, broken only by the faint undertone of excited whispers, settles over the big gymnasium.

Midshipmen everywhere. Hundreds of them in their blue undress uniforms crowding the bleachers of the cheering section. Other hundreds of them, resplendent in dress uniform, seated with their "drags" throughout the hall—tall girls, short girls, dark girls, blonde girls. Navy officers, ranging all the way from jaunty ensigns to gray-haired rear admirals. Brown-faced gobs in their best shore-going blues. Navy blue, gold braid and shimmering silks—drawn by the lure of the smack of red leather against hard bare flesh, the Navy sends to the ringside the most brilliantly colorful crowd that the grim old wallop game knows.

The gymnasium lights flicker out as the dazzling ring lights flash on. The referee slips between the ropes. Now the boxers—a midshipman and a civilian collegian. Lightweight.

The gong clangs. The boys come swiftly out of their corners and touch gloves in the traditional handshake of the ring.

Two-minute rounds. Only three of them. No time for anything but fighting.

And how they fight! None of the safety-first tactics of overpaid professionals. The shuffle of ring shoes on resined canvas, the gasp of hard-caught breaths, the smack of leather as the punches go home sound loud in the tense stillness of the big hall. Only soft-voiced "ahs!" and "ohs!" break the requested during-round silence.

They haven't been in the ring a minute when the collegian lands a beauty on the midshipman's jaw. The Navy boy goes down. "That's the end of him!" mutters a lean-faced flying officer sitting next to me. But he gets up at the count of nine. He's

groggy, but that doesn't keep him from going after his opponent red-headed. The collegian connects again. Again the Navy fighter goes down. At the count of nine he is trying to get up—and not making a very good job of it.

Clang! The gong ends the round!

The midshipman's seconds have to carry him to his corner, but it is easy to see that he still is boiling over with fight. He regains his strength rapidly as they work over him in a clamor of cheering, of shouted advice, of shrill feminine cries.

The gong goes for the second round. The Navy fighter doesn't try to stay away from his opponent. Navy fighters

aren't trained that way. He feints the collegian into a lead, sidesteps the punch, and lets fly with all he has left. He lands on his opponent's jaw so hard that he knocks him right through the ropes—and knocks him cold!

Fight follows fight—seven of them, in classes ranging from one hundred and fifteen pounds to unlimited heavyweight. The Navy boxers win most of them.

They almost always do. Since the leather-pushing game became a recognized inter-collegiate sport at the Naval Academy in 1920, Navy boxing teams have engaged in one hundred and seven dual meets. They have lost three of them—one to Syracuse in 1931, and one to Syracuse and another to Virginia in 1933. They have tied three—all of them six-bout meets with Yale. And they have won one hundred and one! How did the Navy boys get that way? To find out, you'll have to cut back something like a quarter of a century to a dingy dressing-room in Baltimore's dingy old Germania Männerchor Hall. Seated on a hard board bench, a tired preliminary boy who had just won the decision in a hard-fought four-round scrap was unlacing a pair of soggy mitts.

This fighter was a portside—one of those fellows who boxes with his right foot out in front, and swings over a haymaker left when he thinks he sees an opening.

A slight, quiet-voiced colored man stopped beside the weary youngster.

"Let me give you a tip, boy," he said kindly. "Your left hand is your best hand. Always keep your best hand as close as you can get it to your opponent's face. Jab with it. Hook with it. And another thing—keep moving to your right. That'll help you to keep out of range of the other fellow's best hand—which nearly always is his right."

All boxers, from preliminary boys to champions, have to listen to a lot of unasked-for advice from self-judged experts. The tired scrapper paid little attention to this bit. He just went on unlacing his gloves. The slight colored man walked away.

Another fighter came over and sat down on the bench. "Gee!" he exclaimed. "What did he say?"

"What did *who* say?"

"That—say, don't you know who you was talking to? Why, that was Joe Gans!"

Joe Gans, famous "Old Master" of the ring, then was lightweight champion of the world.

The preliminary boy tried out his teachings and found them good. Before long he had, as the ring-wise say, "turned himself around"—and learned to fight with his left foot advanced and his left arm extended, his fist always close to his adversary's face. Later on he had a chance to work out in training with the kindly Old Master, and perfected his new technique.

That left hand of his became famous in Baltimore. His left jab became a work of high art. As the admiring fans said, he "spiked" his opponents with it.

That's how Hamilton Murrell Webb, for the past fourteen years boxing coach at the Naval Academy, coach of four Olympic boxing teams, and champion maker of ring champions, got the nickname of "Spike" by which he is hailed wherever the Navy has mixed gold braid and red leather—which is in the majority of the ports

of the Seven Seas. And that's how Naval Academy boxers, and through the Academy's two-fisted graduates all Navy boxers, including Jack Sharkey, ex-heavyweight champion of the world, got the highly-educated left hands that have helped to make them famous—from old Joe Gans, via Spike Webb.

It was a long and sometimes rocky trail that led Spike to the job of Navy's master of mitts.



When he was fourteen years old he was fighting preliminary bouts at Baltimore boxing clubs. In the next few years he won more than his share of thirty-odd bantam-weight scraps. Fame came his way in 1916, when in the tenth round of a fight with one Battling Kennedy he accidentally knocked out the referee, and then, twelve seconds later, put his opponent to sleep.

The notoriety produced by this fantastic achievement wasn't healthy for Spike. Through it his father heard of his fistic activities, and ordered that they cease. Unwillingly Spike obeyed, and got a job as a playground athletic instructor. But in 1917 he was back in the ring, and he had to break a long winning streak to enlist in the Army as a private.

Before long he was made boxing instructor of the Twenty-ninth Division. He was promoted to sergeant before they sent him to France, where he taught fisticuffs and bayonet fighting. Spike's most vivid war memory is of his own Battle of Verdun. Let him tell the story:

"In October of 1918 I was ordered to Verdun with the advance headquarters of my division. By that time the citadel, which was mostly underground, was about all that was left of Verdun. And the canteen of the citadel, which was down plenty deep, was the most popular place in the city—partly because it was the safest place. So as soon as I could, I made a bee line for the canteen. And who should I meet there but Charlie Ledoux, the featherweight champion of Europe, who was a captain in the French artillery.

"There were a couple of hundred French soldiers, and a few Americans, in the canteen, and before long someone got the bright idea that Ledoux and I ought to entertain the gathering by going six rounds. Charlie and I had been talking fight and drinking *vin rouge* for an hour or so, so we were both willing to oblige.

"I'll never forget the setting of that fight—the damp stone floor and the dripping stone walls of the long, low underground chamber, the stifling atmosphere, the dull crash of the big German shells falling far overhead, and the smoking oil lamps hanging from the ceiling and throwing their uncertain light on the hairy faces of the French soldiers who crowded around the improvised ring.

"Maybe it was patriotism, or maybe it was the *vin rouge*—anyhow, I felt that I was fighting for the honor of the A.E.F. I could see that Ledoux was all steamed up, too, and guessed that he felt the same way—that he was fighting for the honor of the French army.

"Ledoux started fast, and in the first couple of rounds he hit me with more boxing gloves than I had thought there were in Europe. In the third round he landed on my jaw so hard that I thought that one of those German shells had come through the ceiling and cracked me on the head. Then he rushed me, and knocked me down.

"It would have been a lot easier to stay down, for the going sure was tough. But something inside me said: 'Get up and

fight!' So I got up off that cold stone floor and fought.

"In the fifth round I sent Ledoux down with a straight left to his jaw. He was game, and he got up on the count of seven. I could see that he was half dazed, but I was too nearly all in myself to be able to finish him.

"When the final round started we both were in pretty bad shape. But Ledoux came out of his corner like a wild-cat, and socked me on the chin so hard that the canteen seemed to whirl around my head in staggering circles—wet stone walls, smoking lamps, hairy-faced Frenchmen and all the rest of it. But somehow I kept on fighting, and I landed some good wallops before the referee called 'time.' He said it was a draw—and that was fair enough. Whenever anyone asks me what was my biggest ring thrill my mind snaps right back to that scrap—the one fight for which I didn't get a cent!"

Eventually Spike was appointed chief boxing instructor of the A.E.F. He coached the American team that won the bulk of the boxing honors in the Inter-Allied Games. Two fighters on that team later became world famous. One of them was Eddie Egan, of Yale, who won the Inter-Allied middleweight title, and later both the American and British college heavyweight championships. Spike says that he is the greatest fighter who *didn't* turn professional. The other was Gene Tunney, the Marine from

Greenwich Village who won the A. E. F. light-heavyweight championship and later the world's professional heavyweight title. It was while he was working with Tunney and Egan and the other A.E.F. fighters in a little gymnasium in the shadow of the Cathedral of Notre Dame that Webb invented the inside right hook that he has taught all his Navy boxers to use.

This blow is something like Kid McCoy's old corkscrew punch. The fighter using it holds the elbow of his right arm close to his side before starting the punch. Then he shoots his right fist at his opponent's head. Just before it lands, he twists his wrist inward, giving the punch a sort of corkscrew hook. It's a deceptive blow that is difficult to block, and if it is properly delivered it will upset even a husky heavyweight. It was Tunney's effective use of this wallop that he learned from Spike Webb that slowed Dempsey down in the early rounds of the rain-swept battle in which the ex-Marine won the title.

Coming home from the war in the summer of 1919, Spike found the Naval Academy athletic authorities looking for a boxing coach. He signed a contract. Both parties to that contract won. Navy got a crackerjack coach with a personality that soon made him popular with everyone con-

needed with the Academy. Webb got a job at an institution of learning where boxing is rated a major sport—not as a rather disreputable stepchild of the athletic association.

At the Naval Academy boxing is second only to football in popularity—and a good second to football. Good ring material usually is plentiful, and each year a large squad of candidates reports for the team.

The sport is so well thought of by the officers on duty at the Academy that they are keen on having their sons—most of whom are headed for the Navy—become proficient, and Webb's Saturday-morning class of "Navy Juniors" is largely attended by enthusiastic boxers who range in age from three to sixteen.

"I believe," Spike will tell you, "in two-fisted fighters who are at least sixty per cent on the left—in boxers who have good left hands. I teach every man on my squads to jab, hook, uppercut and block with his left. Good boxing form is very important. I work hard to develop accurate timing of punches and clever footwork. But there is something even more important than good form. Fighting spirit! Admiral Wilson, who used to be superintendent of the Academy, left us a saying that has become Navy gospel: 'A winner never quits, and a quitter never wins!'"

Boxers are like other college athletes—they need a little psychological help from their coach now and then. Sometimes it is enough to slap a kid on the shoulder and tell him to get in there and win. A few respond only to sad music and melodrama—everyone shaking hands with everyone else, and not a dry eye in the dressing-room! Webb once helped a team through a tough meet with Yale by playing "Anchors Aweigh" on a phonograph just outside their dressing room.

Some years ago, in the Intercollegiate Championships, a Navy boxer, Bob Goldthwaite, was matched with Jack Wirt, of Penn State. Goldthwaite was good, but Wirt was more than good, so Spike knew that his man was going to need some help.

While the team was getting ready for the trip, Webb told Goldthwaite to find a basketball jersey with the number 29 on it,

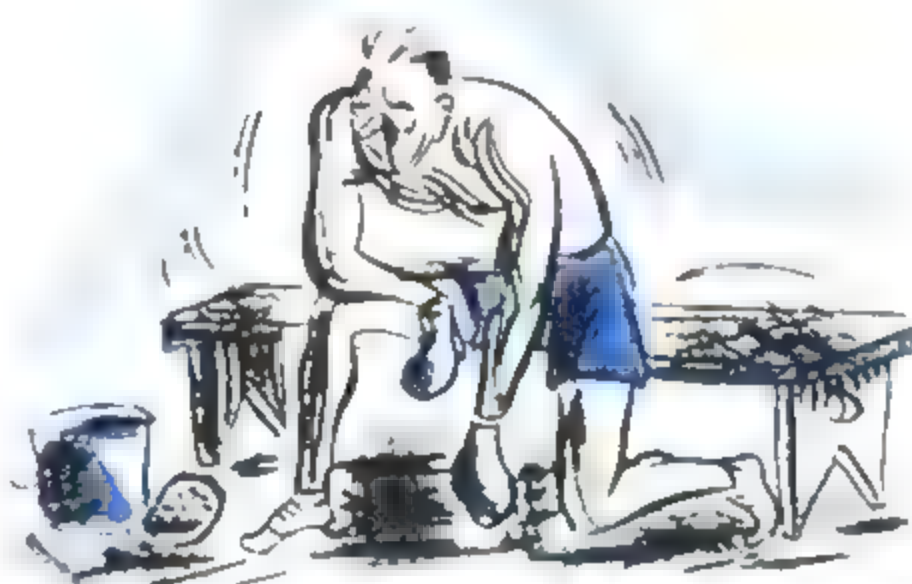
and wear it in his bout. Being a good midshipman, Goldthwaite obeyed without asking questions.

When the boys got into the ring Goldthwaite happened to turn his back on Wirt, and the Penn State boxer got a good long look at that big "29." Webb had tipped off some of the Navy rooters, and they started to yell: "Make it

thirty, Bob! Make it thirty!"

Goldthwaite didn't know what all the shouting was about, but Wirt thought that he knew—that his opponent had landed twenty-nine knockouts. Determined not to be the thirtieth victim, he boxed so cautiously that Goldthwaite got the decision.

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No Spare Wings in Hell

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second turn worried me. Jerry was climbing too steeply. I wished I'd flown around the field with her a couple of times before I got out. I don't know why I didn't. I never soloed anyone like that before. . . I thought the motor missed on that last turn. Maybe not. . . There she is approaching the field now and gliding in for the landing. The glide looks a little flat. . . Those high tension wires at the end of the field ought to be removed. Somebody will hit them some day. . . Keep your flying speed, Jerry, keep your flying speed! For God's sake get that nose down! . . . I think I must have muttered to myself all the time she was going around the field.

She was close to the ground now and had more speed on her glide. I could see she was going to be a little late in levelling off. Hold her off! I shouted, as though she could hear.

The landing wheels brushed the runway and bounced the ship in the air. I was scared as hell she'd yank back on the stick and fall off in a stall. She didn't. She eased forward on the stick, gunned the motor and set the ship down beautifully. I quit biting my nails, grinned and waved her on for another take-off.

The second time around she landed like she was carrying a basket of eggs. I was awfully proud of her.

I walked over to the ship and you would have thought I was the one who just soloed. I didn't tell anybody but I had the jitters. Of course I thought she'd be riding high and elated. She wasn't. She was flushed and sore as the devil. "I was lousy, Skipper!" she said. "—Perfectly lousy!"

"Don't be silly," I beamed. "You were swell!" I climbed on the wing while she taxied to the hangar.

"That first landing," she continued a few minutes later, "was simply awful. I'm so sorry I didn't do better for you."

I put my arm about her as we walked to her car. "It's doing the right thing after getting in a jam that proves a pilot," I told her. "You're a credit to me, Jerry, and I'm proud of you."

I think she was crying as she drove away. Women are funny. I don't know now whether at that moment she was very happy or very sad.

I stood there thinking of that night of our first flight together and how she gave me that quick kiss. We never kissed again. Of course I always wanted to pet the devil out of her but I never did. I don't know why. It wasn't like me.

. . . A month later I had completely forgotten that hunch of mine. Jerry had twenty-five hours solo time now and was doing so well that I didn't worry.

And then it happened.

Riker came late to the field that afternoon. I was in the air at the time with a student. The Auditor told me about it later. He said Riker ordered his ship out of the hangar and while the mechanic was warming it up, Riker got to razzing Jerry. Told her he didn't believe she could fly worth a darn and a lot of other things that finally got under her skin. The Auditor didn't know he had been drinking and I guess Jerry didn't either. He always held his

liquor pretty well. God knows his stomach had enough practice. A short time before, however, one of the boys had seen Riker in the lavatory where he tossed off half a bottle of Scotch.

Anyway he sold Jerry on the idea of going up with him to see what she could do. There were dual controls in the ship. But just before he took off with her, he shouted so everybody could hear: "You think that instructor of yours is so hot—I'll show you something!"

The ship nearly got away from him on the take-off. A strong cross-wind was blowing and he drifted crazily on the runway. Once in the air though he climbed decently enough to about two thousand feet.

It was then I came in and landed with my student. I saw Riker's ship in the air but I paid no particular attention to him. After I shut off my switch however I could hear his motor and the sudden change in the rhythm. The beat picked up rapidly until it grew to the sobbing whine of a power dive.

I glanced upward. The crazy fool was coming down directly over the airport. Some spectators on the field scattered and ran for cover. When he was dangerously low, Riker flattened out suddenly without any feeling for his ship. I wondered how much the wings could stand. Now vertically he zoomed with all the gathered speed of his dive catapulting him upward. Gradually the wailing scream of his motor lessened in the climb.

A mechanic approached me. "Riker's drunk!" he said.

I laughed. "You're telling me?"

His face was absurdly serious. "But, Skipper," he explained, "Jerry Allen is with him."

I don't think so few words ever cut so deeply in my heart. I've known fear. Every pilot has. And if one says not, he lies. But I'd never known this sort of fear. I felt cheated, helpless. Ours is a business of action but there was nothing I could do.

Again and again Riker came across the field flying low, diving at us or bouncing his wheels on the flat hangar roof. Once he tried a barrel roll at two hundred feet and came out of it side-slipping crazily within fifty feet of the ground.

Had he been a good stunt pilot things would not have been so bad. But it wrenched me terribly to see each error he made near the ground that bordered on a stall and spin. Hours compressed themselves into minutes and now I stood there almost stolidly with an odd feeling of physical detachment. It was as though fury and fear had scourged me like a fever.

Riker began looping at a thousand feet. He pulled over well enough on the first loop although he lost a lot of altitude. On the second, however, he failed to have enough speed and stalled just as he was going over on his back. The ship hung there a second and then whipped downward. I wanted to look away but I couldn't. The engine choked for a moment too and a stream of bluish smoke trailed upward like a signal of distress. The space between the plane and ground contracted like a rubber band.

I knew the crash was certain unless the motor caught its rhythm again and gave Riker his chance to pull out. Gratefully I now saw the stream of smoke from the exhaust thin out and vanish. The motor sputtered and caught its stride. Riker frantically regained control and pulled up in time—the backwash from his prop raising the dust on the runway. As he and Jerry climbed to safety I leaned over and vomited on the ground like a baby.

I guess Riker had enough. He maneuvered beyond the field and approached for a landing. All this time, mind you, Jerry had not touched the controls. No two pilots fly exactly the same and of course I knew every phase of Jerry's flying. There was an even smoothness to her turns, an unconscious grace that was a part of her. As the ship came in I could tell from the angle of glide that Riker was still at the controls. I had taught Jerry to have a little more margin of safety. Riker always glided in pretty flat.

Suddenly I got worried again. Riker was undershooting the field and those high tension wires were directly ahead. The motor was idling nicely and there was ample time to gun it and give the wires plenty of clearance. Of course I thought he would. But the drunken judgment of a natural fool is likely to be tragic. I thought I saw Jerry half turn in her cockpit toward him.

I'll never be able to erase from my mind or my life the scene that followed. Riker flew straight into the wires! There were terrific flashes and the sharp, spitting crackle of thirty thousand volts let loose in hell.

I ran with dread smothering my heart. The ship, broken and dismembered, hung a second in the twisted wires and then fell fluttering like a bird with a wound of death. Strangely it did not catch fire.

As I reached the wreckage, Riker, white and terrified, crawled from the remains of the rear cockpit. A slight smear of blood was on his hand. With agony I looked for another movement in the ship. There was none.

I gripped Riker and tore the flesh of his arm. "You bastard!" I said, "what have you done?"

In his eyes I could see the slime of his soul. "She-she was flying," he stammered and looked wildly about. He knew I knew he lied. "She-she wanted to make the landing," he whimpered. Then fearfully, drunkenly, he turned and ran.

The forward cockpit was horribly smashed. And there too, courage and sweetness lay crumpled. Oh God! . . . There was the stench of death.

. . . For weeks I could not bear to go near the field. It was awful enough to spend those torturous days alone with memory. I brooded and sopped my mind with drink. It helped a little. . . Every morning I flew with her again. . . And within me hate for Riker grew and festered.

Doc Gowan came by to see me. He didn't call me "Hero" this time. He was dead serious. "Listen, Son," he said, and I could see the dew point in his eyes, "you'll never pass another physical exam if you keep this up!"

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DIRECT COLOR PROCESS BY ROSLOW

THE FABRIC PICTURE *for* CAMP WEAR



DIRECT COLOR PROCESS BY RUSKINOW

THE FABRIC PICTURE *for* RESORT WEAR

No Spare Wings in Hell

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I had the jitters and put my arm about him to steady myself. "Doc," I said, "I don't—I don't give a goddam!"

Someone called me later on the phone. "Riker's got a new ship," he said, "and a lot of new women."

I was full of Haiti rum but that remark sobered me. I didn't touch another drink for twenty-four hours and I didn't sleep either. I put on my hat and headed for the door. I waded through the cigarette stubs.

The battery of my car was run down so I took a cab to the airport. The air was humidly close and I didn't need a barometer to tell me thunder was in the making.

Have you ever noticed how casual and unfeeling life seems to be after some tragedy? The airport impressed me that way. Planes were taking off and landing, taking off and landing. The shops were busy and mechanics were razzing each other as usual. I felt sick and a little furious.

In the office the Auditor greeted me pathetically. Right then I changed my opinion of him. The whole tragic happening had torn him surprisingly. He'd never been in a business before that had death on the ledger. He didn't know how to balance it. Well, I thought I did.

It may have been coincidence that Riker an hour later came to the field. I could see absolutely no change in him. No shadows lurked in his eyes. His was the same sneering insolence. "Cheer up," he said patronizingly to me, "it's life."

The Auditor looked at me with scared, washed-out eyes. I said nothing to Riker.

A mechanic got out my ship and the sound of my motor being warmed quickened my pulses strangely. I stood in the hangar as Riker climbed in his own new ship and took off . . . What is the measure of sanity? I don't know. My mind was very clear that morning. I still think that if Riker had not chandelled on his take-off I would have gained control of myself . . . I flicked my cigarette at the No Smoking sign in the hangar and walked quickly to my ship.

Have you ever been away a long time

from something that was a necessary part of you? It was good to be flying again. A ship is not an inert thing. It's not just a mass of wood and steel and fabric any more than a woman is just so many pounds of bone and blood . . . Eagerly she responded to my desires. Steadily we climbed and carelessly we followed the course of Riker's ship . . . There was increasing cloudiness. Massive thunderheads spread out threateningly on a wide front. A quick glimmer of lightning stabbed the darkness in the west. Roughly the air churned and tossed my ship and now the rumble of thunder sounded above the noise of my motor. I tightened my safety belt.

Far ahead, Riker swerved around a cloud. I opened throttle wide and followed. His course was on the route toward Providence and Boston. The weather looked better in that direction. There was a line of light on the horizon. But now the thunderheads were closing in on three sides. Rain lashed and spattered on my cowling. A violent up-draft nailed me to my seat.

For ten minutes I lost sight of Riker but I held to the course and came out of the rain suddenly in the clear. Riker was not far ahead.

We were in a sort of canyon of clouds with black and ominous walls of vapor on either side. Below, the ground was blotted out while above, the sun rode mockingly untouched by storm and disaster. In this queer and fleeting avenue of sunlight our motors droned their dirge of destiny.

I was afraid that any moment Riker might turn and try to retrace his course to the field. Obviously so far he had not seen me. He had a radio on his ship and must have gotten reports that things were better at his destination. I thought of something ironically funny but I couldn't smile.

I climbed until I was about a thousand feet higher and just a little to the rear of him. His ship was fast and I was flying with almost wide-open throttle . . . I hesitated a second. I murmured a lot of crazy things to myself about Jerry. I wanted her so. All the anguish of those weary weeks of suffering lay heavily upon my heart. All

the bitter ends of me united now in this moment of purpose. Hate swept through my brain and body and out through the clenched fingers of my hand to the control stick. Downward my ship and I pointed together and the steady note of the motor rose in wailing crescendo.

Riker turned and saw me just before I closed in. He was flying without goggles and I could see his face clearly. All the insolence was gone. Only white fear remained. How lightning fast is thought and memory. Out of my boyhood flashed a vivid scene along a river bank. That same frantic expression was on the face of a boy drowning. I helped to save him.

I kicked rudder viciously to the right and honestly tried to swerve away. I want you to believe that. But the panicky fool turned in toward me. My propeller chewed into his right wing and sheared it off clean. I can hear the tearing, crackling sound of it now. I felt sorry for my ship. My head snapped forward against the crash pad. It may have been the impact but it seemed to me a searing flash of lightning tore the sky apart. I met oblivion gratefully.

After that I experienced some odd things. You've read about what it's like to be on the dividing line of death. To me it was like gliding in a deep, deep silence. No thunder, no conflict, no pain. I'm positive I saw Jerry. I couldn't tell whether she approved or not but she held out her arms to me. I wanted terribly to go to her but there was a queer force operating there that ignored individual desire.

I found out later my ship crashed in a tree and broke my fall. I read the accident report of the Department of Commerce inspector: Due to poor visibility no blame can be attached to either pilot as a result of this collision . . . No blame! I hope to God he's right!

I don't know why I'm telling you all this. Maybe I want to square myself and make you see it wasn't all my fault. If you can I'd like you to think well of me. I'm still flying. Riker is not. There are no spare wings in hell.

The Vaudeville Doctor

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now," said the vaudeville doctor.

Two days later, there was another telephone call from the tenor—an excited call.

"Just begin at the end," said the vaudeville doctor.

"I hit a high C," the tenor was saying. "He stopped dead in his tracks and blinked at me. Then he walked up to me. I let on I didn't see or know him. Just kept on with the aria and mopping. He waited till I finished. Then he held out his hand.

"He asked me a lot of questions quick. I told him how I was just over from Naples. Told him how I liked Verdi, Puccini, Leoncavalli and Louis Swanson. He admitted he was Swanson."

"Swell," said the vaudeville doctor. "Only give me the true facts."

"He took out a notebook and asked me for my name. I gave him a line just like you told me. Then he closed the notebook and put it in his frock coat. Didn't say another word. Just smiled and waved his

hand. Then he was gone."

"Perfect!" said Mr. Stiegel. "Just sit tight. He'll have a contract for you in a couple days. Don't get writer's cramp. And don't forget my cut is fifteen per cent."

The vaudeville doctor hung up the telephone receiver. The Rogers booking now came under the head of finished business—all but collecting.

Mr. Stiegel turned his attention to framing a classical routine for a vaudeville performer who could play two pianos, a harmonica, bass-drum and cymbals, and balance an Indian club and a pot of flowers on his forehead, all at one and the same time.

There were other weighty matters, so that the days passed swiftly.

When the vaudeville doctor did have further word from Rogers, it came indirectly.

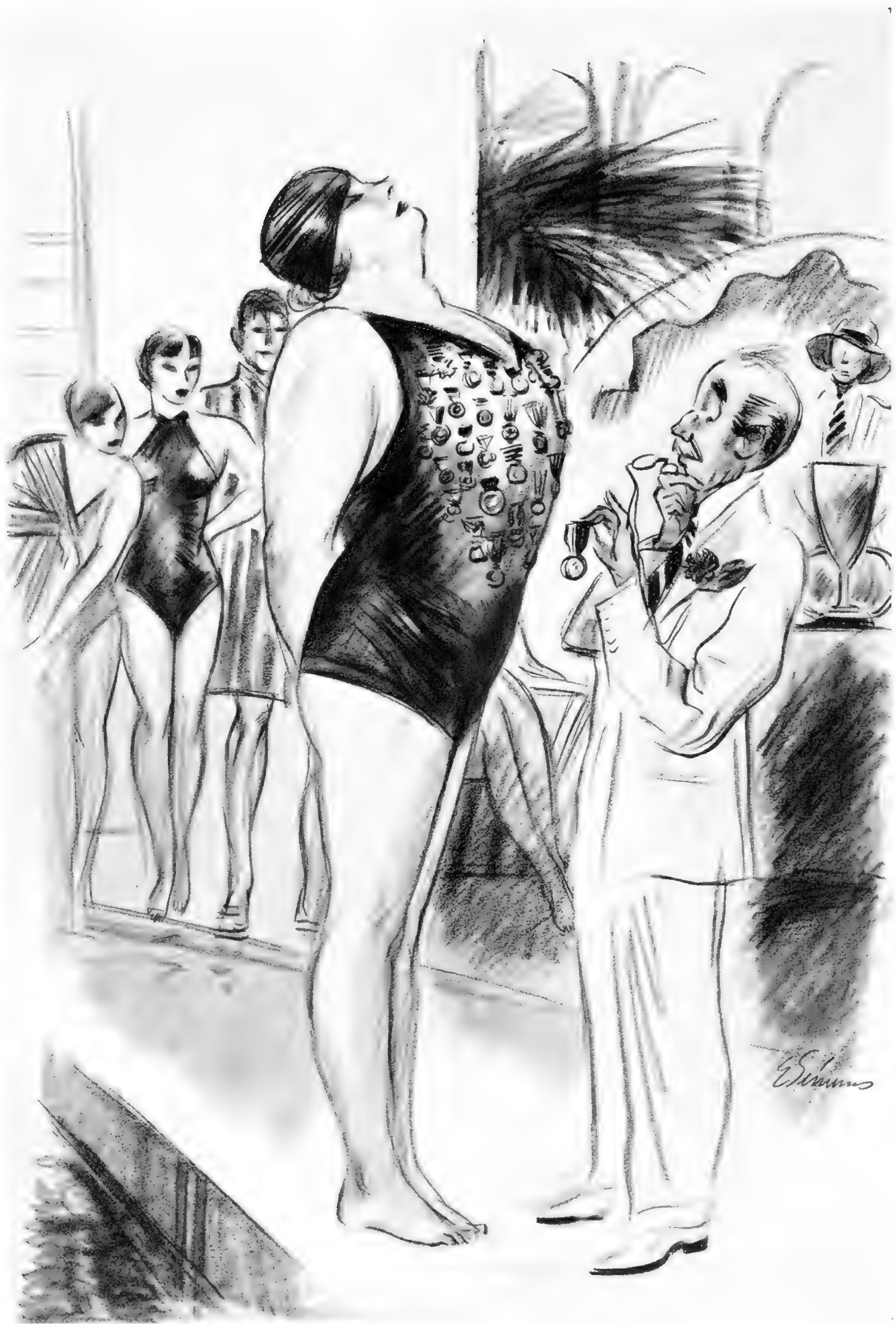
Mr. Stiegel had picked up his favorite racing and theatrical daily and was skimming the headlines when his attention was arrested by the name of Freddie Rogers,

used in a head together with Swanson's name.

"Fred Rogers, an employe of the Swanson Theatre building," Mr. Stiegel read, "was arrested at eleven o'clock yesterday morning and locked up in West Forty-seventh street station, awaiting arraignment in West Side court, charged with assault on Louis Swanson, noted composer-producer, and owner of the theatre building.

"Rogers attacked the producer without provocation or warning, using a dripping floor mop as a weapon. Mr. Swanson escaped serious injury, but his dignity and clothing were nearly ruined.

"According to the arresting officer, the attack was wholly unjustifiable. In fact, police learned that Mr. Swanson had taken an interest in the lowly mopper, and a moment before the assault, had informed him that as owner of the building, he had arranged for Rogers' promotion from ordinary mopper to head porter, at a wage increase of seven dollars a week."



"En Garde"

An article showing that the quality of swordplay has not declined with its quantity

by MARSHAL L. OLIVER

THE gentle art of fencing is surpassed only by professional hockey in its ability to foment animosity and dissension. In every mock duel, seeds of grim reality are implanted by the nerve straining tenseness of the contestants and by the extreme difficulty of refereeing swordplay with final accuracy.

Thanks to the fact that we can still take our fencing or leave it, the latent desire to draw blood seldom becomes manifest in this country. In continental circles, however, where mastery of the sword is a more valuable social accomplishment than genteel proficiency with knife and fork, questionable decisions are not lightly to be ignored. Many an international bout has been refought to its bloody conclusion in the seclusion of some dew-drenched garden.

One of our leading maitres d'armes (fencing coaches to you) involuntarily participated in an affair of this nature during which his opponent received "satisfaction" at the cost of an eye. As usual, the events leading up to the encounter appear to have been piquantly idiotic. Our friend had taken no part in the original quarrel. Some chance remark of his uncle, a caustic and elderly swordsman, provoked a member of the opposing team, but when the customary challenge ensued, Uncle was considered no match for his much younger antagonist. Nephew therefore was unanimously chosen to defend the family honor.

While retaining its popularity in every country, in every age, fencing has undergone repeated modifications of style in conformance to local custom and temperament. The Japanese swordsman, for example, wields a double-edged, two-handed weapon. With ever-growing rapidity his blade describes a wide figure eight which seems to present a defense of solid steel.

In Germany, on the other hand, the approval of Herr Hitler has restored to favor the familiar and inartistic mensur. Student duellists may once more take perverse pride in the display of mutilated cheeks which bear mute witness to their defeat at the hand of some more skillful opponent.

The type of fencing taught in this country has gained general acceptance in international

competition and is mainly French in origin. It provides a choice among three weapons each of which requires its peculiar technique.

The foil, most familiar of the lot, has a slender, rectangular, tapering blade set in a weighted handle. The blade of the epée, or duelling sword, likewise tapering, is trifoil in section and longer and less flexible than that of the foil. The saber has a flattened, rectangular blade of diminishing thickness, like a blunt knife. The grips of foil and epée are curved to fit the hand and their guards usually hemispherical. The saber has a straight grip and a hilt which envelops the hand as does that of a cutlas.

Certain general conditions govern the use of all three weapons. The contest takes place on a strip of rubber or cork, three feet wide and thirty feet long. It is presided over by a referee or director with

the assistance of either two or four judges. The latter determine when and how a contestant has been struck, announcing their observations by cries of "Touch" or "Foul." The director arbitrates disputed points, awarding a touch in favor of the contestant who in his opinion scored first, or at his discretion, disallowing the point entirely. He gives the signal to start the play and interrupts it in response to the judges' exclamations, or whenever it seems to him desirable to do so.

With both foils and saber, the bout usually lasts until one contestant scores seven times, whereas an epée bout is completed by the landing of a single touch, or when, if no point has been made, some previously determined time limit has been reached.

The epée bout adheres closely to the procedure of actual duelling. A touch, if made with the tip of the weapon, may be scored on any part of the anatomy. This fact, coupled with the consideration that victory and defeat are only one point apart, induces a degree of caution in epée fencing which detracts in large

measure from its appeal to the spectator.

The foils target is restricted to the torso. Touches on the limbs or neck constitute fouls and are not counted. When a foul has been made, however, a halt is called and play resumed at the center of the strip. The area to be defended being greatly reduced and the margin of safety increased to seven touches, far greater latitude of movement is possible with foil than with duelling sword. Foil technique is the most difficult to master, but is essential to progress with the other weapons.

Saber fencing is the most spectacular of all. The entire body above the waist is vulnerable to attack which may be delivered with either the point or the edge of the blade. Wide, overhand slashes are parried and returned in quick succession. The ring of steel against steel, or the stinging thwack of blows landed on tight canvas jackets lend a warlike glamor to the saber bout. A sense of reality is imparted by the knowledge that every unparried blow contains a more potent threat than the mere sting of defeat.

Contrary to popular belief, the swordsman's skill has not diminished since the time of d'Artagnan and Scaramouche. Indeed, the expert of today might prove more than a match for either of these worthies, to whom fencing was simply a convenient form of mayhem. The slender blades now in favor permit a speed and variety of attack which would have been impossible with the cumbersome rapier of antiquity.

More than any other sport, fencing requires experienced coaching and close adherence to form. Previous to the war its popularity in this country was limited by a shortage of available instructors. It was associated in the minds of laymen chiefly with West Point and Annapolis where, as

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Best Irish Whiskery

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Golden Lilies, but the distortion makes me slightly queasy.

The coolie woman disappeared. The sing-song girl bowed, smiled professionally and pointed to a tabouret on which lay a box, a spirit lamp, an opium pipe.

"You wantchee little *ahpien*, Mastah?"

"No, thanks. I don't smoke it."

"Then you likee little wi-eeen?" Her voice was hopeful.

"No."

"Oh, too bad. My have got goodee wi-eeen. Makee dlunk."

"I don't doubt that. What's your name?"

"Unwo'thy name: Lien."

"That means Lotus, doesn't it?"

"Oh, you savvie Chinese?" And she launched into a stream of Cantonese.

I held up my hand. "No. I don't savvie. Order some wine if you wish. But don't expect me to drink any."

She clapped her hands. An old woman, with an absolutely bald head, appeared. The order was given.

"Now, Mastah, my singee you little song?"

"No. Let's talk."

That butterfly zither in the other cabin was still tinkling away, and I did not wish to blur its ineffable sound. I leaned back against two pillows that the girl had slipped behind me. I removed them. Being stuffed with some substance almost as hard as sand, they might have been good for barricades. Barricades! They reminded me of the morrow.

"What do you think about the war?" I said.

"Whattee wah?"

"Stymied. Well, what about the Communists? The Reds?"

"What thing, Com—? Com—?"

"Communists. I'll try to explain by asking you another question. Would you, by any chance, feel that you were Acquiring Merit if you stuck a knife between my ribs?"

The slitted eyes met mine for an instant, then she looked quickly away. She made no answer. Was the hotel-keeper right, I wondered?

I said bluntly: "You don't like foreigners do you?"

"No. But my likee you."

I relaxed a little at that. "Oh, go 'long with you! To the Chinese I have a tallow smell. Sheep-like. I've been told so."

"Allee fo'eignah' have gottee that," she agreed unexpectedly. "My know. My have go to fo'eign school, Chlistian gul school, one yeah."

"Then how come you're on this boat? I wouldn't call this precisely a Christian institution."

"My fadeh, my modeh, b'long poo'. No have got money. Sell me to man who own ten, twenty, thu'ty, fo'ty, fitty—"

"That's enough. You needn't practice counting in English now. He owns fifty girls, I take it."

"No. Fitty boat'. Two-thlee hunnu'd gul'."

"He must be pretty rich."

She took a deep breath. "He have so muchee money he no can makee count. Have got big wheel', how you say—?"

"Lotteries?"

"Yes. And he own whole ahmy. Jus' now, his ahmy gua'd Canton. No let othah sodjahs come in. Othah sodjahs *plenty bad!* They say they will makee sta've *allee* flowah boat gul'! Flowah boat, they say, is onlee fo' lich man. They b'long fo' poo' man."

"I know. They're panting for the proletariat. So you're not pro-Communist, after all. Sister, you relieve my mind. But do you mean to tell me that the owner of this boat is the Defense General for Canton?"

"Oh-a, no. He own Gen'l. He own two-thlee Gen'l'."

"What does he look like?"

"My neveh have see' him. He mos' powehful man in South China. Allee same, likee God. Evv'y night I bu'n thlee candle'. One candle to Chlistian God, one candle to Buddha, one candle to Boss Man who own this boat."

"Three candles! That tears it! So you think he won't let the Communist army in! I wish I were as sure of his power, as you are."

At that moment the wine was brought in, by the old woman. A most bilious yellow liquid. The girl poured out a glass and offered it to me.

"I told you I didn't want any. You drink it."

"My not allow'."

"Drink it, I say!"

She gave me a frightened look, and obeyed. Then she smiled.

"Ey-yah! That b'long velly good!"

"The hell it's good! Your taste's vitiated. Have another."

"Oh-a, no."

"Yes."

She had another, filling her glass to the brim.

Here I am, I thought, engaged in getting a sing-song girl potted. Making her break one of the rules of her guild. Men may drink triple-distilled rice brandy until they see triple; but their little, paid entertainers must remain stone-cold sober. I found that I had a mission in life. I was causing mutations in the immutable East.

"Have another little drinkie," I said.

"Tly and stop me!" she said vivaciously, and swooped erratically down on the bottle.

The serving woman came to the door and voiced what was evidently a protest. The girl's face flattened; it became ophidian. She loosed a series of stinging words that sounded like nothing so much as a snake's hiss. The old creature threw up her hands as though to shield herself, and backed hastily out. I gave my little companion a closer scrutiny. That outburst was no ordinary bit of temperament. It indicated tautened nerves. But small wonder, in such times as these. I could feel my own nerves keying tighter. Silence fell between us. I broke it by asking:

"Does this boat stock any whiskey? Or does it?"

Lien was all business instantly. She clapped her hands. Reluctantly the old woman returned. The order, in Cantonese, was given. A bottle was brought, a pint. I read the label:

"*Best Irish Whiskery.*" And underneath: "Imporated by Nippon Kaisha from Dur-

blen." At the bottom was a cock-eyed crown—upside-down—to indicate Hanoverian patronage.

I took a drink and gagged. Fire and brimstone! Liquid lightning! That whiskery had never been any nearer Dublin than a pot still in Osaka.

"Flower of the Lotus," I said, "we foreigners are the curse of the East. It's our impact on Japan. We've taught the Japs to be bootleggers and now they're demoralizing China. They're worse than the Communists."

I put out my cigarette; I was afraid I might start an internal combustion. That concoction was just about pure alcohol.

Without being urged now, the girl was methodically and rapidly emptying her champagne (*sic*) bottle. Once she paused and listened to a distant sound. I strained my ears, too. It was more a shaking of the air than a definite noise; remarkably like the blowing up of an ammunition dump.

A sampan bumped against the flower boat. Voices were raised, outside the cabin. Questions and answers. The talk grew louder, tinged with a definite note of hysteria. The tinkling of the zither in the next cabin came to a jangled halt. There was the scurry of felt-soled slippers on the deck. A woman broke into noisy sobs. Lien, who had been squatting on her haunches, teetered an instant, then, with a jerk, got to her feet. As she did so, her jacket gaped and the ivory handle of a knife started to work out. With an absent-minded gesture, she pushed it back. She tottered on those ridiculous stumps of feet to the cabin door. There she stood, listening intently to the flurry of voices.

I could feel a cold trickle of sweat roll down my back. Were we surrounded? Had the Communists come? To them, I would be just a capitalist—and a foreign one, at that. Splendid for bayonet practice! I got up from the mat, walked to the door—none too steadily—and looked out, over the girl's head.

No, by God! No Communists. Just one lone old man in a sampan. He was talking sixty to the dozen.

Back I went and sat down by my bottle of whiskery (Best Irish). To my surprise I found that it was empty. Then I began to laugh. I laughed and laughed—and found that I didn't know exactly how to stop.

Suddenly Lien wheeled around. Again her face had flattened so that it looked reptilian.

"You makee laugh, huh? My think not!"

She fumbled in her jacket, caught the knife-handle and pulled out a short but wicked-looking blade. She waggled it unsteadily in the air. The weapon seemed razor-sharp—along the entire edge. Then she began to speak in a high monotone:

"He have sell us out! The grandson of a tu'tle!"

I stopped laughing. Abruptly. And for no more conscious reason than I had started.

"Ahmy have come to Wes' City! My velly lich boss have sell out! My hope he be re-bo'n a bed-louse! Ey-yah! My no stay to watch'm come! They no set fiah to *this* boat an' makee *me* bu'n! They no makee me sta've—likee coolie."

Then she looked down. Her eyes focused

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DIRECT COLOR PROCESS BY ROSENCA

THE FABRIC PICTURE *for* BEACH WEAR

Best Irish Whiskery

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on me—if it could be called a focus. They were like two opaque windows behind which a fierce light leaped and danced.

I knew that I should do something—and do it now—about getting that knife away from her. But my mind persisted in opening like a camera shutter, making me see again that man in the wing chair at the club, with the kitchen blade stuck in his heart. Was I destined to join him? My body seemed held in a lethargy that was a little hypnotic, conditioned by the queer waggling of the knife in the girl's hand.

Suddenly she gave a lunge. The blade swept in an erratic parabola. I shrank back,

lifting a hand heavy as galeena lead to shield my face. She uttered a shivering, eerie cry, an inhuman sound, and took a staggering step backward. The knife dropped from her hand . . . The next instant, the door of the cabin was empty.

I lurched dizzily to my feet, staggered to the door and peered out over the low rail. For a brief moment I glimpsed a bit of color in the river below: the iridescence of her peachblow jacket merging with the iridescent shimmer of the flower boat lights.

I started to plunge in after her, but a claw-like hand clutched my shoulder. It was the old woman.

"You let gul go. You no pull'm back." Her mumbling voice was calm, queerly authoritative. "She wantchee go. You savvie?"

The current here was powerful. Even as the old woman spoke, the water became empty, a smooth-flowing purple flood.

Her voice went on, inexorably: "This b'long las' night fo' flowah boat. Wah have come. Tonight, many peoples makee die."

The air was damp, hot, miasmie, but I began to shiver.

Death was about me. Death hovered over the lightless city, cowering in an agony of fear.

The Resurrection of Solly Moon

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forgot about Solly for a while, until our jugs was getting low, and then we found the little twerp holding his jug and sort of crooning over it. By cripus! He was a sight. His face was all lit up like a full moon and his mustache looked as if it was sticking straight out of his lip, and he was looking down at the machine.

"My God!" says Leo, pointing with his wooden leg, 'look at that!' Solly had the jug upside down and there wasn't a drop left. It was dry as the inside of a five weeks' drought and all the wet was inside Solly and was just commencing to percolate out. He says, 'God damn! Those boys have got some steam in the old engine.' Then he turns to Jarvis. 'I thought this oil kept a man from sweating. I feel warm. I don't know if I'm sweating. But I feel kind of warm.' 'It works like that,' says Jarvis, looking at me, 'if a man ain't accustomed to it, he has to work the sweat out.' That idea puzzled Moon. 'Work?' he says. 'Hey-hey! I've got two boys. Georgey, is there a good head on?' Georgey looks at the gauge and says there was a good head on. The old engine was just shaking in its shoes. Solly says, 'Then we'd better commence. I got them two boys to sweat for me.'

"That won't do no good," says Jarvis. 'A man has to do his own sweating.' 'Is that right?' says Solly. 'But if I done that those boys would get a bad idea.' 'Did you ever work?' asks Leo, looking at him. 'Sure,' says Solly. 'Who do you think run this machine before them boys got big enough?' 'I thought maybe the missus did that?' 'God damn!' says Solly. 'She carried the watter to the engine.' 'Then,' says Leo, 'you'd better feed that thresher.' 'What for, hey-hey?' 'Solly, did you ever see a engine get up steam without no safety-valve?' 'Once, God damn!' 'That,' says Leo, 'is what this here oil does to a man that don't work.' 'Hey-hey!' says Solly. But he was scared. In two shakes he was down on the apron. 'Make quick-hurry-up,' he says to us. 'Gimme some bundles.' He yells like a screech owl to those boys to start the engine. He was scared."

John listened. Across the valley we could hear the chug-chug of the tractor working at Brown's.

"Solly Moon looked so queer standing ready to work that the rest of us laid right hold. That Jarvis dope was powerful all

right. In two shakes we was feeding down the buckwheat. And the old thresher was humming, and the engine was rocking it was so full of steam let loose. Them two boys was setting there feeding in those pine knots and just grinning. I never see two boys grin so hard. They didn't say nothing, but they kept the door open and stuffed the old girl like a roasted chicken. The skin was peeling right off of them but they didn't care. They had their Pa working for the first time in history, and they aimed to make things hum.

"I don't remember much. But I never fed down bundles the way I did to that sweaty little twerp. I never see a man's hands travel the way his did. He'd ketch the bundle with his knife and have it cut in one wipe and feed it in with the other hand. He was leaning right down over the machine, his face all full of chaff, and the sweat just running off his mustache like rain off eaves-troughs.

"I sweated, too. I had to hump to keep ahead of that lousy little bum. And Leo, who was bagging the grain because he couldn't make no progress in a straw mow with that wooden leg, he had to hop, yes sir! He certainly had to hop. I could hear him pegging back and forth over the floor right through the ructions that old thresher was making.

"The dust was too heavy for the flue to carry. It come out like poison over everything. You couldn't hardly see. And it built up on my neck faster than the sweat could clean it down. The straw went up the carrier just like a river. That engine was doing double speed and the way that thresher took the works was wonderful to see.

"In half an hour we found out we'd finish in half time if the machine held together and the bearings in that little twerp didn't burn out entirely. But that didn't seem likely. All the time we could hear him screeching, 'Hey-hey!' or 'Make more quick-hurry-up!' or 'God damn!'"

John himself was almost sweating at his recollections.

His eye came round at me.

"Well, none of us never knew rightly how it happened. We was all too busy keeping time. But all to oncet that engine sort of sighed and set its teeth, and the thresher give itself an extra shake, and the whole barn rumbled. And then things commenced taking place. First there come a hiss from the dust flue, just the way spit sounds on a

hot flat-iron. Then Pete who was gathering the straw from the carrier let out a holler. I took one look and seen him wrapped about the head with a pair of pants, a shirt and an old hat, and while I looked there come out a dirty set of underwear and a pair of boots and then a lot of white things like a skeleton hit him in the stummick and he yelled and went down.

"But the engine kept on whirling and I looked down and seen Leo bent over the basket letting the oats run through his fingers. And all at once his face got kind of sober, and he was peering down at something in his paw and I seen it was a heart beating. Yes sir! Just as plain as day, right through the dust I seen a beating heart! But just for a minute. A lot of other things kept coming after.

"And then by holy crinkus! I looked at the apron and seen that Solly Moon was gone!"

John wiped his brow.

"I hollered to them two boys and I seen they had seen. They was grinning like two black devils. But when I hollered they turned off the power and a little at a time, that machine slowed down and the noise got less and the dust rose and everything was still. I took my hat off and climbed down the ladder. The others come down too. The machine was quiet when he gathered round Leo and looked down at the basket, Jarvis holding the clothes and the skeleton of little Solly Moon. We felt kind of mean, then, I guess, having built him up like that with likker. He was all there. And Leo just looked down with his hat in his hand and puzzled at that basket. He always puzzled over things like that. And pretty soon he said, 'I never thought a little man like him could carry such a lot of lights and liver.'

"Well, I tell you we felt pretty bad, and even them two boys looked sort of unhappy, like they didn't know what to do next. I guess they'd always been bossed so they couldn't get along without their Paw.

"We sat down and had a chew, and pretty soon, Jarvis asked, 'Where's the buttons?' and he held up the pants. Yes sir, even the buttons was sifted off him! We looked around and after a while we found them in the sifter. Yes sir, in the sifter, lying in among the dirty buckwheat.

"But we left them there and sat down again and wondered what to do, and Jarvis

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The Wine Without Manners

Adding one major item to the reasons why Jimmy Walker has no need for New Yorkers' pity

by FRANK SCULLY

WHEN I took my first sniff of New York's soot-scented air after sixteen years away, I was mowed down by the ship news mob for last-minute news of Jimmy Walker, the talk of the town, whom I had just left on the French Riviera. Was he, they wanted to know above all, doing much drinking? I said he drank a lot of tea.

"How much?"

"As much as four cups," I told them.

Nobody laughed. They saved that for the headlines. It was the spot-news of the day: Walkersipping Ceylon! That guy Scully, the copy desks agreed, could certainly think up some grand gags.

Days later, when the laughter had subsided, I began tabulating the number of times I had seen Walker drink *anything else* but tea.

I remembered three, and two of those were routine champagne dinners, Thanksgiving and Christmas.

The third was at Da Bouttau's.

It took me five years to find the place of Alexander Da Bouttau, so you couldn't be expected to find it overnight. It's in the old town of Nice, back of the cathedral. It's something like La Tour D'Argent outside of Paris only so much different that the comparison begins and ends with that "something."

In Bouttau's you dine in the kitchen. You walk among the pots and pans, and you lift a lid here and there, and you say "I want this, and I want that."

Pointing is *de rigueur*.

Then you say with a wink, "*Et deux bouteilles du vin sans etiquette.*"

That isn't "wine without manners" as it seems to read, but "wine without a label." The boss returns your wink, makes the sound of a bottle popping, and life begins at forty.

In the end after wining and dining as you never did before, you figure your own bill, with the aid of one of the coatless waiters, and find that the banquet for four has set you back less than the cover charge at any glittering gyperry in New York, Paris, Berlin or London.

But first you have to get to the place. I suppose I've piloted seventy celebs to the hideaway in my time, and to a man they've come out beaming and made over. Some have had to be restrained from whipping out

their hunting knives and cutting out chunks of atmosphere to take back home with them.

The night I took Jimmy Walker there followed a hard day's work arguing where to place the commas in Betty Compton's biog. We had been at it from three in the afternoon till nearly eight o'clock at night. Four

cups of tea at five o'clock hadn't bucked him up as usual. Nor had the Riviera views from our villa, the next best to the angels, stayed his fatigue.

"Let's knock off," I said.

"And go home," added James the First.

"No, let's go to Da Bouttau's," I said.

Betty looked at me in doubt. Jim doubled. Da wasn't on any recommended list they knew of.

"Anything like La Poularde?" Jim wanted to know.

"Or Caramello's at Cap Ferrat?" added Betty.

"No."

"Or the Colomb d'Or at St. Paul?" tried Jim.

"No," I said. "Better."

"Where is it?" asked Jim.

"Down in the old town of Nice," I said.

"All right," said Betty. "Let's go."

"Not with my stomach," said Jim.

So naturally we compromised by going to Da Bouttau's.

We started down the hill from our villa into Nice. Near the Municipal Casino at Place Massena, we dived into the old town where the streets are so narrow you can almost touch both walls, stretching your arms. In and out of these winding alleys we honked till we came to the cathedral.

The spot looked like a bad print of the old Five Points. We parked by backing our car

against a couple of garbage cans and, *voila*, *en face* was Da Bouttau's!

Not *de*, mind you, but *da*, a Nicois' emblem of nobility, like *von* in old Germany.

The place was perhaps twelve feet wide and fifteen high. That's all. It had a phoney looking antiquity about it, and I could see that Jim was ready to scam if anybody so much as lifted a pewter cup.

We couldn't get in the main door, as the place was crowded, and tables had been placed against it. We had to go down a side alley. That door let us practically into the soup tureens.

What a scene! Old Provence at its gayest! Chattering diners. Steaming dishes. Red and white tablecloths. Room perhaps for twenty persons and thirty already dining there, Da Bouttau among them. Waiters wiggled around the tables in white aprons and shirt sleeves and waistcoats. (Vests to you.) Customers bent over steaming pots.

The ceiling was hung with everything from dried gourds to a red umbrella. The clock was a frying pan with its business end used as the face of the clock. Wisecracks in Nicois decorated the whitewashed walls. Some official body had awarded Da Bouttau a diploma for his cooking, and with heaven-sent humor he had hung it on a wall upside down.

It didn't look as if we'd get a seat for weeks. But one sniff, and the Walkerian schnozzle knew it was among the aristocrats of the supper table, and was reluctant to leave.

I spotted Da Bouttau himself. He looks like any other waiter—the same apron, shirt sleeves and waistcoat as his hired hands. He was giving a client a musical program by rubbing a thumb on the seat of a chair and then on a wall and a window. Both of them thought it was great. He saw me and waved. He came over.

"*Quatre places.*" I said.

"*Four.*" corrected Da, whose English doesn't go much beyond that. It doesn't need to. The family's clientele for sixty-odd years has

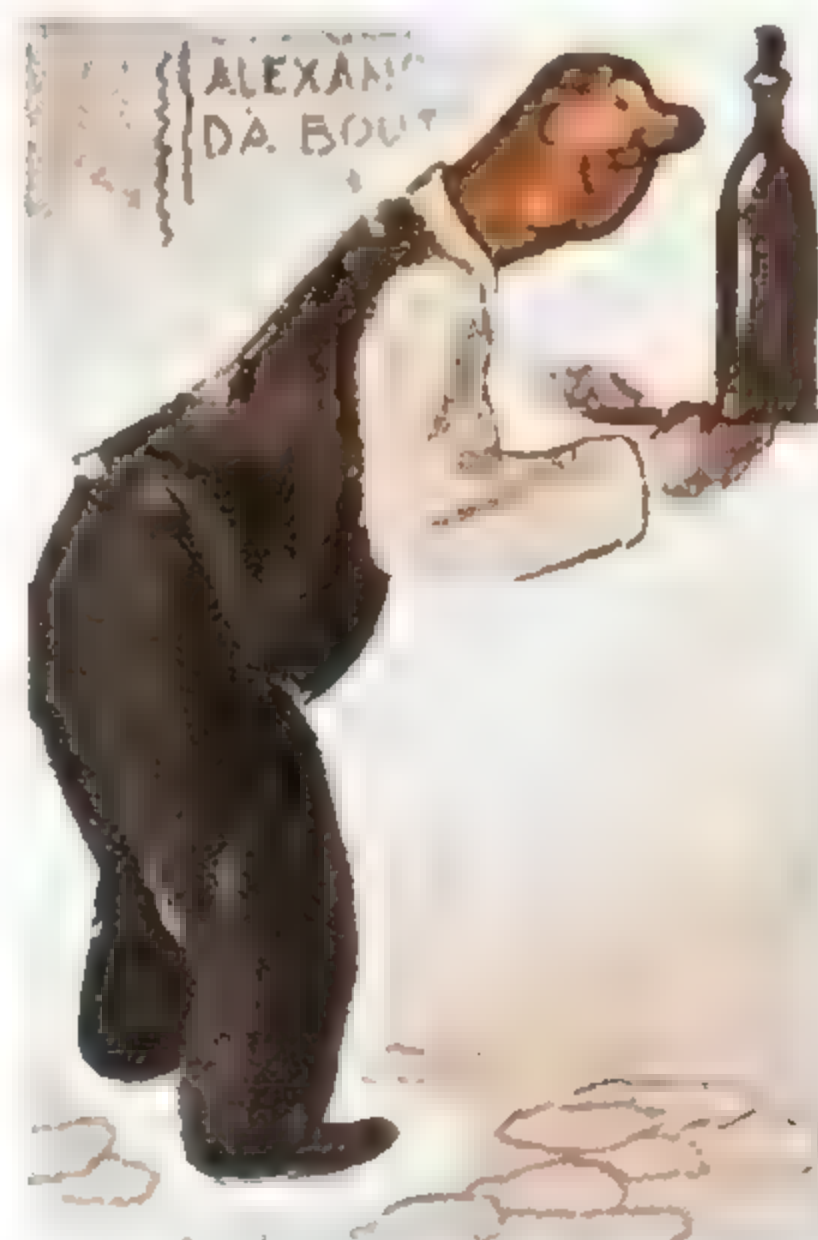
been almost wholly French *gourmets*.

"Upstairs?" suggested Da.

"No, no upstairs," I said, "Here."

"All right," said Da. "Take my table

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*“What! We’re not going to Europe this year? But Madame,
I promised my friend in Cannes . . .”*

Crazy in the Stir

Continued from page 28

Dirty duffel bags, hanging from the bedframes, chunked into fat, unshapeliness with the convict's personal belongings. Coats, shoes, towels, mirrors, hanging from hooks or from the bedframes. Pictures of loved ones in fatuous poses stuck about in prominent view:

Men reading, studying, drawing, playing cards, playing musical instruments, making beaded bags, making inlaid jewel boxes, typewriting, talking, laughing, cursing; men coming in and out from between the beds with the sliding, sidewise motion of crabs. Faces with different featuring, different expressions, but all masked with an indefinable sameness:

Noises! A million noises! The noises of the men—shoe heels clumping, yells, curses, laughter, singing; the noises of the dormitory—radiators clanking, leaking steam pipes hissing, iron beds scraping on the concrete floor; the alien noises seeping in through an open window—the far-away whistle of a locomotive, the sharp bleat of a melody horn from a passing car on the highway, the distant wail of a police siren. Confusion!

Heat rolled up from the base of Red's brain.

He moved down into "Black Bottom," down at the far end of the dormitory next to the latrine where the Negroes bunked. He would see what the hell they were doing, the black, stolid animals.

Georgia Skin . . . A group of black faces . . . Cards spinning face-upward in the yellow glare . . . Soft, intense curses rising like thick smoke . . . A black boy strumming a uke, feet patting time . . . Another cutting a step . . . A circle of swaying bodies . . . Hands clapping in rhythmic beat . . . Animated faces . . .

Chiselers! Petty larceny! Most of 'em in for stealing a ham or strong-arming some hunky laborer. Some in for carving up their women. The days passed and they didn't know it. Time meant nothing to them.

A voice came out from between two beds—"Oh, de little black train's a'coming; Oh, de little black train's a'coming . . ."

A chunky black man and a lean yellow one were sitting side by side on a bed with a Bible between them chanting the repetitious drone.

Red thought: Probably in for rape, both of 'em. Singing to a white man's idea of God. Don't know what the hell it's all about. Don't wanta know. Just an emotional release, a substitute for sex.

He turned away disgusted. His face was streaked with unrest. He wanted to break something in his hands; he'd like to see a man die; like to see the blood coming out of his mouth. Anything to get away from the damned monotony, the damned sameness day after day.

His feet were heavy. His mouth was sour. He bit his bottom lip, moistened his lips with his tongue. Wasn't there something he could do? Wasn't there something in the whole damn prison that a man could do when he got the jitters? Read? Hell, he'd tried that. Just so many words running together before his eyes. Gambling—but he was broke.

He took a package of Bull Durham tobacco from his pocket and rolled a cigaret.

The tobacco tasted like so much straw. Damn!

He went over to a window and looked out into the yard. Search lights illumined the yard in sketchy brilliance. Buildings loomed dark and ugly. A prison guard turned the corner of the big red-brick chapel, making his rounds. Scared grass covered the ground. A lone star peeped through the branches of a tree. The sky was a black blanket; the lone star a scintillating jewel.

And then the years began rushing in parade through his mind. Years in the Bronx alleys where he had been born—narrow streets, dirty gutters, filth, penury—but even at that he had been able to see the sky. Years on the street corners at night, selling papers to the world that went by under the stars. Years of schooling with a mob of young thieves when a right angle meant escape from a copper's bullet. Years overseas in narrow trenches—cooty-ridden, cramped with the damp, unwashed bodies of thousands of men—but the sky had been wide and big and shell-lit above him. Years in the Marines—Nicaragua, China, long expanses of blue water—the world for a parade ground. Years when he had roamed free, hoboing over the country, working here and there—a girl or two, casual friends, a little money now and then, no responsibilities . . . Free! Free!

Places and years and space—*space!* Years colored with the red of adventure, lived beneath a broad expanse of sky, where a man could breathe . . . Not in a tomb like this . . .

He caught himself quoting: "Long years ago we lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow . . ." Hell! Why hadn't he got it there, on Flander's Field? Not even a scratch. And now—rotting in a lousy prison.

He felt stifled. A wet towel steamed on the radiator at his side. The vapor caught in his nostrils. He couldn't breathe. He opened the window. The cool, damp air blew against the hot haze of his mind. He breathed deeply. Even the air from the yard seemed to have a prison tang, but it was a relief from the stale air inside.

His mind whirled as he stared into the night. His thoughts ran together. But there was no pity in the black heavens.

God! He wanted to scream out to all eternity . . .

Somebody picked a clear melody on a mandolin at his side. A voice crooned a tentative note; he listened to the words: "Sometimes I wonder while I spend the lonely nights . . ."

He turned toward the voice. A lad with a babyish face was sitting in a cane-bottomed chair with the mandolin in his lap. "Like that one—Star Dust?" the lad asked.

Red nodded. A cute kid, he thought. Wonder what he's in for? Reminded him of a girl he had once known. Lessee, her name was some queer name. Leone! That was it—Leone! In Sacramento. And there was that other girl in Nicaragua, when he was in the Marines. He had forgotten her name, but her face lingered in his memory, like—like the tune you remembered in the middle of the night for years afterward. Where had he read that?

He listened to the lad's voice again, a different song now. He noticed that the lad

had white, even teeth. And then the tune of the song formed words in the turmoil of his mind—"Let me hold you in my arms tonight, Leone."

He caught a fleeting, crystal clear view of his life in its prison perspective. Maggots crawled in his mind. He said in a low, deliberate voice: "Damn the God who created me for an existence like this."

The lad with the mandolin looked startled. Red felt ashamed. What was he damning God for? It was his own damn fault that he was here. If he had stopped when he missed the guy the first time; if he had just stopped and put the gat back in his pocket. But he hadn't. He had emptied it in the guy's guts. But then the fellow had called him a name that a man couldn't take.

His fingers splayed, stiffened, as his thoughts went back. The bastard wouldn't call another man a name like that.

He turned abruptly, squeezed between a bed on his way back to the center aisle.

He heard a soft voice saying: "Don't, don't now! Somebody'll see . . ." He looked down into a bed that was curtained on one side. An older man sat beside a good-looking youth. The youth's face looked rouged and powdered.

Then the youth's bold gaze met Red's hot stare and his eyes seemed to ask: "Well, what's it to you?"

Wonder if he could learn indifference that way? Red thought. Wonder if it'd make his time easier, make him forget space and the sky and the freight whistles on the Arizona desert of an Autumn night. His mind thickened. He smiled one-sidedly.

Then he moved on out into the aisle. Let people go to hell their own way. That was tolerance. The thought was bitter amusement in his mind.

He circled in the aisles. His eyes caught pictures but his mind gave them no significance:

A prizefighter prancing in the areaway at the front end of the dormitory, showing off his muscles: A deaf convict studying a law course: A half-blind man with thick lens glasses, head thrown back, walking fast up and down the floor: A sleeping Negro brushing at a fly crawling over his face: A blunt-fingered man carving an inlaid jewel box: A time-table sticking from the pocket on a lifer's bed: A negro porter shining shoes: A slim, bald man in purple shorts stamping a crease in his pants stretched out on the floor.

A phrase caught his ear as he passed a bed—"That ain't Miriam Hopkins, that's, er-er, that's . . ." He shot a quick glance between the beds. Two gray-haired men were poring over a Movie Magazine.

He moved on down the aisle, stopped by a pillar, leaned against it and rolled a cigaret. His face was blunt. A sudden voice in his ear startled him—"I didn't go to do it! . . ." He dropped the cigaret from nerveless fingers, whirled around the pillar. The voice trailed to a jumbled mutter. A sleeping convict turned over in his upper bunk, brushed his hand across his face.

Red's "Damn!" was salty. He didn't go to do it. Talking about it in his sleep. He just oughtn'ta done it, the lousy rat. That was all.

He went over to his own bed. His mind

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COURT COSTUME FOR THE SEASON OF 1934

EXCEPT for the silk foulard handkerchief worn as a sash in place of the more prosaic belt, this outfit is unreservedly recommended for tennis players of every rank. The reservation regarding the colored waist-handkerchief is not made as a matter of taste, since this item is smart as all get out; simply in recognition of the fact that many tournament officials still stick to the letter of the traditional rule against any deviations from plain white in the attire of contestants.

So, if you are a tournament player you'd better have a white belt handy, if only for the actual playing time spent in organized competition. The Polo shirt is of white, light weight wool, with half sleeves; the trousers are of white flannel, or that finish which goes by the name of cricket cloth; the shoes are plain white canvas sneakers (although the new Cuban Jai Alai shoes are equally suitable, and smarter in appearance). The breast insignia is a small monogram.

(For answers to all dress queries, address Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

Crazy in the Stir

Continued from page 114

felt dead. It cost him a conscious effort to raise his hands. He felt that if he heard another word distinctly he would scream.

He picked up a magazine and began thumbing the pages. He couldn't even see the pictures. He flung the magazine down, cursed under his breath.

He got out into the aisle again, began moving fast. Hot blood was screaming in his head. His eyes were glassy, unseeing. Hate was a knife in his mind; he hated everything, everybody.

He bumped into a fellow, wheeled, knocked him to his knees. He heard a voice saying: "Get the hack, some of youse guys. Red's on the rampage."

He turned toward the voice. Gray legs scuttled down the aisle in the direction of the guard's desk. He moved the other way.

And then . . . What the hell? His pace slowed. Was he afraid of the screw? He turned half around, turned back. No-o-o, not scared—but you didn't borrow trouble with the guards.

His quick stride carried him fast. Figures brushed past his vision. His red-rimmed eyes made pictures. He found himself down in Black Bottom again.

The darkies had a "strut" on . . . Instruments clanging . . . A saxophone wailing. Red looked for the saxophone, saw a black boy blowing a hair comb. Slender bodies swaying to the hot rhythm . . . Feet shuffling, patting . . . A brown boy bucking a step, cap pulled low over his eyes . . . White teeth

gleaming in black faces . . . Yellow faces were ivory masks in the shadowed corners . . . Soft voices were a steady beat of sound . . . *Laughter!*

The noise bubbled like hot tar in Red's mind.

But what the hell? The darkies were happy, they laughed. Nothing could hurt them. The days passed . . .

He moved on down to the latrine, got a drink of water at the fountain, leaned against the wall and rolled a cigaret, tossed the empty tobacco sack on the floor.

A crowd was grouped in a noisy discussion—a latrine discussion. He heard words—"That guy Dillinger's got guts, thassall! Just guts! Take a hunka wood and bluff his way out of that jail . . ."

His eyes located the speaker: A beardless youth trying to talk bass out of the side of his mouth.

Another voice took the subject away from him—"Naw-w-w! He had that woman bought. Look what he did to them feds. Say, listen, that baby was sweet on him anyway, but them feds now . . ."

Red's gaze shifted. The complacent, know-it-all voice got on his nerves. He saw a sun-burned face, scraggly hair. A farmer! A lousy farmer! Stole a chicken and just got to town.

And then a Negro's voice—"Ah'll bet ma life 'gainst a copper cent dat w'en dey ketch day guy dere'll be . . ."

Red said: "Make it even money."

Everybody stopped talking and stared at him. He met their stares, spat on the floor.

He heard a voice say: "Nuts!"

Dillinger! he was thinking. Just a kill-crazy bum driven by jittery prison years. He'd done his bit; didn't want to go back. Couldn't blame him.

He moved down to the other end of the latrine, took three rapid drags from his cigaret. He could feel the smoke way down in the bottom of his lungs. His skin was tight on his face.

But it was quiet down here. He tried to relax. And then sound crept into his mind. A broken commode leaked with a monotonous gurgle. The skin crawled on his face like the skin of a snake's belly.

He moved back out into Black Bottom.

A wail rose above the laughter, poignant, stirring with the anguish of a race that has learned to suffer—"All-l-lll night lo-o-ooo-OOONG, ah set'n, ma cel-l-ll an' mo-o-o-aaa-AAANNNnnn!"

The muscles tightened all over his body. His right eye began jumping in his head. His smile was twisted, terrible. Red chaos was his mind.

Crazy! He was going crazy! He couldn't stand it anymore. *God! God in heaven, he couldn't stand it.*

Visions lost all sense of perspective. Steel bars closed in upon him from all ungodly angles. He groped forward.

And then the lights flashed . . . And flashed again . . . It was bedtime.

Hot Night in Rockford

Continued from page 67

ously. She looked up and down the dark empty road, biting her lips. Her cheeks were sticky and a bit puffy from crying.

"Oh, do something, do something," she said and turned toward the salesman, half wailing. "Do something to me, you can do anything. Honest to God, you can do anything."

"I'll take you home."

"No. I don't want to go home. For God's sake, don't take me back."

Her whole face was twitching.

"Come on," said the salesman, "I'll take you home."

"Oh my God," moaned the girl and sat down on the telephone pole again and began to sob, leaning against the salesman.

"Come on," said the travelling man, "let's go home."

"No."

He gave her hand a pat and said, "All right, we'll sit here a while until you feel better, then I'll take you home."

So they sat silent for fifteen minutes. The salesman took his watch out, struck a match and saw what time it was.

"Come on," he said, "let's go."

The girl got up slowly, straightening her dress. She opened her handbag and began powdering her face.

She was a thin girl of medium height and not bad looking; she seemed to be about nineteen or so.

"All right," she said, "now you can take me home."

By the time they reached the carnival the lights were out and the grounds were empty. Two old watchmen stood talking, holding their lanterns. The trolley was a long time in coming and the salesman, still feeling brotherly, began cracking jokes to make the girl feel better and pretty soon she was smiling and looked happy. Once or twice she gave him a push when he told a good one.

Finally the trolley came along. It was empty and they sat alone, rocking gently in the seat as it went up the track. The salesman began taking stock of the evening; he was a business man and was in the habit of taking stock.

As they sat quiet in the empty car he began thinking that perhaps he was a fool after all, and looking sideways at the girl, who now seemed to be quite normal again, the brotherly feeling began to fade.

He cleared his throat a few times before he spoke and asked if she would like to come up to his room for a while.

"Oh no," she answered, "it's too late now, isn't it?"

The salesman said nothing, but he was saying plenty to himself. The lights of the center of town began to show.

"I suppose you think I'm a little crazy," the girl said.

"You ought to come up to my room."

"Oh no, really I can't."

The salesman was accustomed to arguing with tough customers who would not buy his line, he was accustomed also to arguing with women, but because the whole evening was practically gone now he felt a trifle nasty.

"What'll your mother say? It's late."

He saw that he had hurt her. She bit her lower lip. When they reached his stop both of them got off. The lights in front of the hotel were still on but the big electric sign was turned off.

"Well?" he said, standing quiet.

"I'm going. Thanks very much."

"For what?"

She began fingering her worn-out bag again. "Thanks just the same," and she hurried off.

He stood there until she turned the corner, then he went into the hotel, let the big wide door twang to, glanced at the cigar counter, saw that an old bald-headed geezer was on duty there and walked briskly up to the desk.

"Any mail for Mr. Gold?"

"No," said the clerk after looking. "Perhaps later."

"That'll be fine," said the travelling salesman and walked toward the elevator, wondering as he passed the rubber plant if the bleached blonde would be on duty at the cigar stand tomorrow.



"How about a game of polo Saturday?"

Petey the Beep

Continued from page 60

Ten minutes ago, Petey tosses a beeper ball. McGary and Bray are now in the hospital. where, I think, it will be found that they will never be the same again. At least not this season."

"You mean to tell me, chief, that this guy sends two birds to the hospital with one toss?"

"With one beeper. That's what I've been hinting at in my vague, round-about way," Jim sighs. "So that leaves just you and Collins, Joe. And somehow I am very reluctant to trust Collins with Petey here. From now on you, and you alone, handle Petey. From now on he lives in your vest pocket. He is your new roommate, Joe. Take good care of him."

I take off my mask to get a better look at Petey, the beeper boy. He does not look so dangerous to me. He has not spoken a word all this time. He just stands there digging his cleats into the grass and making marks with his toe.

"Can't he say nothing but 'Beep'?" I ask.

"Oh, sure," says Jim. "But he gets excited sometimes, and then he can't seem to get out the old words. He just beeps them. You know. Like this: 'Beep'."

"I know, I know," I say. "Well, O.K. with me, chief. I think that I will be taking my shower now."

"Take him with you," says Jim. "He has done enough for one day."

Well, I take this beeper under my wing. He is not such a bad guy after he gets to know me and can talk. I begin to suspect that Jim has been kidding me. But Petey assures me that this is not so. This old beeper ball has given Petey plenty of woe, it seems. He tries to tell me about it, spending half the night at it, but when he gets through all I can figure out is that it ups and crowns at least one unsuspecting party a week.

The next day Jim has scheduled a final exhibition game between the Regulars and the Rookies for the benefit of the population of Swansea, Florida. Me and Petey are announced as the battery for the Rookies and Collins and Sid Chalmers for the Regulars.

Petey and I arrive at the diamond and begin to warm up. He is not a bad pitcher, I discover, except for the fact that he is very slow with his delivery. The balls he tosses take an awful long time arriving and they don't hit the old mitt with anything like a thud. They just seem to float along and wind up by nestling down. I keep a very careful eye indeed on him, but I see no sign of anything like a beeper.

After we have warmed up for about twenty minutes, the game is called, and the Regulars take the field. Sid Chalmers is feeling plenty good out there on the rubber, and in no time at all our batters are out, one, two, three without even a smell of a hit.

The Rookies take the field then and I take my position behind the plate. Petey consumes about five minutes tossing me the five balls he is allowed to warm up with.

Then up to the plate steps Ollie Martin. He is the Goliath regular second baseman, and he slapped league pitching for 318 last season.

I signal Petey with three fingers, which means his slowest ball of all. Petey nods, toes the rubber, and begins his wind-up. Petey throwing the ball is funny enough, but Petey winding up is a most peculiar sight indeed. He wraps both hands behind his noggin, revolves both arms at once, and finishes up by dropping his pitching arm down in the vicinity of his belt. All this while he is bending further and further back until you wonder how he keeps his balance. Then just when you think he is going to throw the apple, he begins to straighten up again, and he coils into a very intricate species of knot. In fact, he pitches very much the way Babe Herman bats.

Ollie is watching him very careful all this time, and several times he lays back with his bat and gets ready to hit because he thinks Petey is going to throw it. Finally, he relaxes to wait. So, when Petey finally does let it go, Ollie is off balance. Even at that, the ball comes so slow, that Ollie has time to pull himself together again. In fact, he has time to pull himself together three or four times. Ollie starts to take his cut, stops, starts again, and winds up by ticking the ball with the end of his bat. It pops up into the air where I gather it in for an easy put-out.

The next two batters go through very much the same act and are easy outs, one on a pop fly to second and the other on a slow roller to first. Inning after inning goes by just the same. Even Joe Clancy and Jim Spain, both of them .340 sluggers, do not manage to nick Petey for a safety.



At the end of the eighth we are leading one to nothing. The Regulars have not even got to first base, and our run is very gratifying to me because it is the result of a hefty double when I catch one of Sid's fast ones on the nose and send it to the green pastures. We have a runner on the sacks at the time and he scores standing up.

We do not score in our half of the ninth, but I am feeling pretty cocky and

figure we do not need any more runs with a battery like ours. We take the field then, and our infielders begin to toss the pill around. Our outfielders are sitting down on their grass because they have learned to take it easy while waiting for Petey to warm up. I have my mask at my feet and am catching Petey's slow balls and tossing them back to him. The first batter for the regulars is Jim Spain, and he is standing about two feet away from me watching Petey.

"I think," he says to me as Petey is throwing his third warm-up pitch, "that you and this beeper are going to make a star battery. Collins can handle the other pitchers and I

will recall the McCurdy kid from Pittsfield as a relief catcher. You can handle Petey. Maybe the Goliaths are going somewhere this year. He looks good, don't he?"

"He looks very elegant, chief," I say. "He ought to win twenty or twenty-five games for us. I think this beeper ball is a phoney. Maybe he does get excited once in a while and beep. And maybe he does toss a wild one now and then. But, gosh, every pitcher has bad ones he has got to get rid of. I cannot figure how Bray and McCurdy both got conked by one of these featherweight pitches, no matter how wild it was. They must have been asleep."

Petey's fourth pitch finally tickles my glove and I snap the ball into my throwing hand and return it to him.

"Yeah," says Jim, knocking out the dirt from his cleats with his bat. "That's how I figure it. Keep awake, Joe, and you'll handle him O.K."

All this while, Petey is coiling up out there on the mound to throw his last warm-up pitch. He has a vacant look on his pan, as if he is thinking about something else, and I notice that he is making a peculiar writhing motion with his pitching hand.

"I figure we have been kidded about Petey—" Jim is saying, when suddenly he stops and his mouth falls open. My own mouth sags, too, I got to admit. Because in our general direction a ball is coming as if it is a bolt of lightning. Now I do not mind a fast ball and I can snag any fast-breaking hook. But this ball is very puzzling indeed. It seems to sag and spin and bob around as it comes up. I cannot figure how to receive it. First I hold my mitt up to my chest. Then I reverse it and lower it to my knees. I stretch it out and pull it in again. All this happens very rapidly, of course, but at the last minute I think I have the pitch doped and reach quickly down to my left knee at receive the ball.

Then—crack! Something whacks into the old noggin and bounces off and the last thing I hear is a yell behind me. When I come to again I am in a strange bed in a big white room. I groan and try to sit up.

"There, there, now," says a voice. I look up and see that it is a nurse and that I must be in a hospital. "Relax, now," says the frail. "You and your friend are both going to be all right."

"My friend?" I ask.

"Yes," she says, "Mr. Spain is in the next bed. He has a fractured collar bone. You have a broken nose and concussions. But you'll be all right."

The next day the nurse shows in a visitor. It is Petey and although he is very apologetic, he does not seem exactly surprised to see us where we are. Jim tries to find out about this beeper ball from him, but Petey is very much in the dark about it and declares he cannot get it through his noggin how it happens. Jim has to give it up, too.

Petey gets up to go then. As he arrives at the door Jim says, "Toss me that magazine on the chair there, Petey." But as Petey makes as if to toss it, Jim suddenly rolls over and ducks his noggin under his pillow.

"No," he yelps. "Don't throw it! Bring it!"

When Petey is gone Jim is very thoughtful

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Petey the Beep

Continued from page 119

for a while. Then he says: "I am darned if I am not losing my nerve. This beeper stuff has got me. I think I will dispense with Petey's services while I still have my self-respect and my ball club. So I guess you can start for East Paduka, Joe, just as soon as you are able to travel."

So this is why Petey and I are not in the big time. In fact, we are a long ways from the big time. We keep getting sold down the river, lower and lower all the time. Every manager thinks we are a swell battery, and then it happens. And they seem to think I am part of it. They still have hopes after the first beeper pops up. But soon no catcher but me will even toss a ball with Petey. And pretty soon after that the whole club runs for shelter the minute Petey picks up a ball. As this is very demoralizing to the teams, and as the fans soon learn to stay away from the park when Petey is due to pitch, Petey and

I get our walking papers very frequent indeed.

Right now we are in a kindergarten league down South, and Petey has not done so bad this season. So far, he has to his credit six umpires, twelve batters, and two fans from the stands. But his biggest success is the beeper he tosses right out of the park one day and brains a horse which has the misfortune to be lugging an ice wagon past at the time.

Yesterday, while Petey and I are talking to each other on the bench, I see the manager turn a fishy eye on me. I tell Petey the old familiar symptoms and wonder where we will be sent next.

"You know," says Petey with a vacant look in his eyes, "I am thinking of giving up baseball and going into my old profession that I have before prohibition. I could teach you how to do it. It is all in the twist of the wrist like this."

He moves his wrist in a peculiar, writhing gesture which I see somewhere before but cannot place.

"See?" he says, repeating the gesture "You lay the string of dough out like this and flick it quick like this. You do it this way and you can work very fast indeed."

"Well, Petey," I say, "for a fact, I do not think we are going to be in baseball much longer, because I do not see that there are many leagues lower than this one for us to be shipped to. So I am perfectly willing to enter your old profession with you. Just what is this profession to which you refer?"

"Oh," says Petey, "I am a pretzel bender. In fact, I am one of the best pretzel benders in the business."

Something seemed to be going to click in the old noggin then, but although I concentrated very hard nothing clicks.

So I give up the whole thing.

The Spriv's Master

Continued from page 55

"and not be stoppin' to talk with a fine musician like yourself. It's been a grand pleasure."

He held out his hand and the Spriv took it solemnly.

"And if ever," began the Irishman "ye're in London—"

"I'm sure to be there," said the Spriv.

"Sure, that's fine. It'll be the grand day when we meet again. Good day."

"Good day," said the Spriv.

"I hope ye'll have good sport—but I know ye will, I know ye will. Ye're too good a sportsman ever to—"

A moment later his words were cut off and lost in the sound of the wind and rain and

his little perky figure was driven across the half-flooded stack-yard and through the gate to the road. The sky had the strange glassy look of early winter darkness and almost before we heard his feet scraping on the road the Irishman was lost to us in the gloom.

For a moment or two the Spriv stood staring into the rain. When at last he came back into the hovel he turned upon us a look of aloof contempt, as though we were not to be numbered among the privileged. We said nothing.

But there must have been something in our silent eyes that he did not like, for suddenly he looked red and suspicious, then uneasy, and at last angry, as though he had an

idea we were laughing at him.

A moment later he was swaggering off across the half-flooded yard, in great haste, not heeding the puddles or the rain, and my grandfather was calling after him:

"Don't you want the gun?"

But the Spriv did not turn or answer. He went across the stack-yard and through the gate to the road as though he were in a great hurry to catch someone and the last we saw of him was as he disappeared down the road in the rain, looking like an angry and hopeless second in a walking-race.

It was a long time before we saw him after that and longer still before he came to borrow the gun again.

Navy's Master of Mitts

Continued from page 101

To lead the intercollegiate boxing parade for well over a decade, Webb has had to develop a flock of star mittmen. If you ask him which of his Academy products he considers the best, he'll pucker his lofty brow—he's gone bald in front—for a while, and then tell you Harry Henderson, of the Class of '25. A husky middleweight, he was a close-range mauler of the Jack Dempsey type who could sock 'em and rock 'em. He won the Intercollegiate championship by beating Yale's great Ben Funk, who never had lost a college bout. After being graduated he won a national amateur championship, and a place on our 1928 Olympic Team. He's a lieutenant in the Navy, now on duty at the Academy after several years service as a submarine officer. Not a single one of Webb's star boxers has turned professional, although several of them have had good offers.

William V.—"Mickey"—O'Regan, '23, was another Naval Academy stand-out. He was Intercollegiate light-heavyweight champion for three years. He did more for Navy boxing than win all his bouts while he was on the Academy boxing team. While the

midshipmen were making a summer training cruise on the old *South Carolina* he used to box a lot with an enlisted man named John Cocoskey. He taught this sailor the straight left that Spike Webb had taught him, and that old Joe Gans had taught Spike. And he taught him the Navy inside right hook. John Cocoskey left the Navy, turned himself into Jack Sharkey, and won the heavyweight championship of the world.

President Roosevelt, speaking informally to the crew of the new battle cruiser *Indianapolis* shortly after Primo Carnera's ponderous right uppercut had knocked the world's heavyweight crown off the sweat-beaded brow of Jack Sharkey, told them that it was up to the men of the United States Navy to develop a fighter good enough to bring the heavyweight championship back to America.

Whereupon husky two-hundred-pounders on every ship of the fleet went back to socking their punching bags and their leather-slashing shipmates with even more earnestness and enthusiasm than they usually put into those training chores.

Boxing is and always has been the Navy's

favorite sport, and there are few things that its men, from rear admirals to landsmen, would like better than to see another "Navy made" fighter win pugilism's prized title.

And there is a very fair chance that one of them will win it. Boxing is highly organized in the Navy. Each ship, large or small, conducts its tournament to determine its champions in the various weight classes. Ships' champions box for squadron titles. Squadron champs compete for fleet championships. And when, every year or so, the Atlantic, Pacific and Asiatic fleets are brought together, the fleet champions fight it out for the highly-prized Navy titles.

If you watch a few Navy boxing bouts with an eye for anything beyond the exciting ebb and flow of fortune in the ring, you'll notice that there's a distinct Navy style in boxing. That is because on almost every ship the officer in charge of the ring sport is an ensign or junior grade lieutenant who a few years ago, as a midshipman at Annapolis, was swapping punches with collegiate rivals, and who learned the science of leather pushing from Navy's Master of Mitts.



ESSENTIALS FOR A WEEK-END IN THE COUNTRY

BEFORE you set out for So and So's, it is assumed that you know what sports they go in for and whether or not they dress for dinner. We will also assume that you will take the necessary linen without our mentioning or sketching it. With that established, here's the prescription: a tweed or shetland suit in a suitable country pattern, such as the brown gun club check shown here; a tan tab collared shirt, striped tie, blue sleeveless pullover, brown snap brim hat with a

black band, and brown buckskin shoes; a light weight raincoat; a white dinner jacket; a blue Polo shirt and a pair of white flannels; bathing trunks, if they have their own beach, and perhaps a bathing suit in case they haven't; a pair of white buckskin shoes that can double in golf and tennis; and the necessary patent leather shoes for dress-up time. Pack the whole caboodle any way you like, but remember that your luggage is part of the impression you make.

(For answers to all dress queries, address Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)



A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR SATURDAY NIGHT

THE old blue coat and white pants combination is distinctly outmoded, even for country club dances on Saturday nights. Herewith, a set of acceptable alternatives. A double breasted dinner jacket of midnight blue tropical worsted, with soft, pleated bosom shirt, wing collar and butterfly bow, and a club hatband. A double breasted white linen or Palm Beach jacket with black dress trousers, soft shirt and starched collar and long bat tie. A single breasted dinner jacket with

white pleated pique shirt, starched fold collar, pointed end dress bow and yellow ribbed silk waistcoat. The maroon silk cummerbund and soft pleated shirt, sketched at lower right, may be worn with any one of the jackets shown. Note, as another permissible touch of color, the red clock of the black silk hose. The pumps and the dress oxfords are interchangeable with these outfits. Note the blue cornflower or Harvard red carnation, to be worn as a boutonniere.

(For answers to all dress queries, address: Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

The Wine Without Manners

Continued from page 112

then. We are about through."

So we took the family table, which just about sat us on the ovens.

"You order," said Jim suspiciously.

"Okay," I said. "*Salade nicoise. poulpe a la sauce nicoise.*"

"What's this pulp?" said Jim.

"Oh a sort of lobster a la Newburgh. You remember Newburgh? Near Albany?"

"Nuts to both of them," said Jim. "What else?"

"Corsican lamb. Or broiled pigeons on toast, smothered in green olives."

"What does the lamb Corsica?" Jim cracked wryly.

"Three franes."

"Twelve cents?"

"Yes."

"I'll take the homing pigeons."

"Well, I'll try the lamb *and* the pigeons," said Betty who never was known to pale at the fury of a quail.

"And just a variety of vegetables," I said.

"And for dessert, *sabayon*, and *cafe filtre*."

"God help you, if I get poisoned here," morosely added M. Walker.

"The wine will stop that," I said.

"Oh Da!" I called. "Two bottles of wine."

"Chablis? Chateau Neuf du Pape? Graves Superiere? Bordeaux Blanc, 1926?"

I shook my head to all of them.

"*Sans etiquette*," said Mme. Scully softly.

Da Bouttau's eyes lighted, his eyebrows arched, and his lips siphoned the air in delight.

"*Deux, sans etiquette!*" he cried.

Meanwhile the *salade nicoise* was gathering force. Sliced tomatoes, chopped anchovies, onions, black olives, green olives, tuna fish, cucumbers, green peppers and celery were mixed in a big bowl. At the side, some chopped garlic.

"No garlic," I said.

"No *garlic*?" asked Da Bouttau in blink-indoubt.

"He can't take it," I explained, though the fact was I couldn't.

"*Eh bien*," sighed Da and went on with the dish. In a bowl he flipped what seemed like careless quantities of olive oil, mustard, wine-vinegar, chopped anchovies, salt and pepper. He whipped this up and then poured it over the other items as a salad dressing.

It was the most colorful, beautiful *hors d'oeuvre* ever you set your eyes on. One mouthful, and everybody was swooning with delight, and when it was gone, we all were dunking the peasant bread into the sauce at the bottom of the bowl.

Da Bouttau began dusting off the wine.

"Try this," I said.

"What is it? No label? No dago red for me," Jim growled.

"The boss's pride from his own vineyards in Bellet," I whispered.

"And this?" said Jim pointing to a dish covered with native reddish sauce.

"Oh, that's the sort of lobster. Try it."

"Swell. Sort of lobster, eh? What do you call it?"

"*Poulpe*."

"Say," cried Betty. "This lamb is delicious, Jim. Try some. I'm on a diet, but I *have* to have another helping. It melts in your mouth."

"You mean *your* mouth!"

"Anybody's," corrected Betty.

Jim's stomach, which has long been the squawk of the town, began saying yes to everything. He was wining and dining like one of the old kings of France.

"What does that sign say?" he asked.

"It says, 'Da Bouttau doesn't give a damn; he closes on Sunday!'"

"That's nice. Church-goer and wine-grower."

"Well," I said, "I never asked him about his church-going. I guess he does. But he spends most of Sunday among his vineyards high in the hills back of Nice. This wine without a label is his own. He's very proud of it."

"Why doesn't he go to America?" said Jim. "Let's set him up in New York."

I turned and asked him why.

"He says he can't cook without wines," I translated. "He says not without *good* wines."

"Who wants *crêpe suzette*?" cried Da Bouttau above the din of the little room. "*Oui ou non?*"

Most of the remaining guests shouted "*Oui!*"

"*Eh bien*, I'll make some then," said Da, chagrined.

At the end of the meal of meals, with almost everybody else gone, he furtively brought us a guest book to sign. I had been there often and had never seen it trotted out before.

More, I'm leery of those things ever since one time at the Colomb d'Or at St. Paul while looking at such a guest book with Leopold Godowsky I saw SUZANNE LENGLEN inscribed in letters four inches high. To take down her ego, George de la Fouchardiere, the Heywood Broun of France, had scribbled his name microscopically under hers. Then in the lower left-hand corner Maurice Materlinck had written his tinier still, and in the lower right Henri Cain, who wrote the books of Massenet's operas, had added his modest scrawl.

I told Godowsky to put his in the upper right. He wouldn't hear of it unless I put mine in the left. That struck me as a bit anticlimactic, but I acquiesced. We wrote tiny signatures in the two remaining corners of the page where Suzanne was plastered like a prima donna.

Sometime later when visiting the restaurant I saw that our names had been erased, and we were all requested "Please do not write on this page."

You could, in the words of Sam Goldwyn, include me out of it, but any place that knew Suzanne Lenglen and didn't know Leopold Godowsky and couldn't see the whole thing as a gorgeous gag was, I decided, peopled exclusively with those clodhoppers and well-heeled sappoes who pass for artists.

Anyway I vowed to lay off guest books henceforth. But as Da Bouttau didn't really know who we were, it seemed better to let flattery take its course.

Jim put on his glasses, inked the house pen and wrote:

"This place puts the Ritz on the fritz. Subpoena me any time. Everyone else has. (Signed) James J. Walker."

"And I'm beginning to care for this place in a big way!" scribbled Betty, buoyed up by her second portion of Corsican lamb.

We then tore an old cancelled stamp from an envelope and asked the *proprietaire* for a piece of string. With these we made a seal, and otherwise decorated the page with dizzy formalisms.

Da looked on smiling, in an embarrassed way, not quite sure whether we were giving his place a big hand or the bird. When we were through we called him over for the reckoning. The *addition*, as the ritzy boys say.

No bill came. Instead Da pulled a chair up to the end of our table and tore off a corner of the "tablecloth!" It turned out to be paper printed to look like red and white checkered *provençal* tablecloths. Jim grinned, but it was old stuff to me, as I knew it was the only accounting system Da used.

All of us began to figure the bill.

"How many *salades*? Two?" asked Da.

"Four," we corrected.

"*Roti d'angeau*?"

"If you mean that Corsican lamb," said Betty, "I had two myself."

"Three altogether," I said.

So we continued down the list. If you forgot anything it was your own fault. Da Bouttau had no means of remembering it. "How can I with all these customers?"

The dearest thing was the dessert. This *sabayon* was made by whipping the yolk of eggs in sugar and cognac and then heating the mixture—a long, slow job. It cost 24 cents, or twice what the lamb, pigeon and other delicacies cost.

Each meal set us back about eighty cents. I took the modest rap, which probably started the cosmic rumor that Walker was broke.

I didn't go in to Da Bouttau's again till my publisher came hurrying in to Nice. Da saw us, signalled to me, and brought over the guest book. He opened it to our page and showed me a clipping of a picture which he had pasted in there. It showed a group of us. He pointed to Walker.

"Val-care, *non*?" he asked. "Shimmy Val-care?"

"Yes," I said. "That's Walker. That's Jimmy Walker."

"He like?"

"Crazy over your place."

"And the *poulpe a la nicoise*?"

"Well, I tell you Da, I haven't had the courage yet to tell him that was *octopus*. You see M. Val-care has a weak stomach."

"*Eh bien*? And you?"

"I know, but it took even me years to get over the idea. No, it's better for all concerned, if he orders again, to tell him it's a *sort of* lobster."

"I understan' " said Da Bouttau.

"And the *vin sans etiquette*?"

"Made him feel like his first day in New York's Hotel de Ville. His first day as mayor."

"A good feeling," agreed Da. "Me it makes me feel I'm in love again for the first time."

"What a wine!" I said.

"*Pas mal*," modestly appraised the artist who made it.

Fame and Frank Black

Continued from page 84

At NBC he has drilled and perfected a large symphony orchestra. He has brought Egon Petri, Josef Lhevinne, De Gogorza, and many great young artists like Lilian Bucknam to the microphone. He arranged chamber musicales, the Elgar Memorial broadcast, and performances of many compositions that would otherwise never have been heard and promises Richard Strauss Festivals next season.

He sank his own cash in "The Red Poppy," a popular Soviet ballet, and had it copied for performance here. He sent scouts chasing all over Arabia, Russia, Germany, Spain and Italy looking for unplayed melodies, because he thought radio needed them.

"The hopper of radio grinds the life out of a popular tune," he says, "and new ones are needed. Not many years ago the music of Victor Herbert, Rudolph Friml, and Jerome Kern kept many a radio station on the air. Today it is a rarity to hear them.

"The public picks its own song hits, just as it makes its own stage, screen or radio stars. And public taste doesn't change. Strange as it seems, it is always constant—in favor of the better types of both popular and classical music. People take a little longer to understand the classics, perhaps, but proof that they make their own song hits goes back to the days when court musicians wrote for kings. The king might say it was great stuff and it should get immediate, popular acclaim. But only the best music these old boys wrote has lived, while countless thousands of their pages have fallen in the dust, despite royal fiat.

"Nobody kids the public on music. A good trickster with a novel angle, a different approach, can get to the top for a while. But they soon fade from the ether, and the legitimate lads and lassies hold on."

A psychiatrist would call Frank Black a "musical split." He knows popular numbers thoroughly, and yet he is a student and devotee of the great masters. As important in his present position as being a "general store" musician, able to deliver Bach or Berlin, is his ability to systematize his work. He can start an idea through the angelic hierarchies of the broadcasting company and come out with the idea intact. That puts him in the class of miracle workers.

He looks like a preacher or an embalmer. The first time I saw him, he was dressed in topper and tails, with a large fur collar on an immense black coat, and was humped over a high stool at the counter of the Radio City drug store.

He is tall, with straight thick black hair greying a little, and he wears Harold Lloyd shell-rim spectacles.

He has a determined, strong face, with a bold forehead, sensuous lips, shrewd eyes. He has the long, slender fingers of an artist. You would mark him in any crowd as an oddity.

To know him is to find that his looks are deceiving. He is not a poseur, nor in the least temperamental. He is calm and affable, utterly frank and outspoken, though soft-spoken. If he is interested he will talk several hours to an unimportant interviewer while Tcherepnine or some other composer waits outside.

In his office twenty minutes before an

important program rehearsal . . . five people waiting, The Revelers in the ante-room, four other musicians in the reception hall . . . two phones buzzing, a secretary dashing with papers . . . a studio executive crowding in for a last-minute decision, apologizing for adding to the rush.

"'S all right. I like to be crowded," he says, and cheerfully picks up the conversation where he left off.

His schedule would leave the ordinary executive shaken and palsied. In addition to his conducting and rehearsals, he selects the music and builds the programs, makes special arrangements of a dozen or more songs and instrumental numbers, rehearses The Revelers and accompanies them, interviews musicians, supervises other broadcasts, hears auditions, seeks professional talent, holds dozens of conferences with NBC program boards and officials, and suffers innumerable interruptions.

For a musician, he works easily. He never labors. Probably the reason for his calm is that his work is done. His executive friends marvel at his clean desk. It looks like he did nothing. But a letter or a memo never goes into a drawer. He answers them as fast as he gets them. You open his desk and you find only a musical arrangement he began before you got up this morning and which he will finish tonight after you've gone to bed. You'll probably hear the Revelers sing it some night soon. And he's made more than 4,000 such arrangements in his lifetime.

He rises at six every morning and writes for an hour before he has his coffee. He is always in his office before eight, and would not give up for anything the undisturbed quiet of these first early hours when he accomplishes what he has set out to do.

For him, music is life. He has never worried about the difficulty of being a musician and a real man. It never has occurred to him. Also, he has always made good money at music, and he doesn't sneeze at that.

"Men no longer regard musicians as sissies, anyway," he says. "When they know that Paul Whiteman earns more in a year than any bank president, and that an ordinary piano player or even a saxophone blower will net himself \$400 a week, it becomes a business in the minds of Mr. America. Should little Georgie want to be a banjo player today, dad doesn't say, 'only sissies play instruments—why don't you learn a trade?' He says, 'Good, maybe the kid can make a living.' And there are some boys that the public rarely hears of, like Tommy Dorsey the trombonist and Manny Kline, the trumpeter, who will bank fifty grand every year. The fact that music makes money for those who play it earns respect among men today."

When you watch Black as he mounts the podium and picks up a long, quavering baton, he looks like a cross between a professor of metaphysics and a golf pro. He stands there, a spare, iron ramrod of a man with his arms at geometric angles ready to give his waiting musicians the down beat. Nobody in music has a firmer down beat than Black. There is nothing butterfly-like about the way he handles a baton. The most near-sighted piccolo player sees it and every man in the band obeys.

Black has iron discipline in his orchestra. Last winter he tried out his "solo" orchestra. The idea, according to Black, was not novel when you stop to think "that no violinist would think of sitting during a concert performance." He made solo players out of all his orchestra musicians, told them to stand during the entire hour program and bring their slippers, if necessary. He claims they play better on their feet than sitting down, so vertical playing is likely to become a standing order at NBC.

In his spare moments, he collects rare musical scores and instruments. And he's daffy about old paintings and antique bronze. Black rates Izaak Walton a notch above Johann Sebastian Bach. Goes blue-fishing, enjoys prize-fighting, and says the most interesting musician he ever had in his orchestra was "a 'cello player named Ennio Bolognini, because he used to be a sparring partner for Luis Firpo."

As long as he can remember, Frank Black has been interested in music. He started thumping the piano at five because he liked the noise it made. At six he was taking music lessons. At nine he heard a man who owned a nickelodeon say that his pianist was ill. He asked for the job, and got it. Then the family wondered why young Frank was ducking out right after supper and staying until almost ten. Several nights later as he was bowing, he bowed right into his father's hands, for his parents had followed him to learn where he was going.

His movie career ended right there and he joined St. Clement's Choir in Philadelphia as a boy soprano. His greatest excitement then was singing at weddings and funerals.

During his high school days, he studied organ and practiced in an unheated church. When his fingers got too stiff to manipulate the keys, he warmed them on the electric bulb and went on playing. Later his knowledge of the console and pipes greatly influenced his novel vocal arrangements.

He had decided after graduation to become a chemist, when a piano job atop a hotel in Harrisburg was offered him. After that he stuck to music. His first business enterprise was to become a half-owner in a music roll company. He was the only recording artist and his works appeared under many different names.

Then he tried conducting in New York theaters, and finally went to Atlantic City to incubate his hobby. He wanted to arrange compositions to suit the amusement-going public, and he tested his ideas out until he hit upon an ideal combination—popular classical music in a fast tempo.

Next he was introduced to the Forster Music Publishers in Chicago. They brought out a lot of his arrangements of the classics, with suggestive titles, in which he took familiar melodies and arranged them so they could be played as piano solos or by small orchestras. The suggestive titles that remain are: *Miserere Reflection*, *Rigoletto Riggles*, *Lilting Lucia*, *Carmen Capers*, *Wagneria*, *Ideal Aida*, *Haunting Humoresque*, et al. These titles were chosen by his wife, who has literary aspirations.

The Forsters billed him as the "world's greatest arranger." And musicians even then inquired, "Who in hell is this Frank Black?"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

**A reviewer abed with a fever
sits up nights reading about
the newest theories on health**

by BURTON RASCOE

DR. BORIS SOKOLOFF'S *Vitality* (Dutton, \$2) is another one of those periodical disclosures of the advancement of medical science which almost begin to convince me, most reluctantly, that when medical science becomes sufficiently advanced it will uphold the witch cures and validate many of what once were considered the grosser superstitions. The medical specialists have already advanced to the point where their therapy is that of any good old general practitioner of forty years ago. But they offer scientific reasons for their methods of treatment.

Dr. Sokoloff's book is a semi-popular report on the latest discoveries and convictions of the biologists, bio-chemists and specialists in the care and treatment of the human organism. He himself is a cancer specialist, doing research at Rockefeller Institute, George Washington University and the International Cancer Prophylactic Institute.

The latest and most far-reaching discovery, it seems, is that the brain is fed on lactic acid and nothing else except lactic acid. And lactic acid hitherto has been considered a waste product. The generative organs are also fed by lactic acid, hence the doctors assert that there is definite correlation between sexual vitality and mental capacity and alertness. (It is true, of course, that they don't go so far as to say that a sexually very potent fellow is necessarily a very brainy one. The quality of the brains a man is born with has a great deal to do with it. Not even a bio-chemist would argue, I believe, that Desiree Landrau, the Blue Beard of the Bois de Bologne, was brainier than Bernard Shaw, a professedly very continent person.)

Lactic acid is produced by exercise, by hot baths and by anything that develops a sweat. It is also produced by chemical action within the body in the breaking up of certain food particles and oxidizing them. It can be taken as a concentrate in any of the numerous milk products that are treated with bacilli. Dr. Sokoloff also says that by lighting and inhaling a cigarette the lactic acid content of your body is increased and energy thereby renewed.

Dr. Sokoloff's book is advertised as teaching one how to reach a ripe and vigorous old age, to ward off disease and to develop and maintain manly vitality. The book also says that, scientifically, there is no reason for people to die at all; but they do and the scientists have not got around to discover-

ing how life can be indefinitely prolonged. Well, and, when it comes right down to it, what is the procedure recommended by Dr. Sokoloff and his fellow scientists? It is very simple: eat good nourishing foods, including milk or buttermilk, get the proper rest, take exercise regularly of the kind that will work up a sweat and occasionally get yourself steamed out in a hot tub or a Turkish bath.

I don't think any country doctor would quarrel with this regimen. I also remember that when I was a youngster there was a sudden craze for those canvas contrivances in which you put an oil lamp, got in yourself, closed up the thing all about you except for the neck and head and stayed there until you were nearly parboiled. Sweating in this contraption was said to be science's latest discovery in the way to ward off disease and build up the body.

What Dr. Sokoloff neglects, I think, to emphasize properly is that there are millions of bugs, minute and some not even visible to the microscope, swarming about hoping for lodgment and that they have no more mercy on the healthy body than they have on the unhealthy body, in fact often rather less. Bodies that are running a temperature are less liable to new infections than a body of normal temperature. Certain types of disease, including paresis, are now treated by infecting the patient with malaria or by artificially raising his bodily temperature. It is the conclusion of the modern scientists,

according to Dr. Sokoloff, that it is wrong to reduce temperatures by drugs in the treatment of ordinary infectious diseases, for the temperature, provided it is permitted to proceed in orderly fashion to the climax, which is followed by the excretion of a vast amount of sweat, is the body's quickest way of rooting out the parasite causing the disease.

Of how ineffectual is bodily health, when an infectious disease is going the rounds, I have just had a personal and concrete example. Right now I am writing this in bed and running about three degrees of temperature. During the past few days my temperature was much worse than that, and for several days I was in continuous and acute bodily pain.

Yet a week ago I was never healthier. I had been obeying the precepts laid down in

Dr. Sokoloff's book (and the precepts I had been taught by all the family doctors). I had been developing lots of lactic acid (or at least plenty of sweat) digging with pick and shovel to enlarge my terrace, lifting rocks and cementing them, spraying trees and roses with insecticide, working from six in the morning until five in the evening, with an occasional few minutes off for a beaker of buttermilk. For days I had been keeping to this healthy regimen, enjoying myself hugely and recalling what I have always said, that I had much rather do physical work than mental work.

Then some grippe germs of a certain kind (according to my doctor) sent me to bed with a raging temperature, a terrific headache and pains in

the back. My wife, my son and my daughter had just had milder attacks of the same infection; and my doctor told me that in the village of Larchmont, where I live, there had been something of an epidemic of this particular form of grippe within the past few weeks. At least all the symptoms of numerous illnesses are almost precisely the same.

This talk reminds me that reading *Yellow Jack* (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2), the play which Sidney Howard made out of the chapter on Dr. Walter Reed in Paul De Kruif's *The Microbe Hunters*, is as thrilling as seeing the play. This is the dramatic story of the war to exterminate yellow fever and how a Cuban doctor convinced Dr. Reed that infection of yellow fever was possible only from the bite of a certain kind of mosquito that had fed on the blood of a yellow fever victim; and how proof of this theory was established in hair-raising experiments on human beings, many of whom died in the cause of science by permitting themselves to be bitten by yellow fever laden mosquitoes.

I was struck on reading this play, however, by the slowness of doctors to make ordinary deductions. If anything has been established for certain by medical observation it is that races that have been ravaged year after year and century after century by certain virulent diseases develop a form of immunity to the diseases. Anyone with a racial immunity suffers only a mild case of illness in case of infection, very like the illness of an inoculation; but one who is not racially immune usually dies within six days on contracting yellow fever, for instance. Yellow fever has long been highly prevalent in Africa and the doctors studying the disease there learned that when a native con-



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The White Winers

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One of Hemingway's close friends in those days was Dave Darling, the American water colourist, with whom he went on an exciting trip through the Austrian Tyrol.

Still another of this group was Ford Madox Ford, the English novelist, who came to my bars frequently. Ford was a great organizer of good times, first in his *bal musette* near the Place de la Contrescarpe and later with giant studio parties of his own. The *bal musette* was a little workman's dance hall which Ford rented on Tuesdays and to which the Montparnasse crowd was invited. Music was furnished by a small Auvergnat orchestra and drinks could be bought at the bar. At first it was novel and amusing and everyone was gay, and there was a decided literary quality to it. Ford once gave a prize for the best poem to be submitted to a jury before the following reunion at the dance hall. The prize was a freshly baked home made cake. There were many contestants as the cake was large. I was there on Ford's invitation the night the prize was to be awarded. The jury pawed the manuscripts in one corner and the crowd eyed the cake, which certainly looked good. Then the jury became more noisy! Finally they were shouting at each other! No decision could be reached and the wrangle went on and on. In fact it went on for days until the cake had become so stale it ceased to be a desirable prize. It was awarded in the end to Bandy, the author of a fine work on Baudelaire, and everyone with strong teeth had a piece. In his best walrus manner Ford made a speech of presentation that was completely unintelligible, sounding something like "woof-woof and . . . aaaah . . . woof-woofus . . . who . . . whhhhhh . . . aaaaaah . . . whoof-whhhhhhhhhhh!" Everyone said it was a good speech.

But Ford found it difficult to control his crowd and in the end an undesirable element crept in that caused him to abandon the *bal musette* in favour of giant parties at his studio in the rue Notre-Dame des Champs. Ford was making considerable money at that time and he spent much of it entertaining his Montparnasse friends with large quantities of the finest wines and liqueurs. He is a very generous man who loves to entertain. Once, after a trip to America, he brought back many bottles of bootleg gin and whisky to show Montparnasse the meaning of strong likker. He arranged a long table with the bootleg at one end and French liqueurs at the other. At first each guest tried the American synthetic products in order to turn up his nose at them. "What terrible stuff!" they said. But by two in the morning the bootleg gin and whisky was all gone, while the French brandies and liqueurs had only been nibbled at.

When Ford occupied a villa at St. Tropez he had a feud with John Cox that caused much merriment in that gossip old town. It seems that Ford raised a few chickens, but one by one they were killed by a mysterious hand. Ford was much disturbed, especially as he could not catch the killer. He knew the motive must be ill will, for the chickens were never stolen. He finally accused Cox who indignantly denied it, while the rest of St. Tropez laughed!

Bandy, the prize winner mentioned above,

is a Virginian with strong convictions about Edgar Allan Poe. I remember a very heated discussion he had with Hiler at my bar one night that lasted until closing time, and even then I had to put them out. Bandy claimed Poe must have lived in France to have written *The Murder in the Rue Morgue*, but Hiler insisted that so observing a man as Poe would never have written "then he raised the window," as he did in that story, if he had ever been in a French hotel!

Montparnasse has had, at one time or another, most of the celebrated writers of the time, though some, like James Stevens, who wrote *The Crock of Gold*, have only stayed a short time. Stevens lived on the rue Campagne-Premiere and I used to see him in the Closerie des Lilas nearby. Once he left the manuscript of a new book on a table and walked out without remembering it. He did not miss it until a day or so later and then began a frantic search of Paris for what represented a year's work! He didn't remember having left it at the Closerie; he didn't remember having left it anywhere!

At the end of three or four days Stevens was frantic. The manuscript had simply vanished. To console himself he went to the Closerie for a drink. "Excuse me, sir," said the waiter, "did you leave a package of papers here the other day? I thought perhaps you had left them to be thrown away, but I was not sure, so I thought I'd ask you!" Stevens is reported to have kissed him on both cheeks, but I think that may be an exaggeration. Anyway the waiter was surprised at the tip he received.

Sinclair Lewis, the American novelist, was another who stayed but a short time with us, but while here he caused much comment. His red head could usually be seen at the Dome amid a group of the curious. He came in my bar once or twice but he was not friendly to barmen. In fact he was not friendly to Montparnasse, saying that most of us were a crowd of useless drunks. He took it out in an article on Harold Stearns, the author of *America and the Young Intellectual* and *Civilization in the United States*, whom he called "the very father and seer of the Dome" and "an authority on living without laboring." Stearns, in a well worded reply justifying the quarter, said "The chief good point (of Montparnasse), of course, is that remotely, somehow, somewhere even the dumbest American expatriates have been touched by the spiritual forces of French life."

Another article by Lewis in an American review, described the suicide of Larry Murphy, which he presented as the ultimate fate of Montparnassians who were degenerating into utter futility. Larry would certainly have laughed to have read his obituary. It was such a misrepresentation of his character as I knew it! In another chapter I tell of the circumstances.

Hiler tells me of presenting Lewis to a young American negro who made pretense of being an amateur intellectual. Hiler had been impressed with the struggle of this lad to educate himself and develop a full appreciation of modern artistic movements. When, however, the colored boy met Lewis,

the best he could do was to wring his hand and say, "Yas, sah, I loves you' poetry!"

Bob McAlmon, in a recent letter, reminds me of "a Dome night, when Lewis . . . swore himself both a better stylist and psychologist than Flaubert and was silenced by a 'sit down, you're just a best seller'." No, the quarter didn't like Mr. Lewis.

A white winner of note was Gordon Craig who liked us better. I saw him on the terrace of the Dome, his big hat surrounded by a group of chattering, stage-struck women who wanted him to found a theatre in Paris. Craig said nothing. He had no chance. Finally, during a brief lull, Hiler said, "I'd like to hear Mr. Craig talk for a change." Craig was pleased and they became friends forthwith.

Craig has a great liking for American jazz music. "The thing I want most at present," he said once, "is a complete collection of records by Ethel Waters."

He lives in Rapallo, as does Ezra Pound, though they did not know each other at that time. Rapallo is a small place and they could hardly help seeing each other. "Yes, I live in Rapallo," said Craig. "I see Pound, but he's standoffish." Later Pound said, "Craig is one of those damned snobbish Englishmen!"

Still another white winner is Norman Douglas who lived in the quarter for a short time with his young Italian protégés, those beautiful lads he was so good to. Douglas was once a geologist, which accounts for the accurate geological descriptions in his books, and he still likes to talk about rocks and terrestrial formations with anyone who is informed.

Douglas, like Lytton Strachey, comes to Paris once or twice a year to see a good American dentist. Which reminds me of something Gerald Heard once said: "Americans have abominably good teeth! Really it is very bad taste! No Englishman would have such white teeth! Americans go in for all that stupid dentifrice advertising stuff!"

Sisley Huddleston must not be forgotten in the Sylvia Beach group, for he is their historian and is said to have made a small fortune writing about the Montparnasse celebrities he has known. I hope I succeed as well, though of course I'll never have his style. Huddleston has in his day been a fighter, he told me at a party recently. Once, in a barroom fight in England, he knocked out the amateur champion of the British Army! That must have been a long time ago.

Another chronicler of the great is Gertrude Stein, who, with her brother Leo, had been in the quarter for many years before I arrived. Recently I have been reading her book, *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, which is about herself and all the intellectuals. In one place she says she ("Alice" of course) has met but three geniuses in her life: Gertrude Stein, Pablo Picasso, and Alfred Whitehead. This reminds me of my father whose name was also Jimmie Charters. Father always claimed there had been but three outstanding geniuses in the world and in each case their initials were the same, namely J. C. The three geniuses were Julius Caesar, Jesus Christ, and Jimmie Charters!



A PAGE OF PICNIC DRESS AND ACCESSORIES

THIS will help to take the burden off picnics. The element of boredom remains a purely personal problem. Upper left, is a compact luncheon service for six, including two thermos bottles and a place to keep hot dishes. Lower left, is a leather case that carries six glasses and below that a wicker basket for sandwiches, etc. Lower right, is a leather case carrying two thermos bottles and a sandwich container, and below that a gallon jug for iced drinks. As for the clothes, the

jacket is a cream color Harris tweed with rust color overplaid, worn with brown tweed knickers, bottle green ribbed wool hose and Norwegian calf brogue shoes with the same front as a ski boot. The shirt is yellow cotton flannel, worn with a foulard bow tie. The cap matches the jacket and the breast pocket handkerchief matches the shirt in color. The shooting seat is handy if you would rather not sit on ant-hills. The two sides of the handle open out to make the seat.

(For answers to all dress queries, address Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)



ONCE ABOARD THE DINGHY, COMFORT RULES

You are going to get wet as a matter of course, so the only sane thing to do is dress accordingly, with the obvious advantage of looking no funnier wet than dry. This rigid specification is met by both the outfits sketched and both are recommended. One consists of just two pieces (unless you wouldn't dream of doing without underwear), a heavy, navy blue crew neck shaker with long sleeves and a pair of white duck trousers. The other rig, somewhat more imposing, con-

sists of a pair of khaki trousers (or even shorts) into which is tucked a navy blue Polo shirt, worn with a floppy white hat with black visor and, at your option, a pair of sneakers or Jai Alai shoes. You won't be a dinghy racer worthy of the name until you have spilled a few times, so wear nothing to which salt air and water are inimical. The only exception is winter dinghy racing, when the recommended garb is a moth eaten raccoon coat of the early jazz age vintage.

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The Listening Post

Music for all and blankets for one or for three—notes on the summer season—personal items

by **SIGMUND SPAETH**

THIS is the season of the year when musical experiments are tried in various places, usually outdoors. For those who really like music the *al fresco* flavor is no handicap, and for the rest it is a positive drawing-card.

The mere fact that in summer you are permitted to listen to music without dressing up, possibly with a smoke or a drink added, would lend some attraction to these informal outdoor affairs. In most cases the music itself happens to be surprisingly good, so the listener really can't lose.

One of the most legitimate of these summer enterprises is that of the Fairfield County Music Association, in Connecticut, which gives outdoor orchestral concerts in the cow pasture of a Weston citizen, Nikolai Sokoloff, who is nationally known as a top-notch conductor. Mr. Sokoloff dignifies his place with the name of Music Hill, but beyond this there is nothing fancy about the proposition.

He hires the best orchestral musicians available in New York, rehearses them thoroughly, brings them out in buses, and simply lets them play good music to delighted audiences. The pasture has room for about three thousand people, and there were close to that number present at the final concert last year, with the double attraction of Cesar Franck's symphony and George Gershwin's piano concerto.

While there are seats for anyone who wants them, there is a special attraction to some listeners in the possibility of bringing a blanket and cushions and sitting or lying right down on the grass. This reached a point where the practical leader declared that while he was willing to admit one or three people on a blanket at regular prices, the charge for two ought to be about ten dollars apiece, per concert.

Fairfield County includes not only such cities as Bridgeport, Norwalk and Danbury, but a swarm of smaller communities of the type of Westport, famous as a colony of artists and writers who have no objection to the comforts of civilization. Mayor La Guardia of New York is a summer resident, with a confessed weakness for music, and among the names of committeemen, underwriters and subscribers one finds John Erskine, Franklin P. Adams, William McFee, Lilian Wald, Ursula Parrott, Philip Dunning, Rollin Kirby, Richard Connell, Van Wyck Brooks and others. Lawrence Langner has his summer theatre in Westport, and down at Norwalk Greek Evans presents light opera in a forest auditorium.

When the depression threatened to put an end to the orchestral concerts in the Sokoloff pasture, the business men of the county got

together in a practical campaign to save them. John Orr Young, advertising executive, took the lead, and General Charles I. DeBevoise headed a special committee to secure underwriting. Nat Greenburg, president of the Westport Chamber of Commerce, contributed campaign offices, and Pat Powers, movie magnate, provided the Long Shore Club for the necessary organization dinners.

At the time of writing, this business-like approach seems to have solved the difficulties of the Fairfield County Music Association, and a double series of concerts may be assumed to have started on Music Hill, with Mr. Sokoloff conducting as efficiently as ever, the audience even more comfortable and satisfied, and the whippoorwills harmonizing in the distance.

There is ample proof that the outdoor operatic performances in Saint Louis are continuing their extraordinary success of the past. With a natural amphitheatre in Forest Park, and unique stage facilities, the sponsors of this municipal opera are wisely sticking to their policy of offering the lighter side of dramatic music, making no attempt to turn the citizens into Wagnerians or even Verdians. They opened this season with Jerome Kern's "Sweet Adeline," followed by the "Sweethearts" of Victor Herbert. The summer schedule includes also "Show

Boat," "Music in the Air," "Sally" and the "New Moon" of Romberg, with nothing heavier than "Cyrano de Bergerac" and Herbert's "Mlle. Modiste." No wonder the Saint Louis municipal opera has paid its own way for fifteen years.

While people were rushing to the country, to take their music where they found it, New York suddenly discovered a bit of nature in the raw deposited right in its urban midst. This was a native African opera, strictly a dance-drama, called "Kykunkor" (meaning "Witch Woman"), presented under the direction of its author, Asadata Dafora. (Reviewed on page 137.)

With "Kykunkor" reminding us of the antiquity of the dance, along comes "Anthony Comstock" to emphasize its modern aspects. Not the old killjoy himself, of course, but a ballet version of his classic absurdities, presented as a part of Rochester's festival of American music. Martha Alter is the composer, assisted by Gerald McGarahan in the scenario, with Thelma Biracree as choreographer and a principal dancer. The part of Anthony himself was played by Nathan Emanuel, and Howard Hanson, composer of that other musical study of Puritanism, the opera "Merry Mount," acted as conductor, as usual in the home of the Eastman School of Music.

Reports indicate that Anthony Comstock in ballet form is a success, and rather more American than the Russianized "Union Pacific" which preceded it by a short interval. Perhaps we are on the way to something of national significance, not entirely dependent on negro dance rhythms.

A long delayed visit to "As Thousands Cheer" makes one admire the music of Irving Berlin, while wondering why some of the sketches do not seem as funny as they ought to be. Perhaps the actors are getting a little tired, and perhaps the sustained paeans of praise lead the casual visitor to expect too much.

Even with a reduced quota of laughs, it's a grand show. But so far as "Easter Parade" is concerned, let this Tune Detective go on record as testifying that Mr. Berlin certainly did not borrow his tune from Percy Wenrich's "Old Grey Bonnet." It's the rhyme with "on it" that really suggests the parallel, for the melodies are not similar beyond a short phrase in the closing lines of the bonnet song.

As Mr. Berlin himself confesses, he rewrote a song called "Smile and Show Your Dimple," which he composed in 1914, and this tune appears note for note in "Easter Parade." Perhaps he is unaware that the

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Court Tennis

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Imagine yourself, if you will, dear reader, looking down upon a rectangular space 110 feet long by 38 feet wide, enclosed on all four sides by cement walls 30 feet high, with a cement floor underneath and a skylight overhead. Across the middle of the court is stretched a net, five feet high at each end and sloping down to a height of 3 feet at the center. It divides the court into the service and hazard sides.

So far, it seems simple enough. Not unlike an indoor lawn tennis court. But wait. Around three sides of the court is a roofed corridor, sloping down over three inner walls of about a tall man's height. This shed, traversing the long side wall on the left and both end walls, is known as the penthouse. The remaining side of the court, the long solid wall on the right, known as the main wall, has no penthouse, but far back on the hazard side the main wall projects out about a foot into the court at an angle of nearly 45 degrees.

This projection, or sloping buttress, a feature derived from the monasteries in which the game was played of old, is called the tambour and it is one of three hazards from which this side of the court gets its name. A second hazard is the grille, an opening approximately three feet square, lined with wood and sometimes covered with a net. It is to be found just beyond the tambour in the right hand corner of the end wall and about three feet up from the floor. The third hazard is the last, or winning, gallery, which will be described shortly—if you are still with me, gentle reader.

On the service side of the court there is a long slit in the end wall. This opening is 21 feet 6 inches in length and 3 feet 7 inches in width, starting about three feet up from the floor. It is known as the dedans and it is in back of this opening that the spectators sit in their richly cushioned seats, not unlike a church pew, with a net in front to protect them from the ball.

At the Racquet and Tennis Club on Park Avenue in New York the dedans is furnished with priceless antiques, centuries old, which were in the collection donated to the club by the late T. Suffern Tailer. In back of the dedans, to accommodate the overflow crowd, there are the very same stools and benches upon which pages and maids-in-waiting at court watched Henry VIII and the members of his court disport themselves at Hampton Palace. A brass plate on the mantelpiece in the throne room behind the dedans reads, "Royal Dedans, Julian Marshall's Precious Secrets of Tennis, Furnishings, &c., presented by T. Suffern Tailer, 1918."

On the wall of the throne room are old engravings and original documents relating to the game. One of them, hundreds of years old, is kept under lock and chain, as is also a richly carved Renaissance chest. On a table—no modern Duncan Phyfe or Chipendale—is mounted a picture of the "High Born Prince James, Duke of York (James II) borne Oct. 17, 1623," representing him standing in a tennis court holding a short-handled racquet diagonally strung. A framed plate bears this description by Frissart, written in 1641, "In the famous tennis match between Louis XIII and Philip IV

King Louis wins the critical point of the game by putting the ball in 'La Lune.' Cardinal Richelieu refereed."

Enough of the dead. Let's see what the rest of this court looks like, and you are given fair warning, sweet reader, you haven't heard anything yet.

Imagine yourself, please, sitting in the carved pew of the dedans. No collection plate will be passed. In the inner side wall on the left, known as the battery wall, you will note that there is a long opening. The opening starts about three feet up from the floor and extends in width to the penthouse while in length it reaches to within some fifteen feet of each end wall. This opening is divided into netted compartments or galleries and doors, four on each side of the center opening known as the line, which is the entrance to the court and the hazardous station of the marker or professional who calls the score.

On the service side, from the dedans to the net, the openings are known as "last gallery," "second gallery," "door" and "first gallery." On the hazard side, from the net to the end wall, they are "first gallery," "door," "second gallery" and "last or winning gallery."

A ball driven into the winning gallery, the dedans or the grille scores a point. Not really! There is some sense to this after all. Now, gentle reader, now that you have had your comic relief, let's get down to serious business and see what all this chasing of doors is about. If you do see it, I'll say you are a wonder.

Anyway, here goes, and you are asked to imagine yourself playing the game. You are on the service side. You got there because you won the spin of the racquet—a rather wicked looking article of heavy wood with one side caved in—the whole having something of the shape of a pear. You take a couple of balls from a trough running the length of the ledge of the dedans. Your marker just put them there—a whole basketfull of fifty, which is all you use in a match.

You send one of the heavy, cloth balls hurtling along the penthouse—a second one if the first service was a fault. There are a dozen or more varieties of service—the railroad, giraffe, sidewall, pound, rabbit, drop, undertwist—this has got to stop somewhere, so that will have to do. You served and the ball drops off the penthouse to the floor on the hazard side. Your opponent takes the ball as it rises from the floor, or he can take it in the air and volley it, and he must return it over the net. He may hit for the dedans, but as a rule he won't gamble on doing that. That's not the real game of tennis. Instead, he will return the ball to strike on the floor and lay down a chase. Now we're in for it for good. The chase!

Here is the distinguishing characteristic and heart of the complexness of one of the most ingenious games ever devised by man. An English writer, commenting on this feature of court tennis in the *Saturday Review*, 1891, wrote: "The divine chase imposes its final moral restraint upon fiery hitting and makes what would otherwise be a stupid display of hard hitting a game of skill and fine judgment." Said another in the *London Spectator*, 1912, "To write the philosophy

of the chase would require a volume. It makes tennis the only game in which you get some satisfaction out of a bad stroke and double satisfaction out of a good one. The chase eliminates chance and it conduces enormously to accuracy—greater accuracy than that of a bowler at cricket."

All of this stalling around is getting us nowhere. Here's the explanation of the chase the best I can do it in less than a volume:

Looking down at the floor of the court you will notice that it is marked with a series of short lines parallel to the net. On the service side these are numbered from one to six, indicating the yards measured from the back or end wall, and there are also half-yard lines. From chase six to the net there are additional chase lines given names corresponding to the openings in the side wall. i. e., chase the last gallery, second gallery, door and first gallery. On the hazard side the gallery chases are the same but there are only two yard chases, leaving a section of the floor that is unmarked.

Now let's get on with your match. Your opponent returns your service over the net and the ball strikes the floor without your racquet touching it. If that happened on a lawn tennis court your opponent would score a placement and earn the point, to lead 15-love. But in court tennis he has laid down a chase and no score is made. The marker's big job is to note where the ball rose from the floor on its second bound. At that spot, the chase is called. That is, if the ball, after striking the floor, pitches to within a yard of the end wall, the marker calls, "Chase a yard."

What then happens is that you change sides. You go over to the hazard, or receiver's side, and every shot you make in the next rally has to land, after its first rebound, within a yard of the back wall. In other words, you have to make a shot as good as or better than your opponent's (Chase a yard) or you lose the point. He keeps returning your shots until you make one he judges will land farther than a yard away from the back wall and he lets it go. If your shot pitches to exactly within a yard—the same spot that did his—the marker calls, "Chase off" and nobody gets anything. If your shot is better than a yard, pitches to within less than a yard of the back wall, and he does not return it over the net, you win the point.

The whole point of the game is to lay down chases close to the end wall which your opponent can hardly hope to beat when he changes sides. Any chase within three yards is a good one; within two yards is tough to beat and anything inside of that is seldom beat unless a Jay Gould or Pierre Etchebaster is on the court. If your opponent, on the hazard side, lays down chase six or puts the ball in any of the side galleries, he has presented you with no task at all, while "chase the door" is simply pie to beat.

There are all sorts of details which won't be gone into. This will suffice in a general way to explain the idea of the chase—or does it? It should be added that you can lay down chases from either the hazard or service side, but the only ones difficult to beat are laid down on the service side, for there are no chase lines near the back wall on the

hazard side. The floor in that area is unmarked and if you put a ball there that your opponent can't reach you collect immediately by getting a point, as in lawn tennis.

No chase is called where you touch the ball before it strikes the floor a second time and fail to return it over the net. That is an error, just as when you put the ball into the net in lawn tennis. Except for the chase, the scoring is the same as in lawn tennis. Points are won on placements, your opponent's errors into the net or out of court (above the play lines on the walls) and on chases you successfully attack and beat or your opponent fails to beat.

To lay down the difficult chases calls for a peculiar stroke of heavy cut and good length, a stroke that is the essence of court tennis (as is the drive in lawn tennis) and which takes years to master. There are many who never achieve a classical stroke on the floor and their game stresses playing for the wall openings—the dedans, grille and winning gallery—and hitting for the tambour, from which the ball caroms at a variety of angles.

The two greatest masters of the floor game developed in America have been Jay Gould and Tom Pettitt. The careers of these two players makes fascinating reading. The first was reared in luxury and tutored by the best imported professionals in the magnificence of Georgian Court. From this private court he went, as a boy of 18, to Tuxedo, New York, Boston and to Europe to win worldwide acclaim, to become the first and only amateur in history to gain the world's championship and to rule the courts of America without a rival from 1906 until he retired from singles competition in 1926. In all those twenty years, only one amateur ever beat him—E. M. Baerlein, the English champion, in 1923. Even the professionals bowed to him, including G. F. Covey, world's champion and private tutor to Baroness Wentworth in her court at Crabbet Park, London, who came over in 1914 and was decisively beaten by Gould at the Philadelphia Racquet Club in 1914.

Pettitt came to America from England a penniless boy of 12 years. He hired out as a locker boy and assistant to the English pro-

fessional, Ted Hunt, in charge of the Buckingham Street court in Boston. This was the first known court in this country, opened in 1872, though the late Malcolm D. Whitman unearthed in the archives of the city hall at Amsterdam, Holland a document signed by Peter Stuyvesant purporting to show that court tennis was played here in Colonial days.

From locker boy and apprentice, Pettitt rose to become one of the most glamorous figures in American sporting history. He went to England in 1883 to scandalize the British worshippers of the classical school with his "strange, wild, barbaric, untutored" style. They called him a bull in a china shop who murdered his opponents and half scared them out of their wits with his fearful smashes.

Hear what the Hon. Neville Lytton had to say of Pettitt in his book, *The English Country Gentleman*: "Then Pettitt appeared on the scene. He had quite different principles. He was revolutionary, almost a Bolshevik. He used to say, 'When I get a fair sight of the ball I hit it and I hit it damned hard'. So he murdered poor Charlie Saunders and drove him from the court."

This "wild, untutored barbarian" returned later to England, to the courts where such ultra stylists as the Hon. Alfred Lytleton had charmed the dedans with the delicacy and artistry of their quiet strokes, to show them a mastery of the classical game equal to that of any of their masters. He won the championship of the world, the first player trained in this country to do so, in 1885, defeating George Lambert at Hampton Court. He successfully defended it at Dublin against Charles Saunders in 1890, resigned it shortly after and came out of his retirement in 1898, when past his prime, to unsuccessfully challenge Peter Latham for it.

His feats with a racquet became legendary. He played on roller skates. He handicapped himself by playing with a soda water bottle, with his left hand, with the handle of a racquet sawed off at the throat, with the arm of a chair, or by barring the wall openings. He put bottles on the ledge of the dedans and knocked them off from the hazard side and he stands as one of the great bat and ball players of all time.

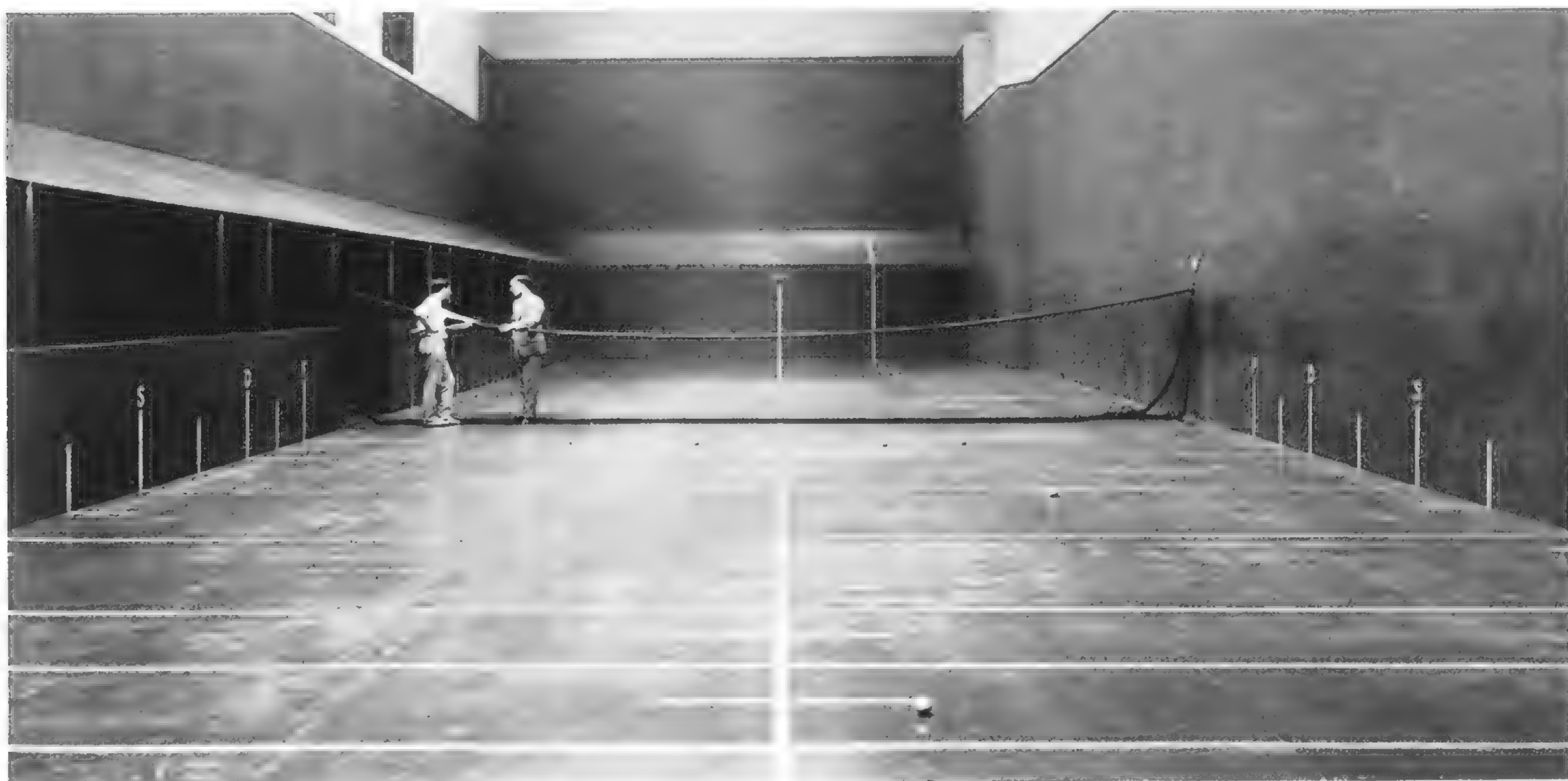
Today, still hale and keen in his interest in tennis and enjoying the pension voted him by the Tennis and Racquet Club of Boston, he is to be seen at all the important matches. At Newport, where he coached for years, he is an institution and the swankiest clubs of the East open their portals to him. His career furnishes one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of court tennis.

There are many other fascinating chapters in this history—a history crowded with the names of crowned heads, aristocrats, dominant personalities great professionals and celebrated matches. Not the least intriguing part of the story is the fact that a game that at one time was so popular with the proletariat that royal edicts were issued against it and scandals grew out of the public betting, a game that stands as one of the most red-blooded of sports and at the same time typifies an artistic development attained in few others, should remain almost a closed book to the public today.

There aren't ten thousand people in the United States who have seen a match at court tennis. Since access to the few courts is closed to all but the members of ultra exclusive clubs and the friends of the private court owners, that isn't difficult to explain. But when one thinks of the millions who watch lawn tennis and understands how infinitely much more there is to the older game from which it has stemmed, he can only shake his head and ask where is justice.

Those who play court tennis today don't sit up nights worrying about it. They had just as soon keep it to themselves and it's nothing in their life if the scores of their tournament matches aren't published in the daily press, whose emissaries have to talk their way past the guardians of the sacred portals leading to the courts.

Maybe President Roosevelt will do something about it. They had a court at Harvard about the time he was an undergraduate and if we are going through a revolution it's time we had another one in the once king of games and game of kings. Marat and Robespierre started one in the tennis court at Versailles in 1789 to give the government back to the people. So let's have one to give the game back to the boys.



TENNIS COURT AT CHICAGO RACQUET CLUB

"En Garde"

Continued from page 107

a matter of fact, it is still retained as part of the prescribed curriculum. During the last decade, however, many first-rate professionals have been attracted to the United States. Under their guidance the ascendancy once maintained by the service schools has been rivaled by several of the colleges, among them, Yale, Harvard and Columbia.

The Intercollegiate Fencing Association numbers fifteen member teams. These engage in dual meets throughout a winter season which reaches its climax when contenders compete for individual and team honors in the colorful "Intercollegiates" held annually at the Hotel Astor in New York.

On this occasion one may enjoy fencing under ideal circumstances. The contests take place in the old ball-room. The audience is large and the festive air of evening dress is heightened by military and naval uniforms. Cadets and midshipmen celebrate their brief release from monotonous discipline in the company of adoring feminine companions. A buzz of excited comment fills the room, and at intervals bursts of applause drown the sharp cries of the judges and the steady tink, tink of meeting blades. All interest focuses on platforms in the center of the room where lithe white figures lunge and retreat with tense ferocity.

Support of fencing is by no means confined to the colleges. All of our major cities boast at least one organization which affords facilities for the sport. Many of them are represented in competitions held under the auspices of the Amateur Fencing League of America. This body sponsors a number of contests annually to determine championships, both team and individual, with foil, epee and saber.

In order to minimize inequality of skill and experience, members are rated according to their performance in meets as "preps," novices, juniors, and seniors. When a fencer has been graded, he becomes ineligible to take part in any competition intended for a class lower than his own. Selection for places on the Olympic team is made by national tryouts in which all amateurs may compete.

The story of American fencing is inextricably bound up with the personality and enthusiasm of the men who teach it. Like symphony conductors, nearly all of them are foreign born and to carry the parallel further, they are no less temperamental and picturesque.

The most widely, if anonymously, known is Giorgio Santelli of the New York Athletic Club. As the magician in a series of recent cigarette advertisements, he was seen sawing ladies in half and pulling rabbits (or was it camels?) out of a hat. Physically huge, amiable of disposition, he possesses the combined facial characteristics of Jimmy Durante and Eddie Cantor. One time saber champion of Europe and former member of the Hungarian Olympic team, he is the leading exponent of that weapon in the United States. He speaks four languages fluently, but prefers to tell Rabelaisian jokes in French; is descended from a family of world-famous sword masters; has a ravishing wife; gave fencing lessons in exchange for singing instruction to a Broadway leading man . . . and reported gravely that he was making greater progress as pupil than as teacher!

No professional has contributed more to the cause of collegiate fencing than diminutive, fiery Robert McMurray Grasson of Yale. Former epee champion of Belgium and for years an instructor in the Belgian army, he has coached at New Haven since 1924. Thanks to his tireless enthusiasm the squad has grown in number from a scant dozen to well over a hundred.

"Bobby" resorted to Spartan tactics in winning respect for his sport. His victims were members of the football squad whose lockers adjoined the fencing room. With deceitful flattery he would arm them with mask and saber and then, with his own stinging, lightning-swift blade, proceed deftly and deliberately to flay them alive. Husky tackles who had thus publicly been made to look and feel ridiculous were quick to proclaim their admiration for the little ex-soldier. Paradoxically, fencing soon be-

came quite fashionable on the campus.

Columbia is proud of her veteran coach, Jimmy Murray. Advancing years have brought his footwork almost to a standstill. Yet so great is his skill and so accurate his timing that as he approaches sixty he can still outpoint any of the men he has trained, several of whom have won intercollegiate titles.

In the ranks of the amateurs we find such contrasting personalities as Charles Lindbergh's legal counsel, Col. Henry W. Breckenridge, who captained two Olympic teams; the photographer Nickolas Muray, another Olympic star and several times national saber champion; Louis Mouquin, former intercollegiate title-holder and even more to be envied for his store of vintage wines; the late Lieutenant Calnan, Captain of the last Olympic team and a victim of the Akron dirigible disaster; and former Ambassador James W. Girard. At a recent dinner of the Associates of the Engineer Corps and Company K, of the Seventh Regiment, Mr. Girard became so excited over an exhibition bout that stiff shirt and all, he challenged and fought the winner.

The traditional foreign terminology of fencing as well as the ritual which surrounds it have unfortunately retarded its acceptance in this country. Such mumbo-jumbo as *quinte* and *septieme* nevertheless are the passwords of a great brotherhood. Among its membership nationality is transcended by a fanatical enthusiasm for the most intricate and most ancient of pastimes.

As an athletic diversion it has much to offer. It requires no elaborate court or playing field. Instruction is to be had at reasonable rates and the cost of all necessary paraphernalia is negligible. It provides splendid exercise without placing too great strain on the individual who is out of training. Handicaps of age and technique can be offset by skill and experience. Above all, fencing develops muscular coördination, speed of judgment and a sense of timing, to a degree not surpassed by any other sport.

Jungle Table d'Hôte

Continued from page 53

To survive, one must eat anything, literally anything, that is edible. There is no choice most of the time. One day it may be a deer; another only a parrot, tough as leather and fit only to be converted into soup. Then again it may be an armadillo, dug out from his shallow underground den, or an iguana. Perhaps only this lizard's eggs. When the day has been a poor one we may dine only on roots or tubers, skillfully dug out by the natives. Then again, on an alligator.

Yes, I have eaten many an alligator tail in the South American wilds, and I can honestly say that it does not taste at all bad. The meat is perhaps a little tougher and more sinewy, but it has always reminded me of chicken. I have even eaten snake on rare occasions, and that is really not so bad as it sounds. Perhaps I was extra hungry those days and the roasted snake steaks tasted delicious—notwithstanding. The meat looks like fish, eel for

instance, but it has an entirely different flavor.

In Java I have eaten grubs dug out from the decaying fibrous bark of some palm tree. There, too, I tasted roasted June bugs. In Sumatra, after shooting a tiger, I have feasted on its meat like my native beaters. They ate it, not because they were hungry, but because they thought it would give them unusual strength and cure certain diseases. Of the larger animals I have eaten tapir; its meat looks and tastes like a very poor grade of beef.

When I made my first explorations—it was in Dutch Guiana—I once lost my way and was not found until three days later. The first two days I did not eat at all. I was too engrossed in trying to find my way back to camp. The same could not be said of my thirst. I refrained from drinking as long as I could, but when the dry sensation in my throat became too intense I *had* to find water—and soon! I looked about. I

selected a tree, the roots of which appeared close to the surface of the soil. Quickly I chopped off a piece of root with my cutlass. Holding it above my mouth I had to wait a long time before a few drops trickled slowly down. Bitter and thick as syrup! I had picked the wrong tree. It looked just like the same tree which had given me water many times in the past; the piece of root in my hand was of the same appearance and spongy structure as that of the water-giving tree. I threw it away. As luck would have it, I now discovered a *Vitis* vine nearby. Its water refreshed me and steadied my shaking nerves somewhat.

The third day was well on its way when I realized how hungry I was. I could have eaten anything! But—I did not discover a thing until late in the afternoon, when a large howling monkey crossed my path, high above in the trees. At once the cruel thought struck me: Would he be good to eat? And before I even had time to consider the ques-

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A PAGE OF BEACH AND RESORT WEAR

MANY unusual combinations are being adapted to resort wear this year and the one shown on the seated figure is among the most unusual, as well as the best looking. It consists of a double breasted jacket of natural linen (newer, and hence regarded as smarter, than pure white) worn with blue grey flannel trousers. The soft shirt is of blue madras, worn with a white semi-stiff collar and a red and yellow striped bow tie. The socks are of light weight wool with horizontal

striping of tan and blue, and the shoes are of brown buckskin. The hat is a natural shade Panama. The swimmer wears a pair of ribbed wool knitted swimming trunks that are not cut quite as high as those that have been popular in previous seasons. This is the type of trunk that has been popular in Europe for several years and which well undressed men began wearing last season at Palm Beach and other southern winter resorts. They should be a pretty snug fit.

(For answers to all dress queries, address Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)



FOR TOWN WEAR DURING THE WARM WEATHER

DESPITE the fact that current fashion seems to sanction the use of sport clothes almost everywhere during the hot daylight hours, there are bound to be many occasions when you'll want to be slightly more dressed up. Here, for example, is an effective outfit consisting of a light weight double breasted flannel suit of lovat green, worn minus a waistcoat, with a pale blue broadcloth shirt with medium length pointed collar attached, a black foulard tie with purple

spots, a light weight felt hat of a very light tan that has a smoky cast (and notice that it has a black band) and light weight brown wing tipped shoes. When a waistcoat is not worn, a leather strap watch guard in the lapel button hole takes the place of the usual vest watch chain. Worthy of note, too, is the fact that this jacket is cut to be worn with either two or three buttons closed, a fashion that is fast gaining in popularity with well dressed men in the east.

(For answers to all dress queries, address Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

Jungle Table d'Hôte

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tion I swayed my gun toward the animal and a shot brought it down. For a moment a guilty feeling came over me as I regarded the dead creature. It was an old male with a splendid head and well developed beard.

I got busy with pocket knife and cutlass, but it was not such an easy task to skin the monkey. Its hide was very tough and there were many ticks crawling from the thick brown fur as if they were aware that the body was already losing its warmth. Over my hands, my clothes they scrambled.

Then I gathered dry leaves and wood. When I opened my metal match case which I always carried with me, I found that it contained only one match. Very carefully I selected some fibrous bark with which to start the fire, and I was greatly relieved when I saw the flame. Cutting off a hind quarter from the monkey I held it over the fire. I was so hungry that I ate before it was entirely done. I had eaten snake, alligator and various kinds of animals and birds, but this was the *first* time that I had turned—cannibal, feasting on one of our cousins, a

monkey! Since then I have eaten many of them. They are rather tough but not ill-tasting to a man who is half starving.

I felt so much better that I decided to prepare the other hind quarter. But—the fire had gone out! I swore and threw the meat away in disgust.

Shortly after my guides found me.

Although I learned not to be too particular in what I ate, yet there were some meals which I do not like to recollect. They still give me a strange sensation in my stomach.

Once, upon my return from an unsuccessful hunt in the Battak lands of Northern Sumatra, I sent my native house boy to the village market to buy venison for dinner. I knew that the Battaks, as good hunters, often had deer meat for sale. My boy left with half a guilder—about 30c in American money—and came back with the largest amount of meat I had ever seen for that amount of money! He grinned as he showed it to me, but did not say a word. My Battak cook prepared it, and that afternoon I ate with relish not only because I was hungry

but because it was delicious and was so entirely different from any venison I ever had eaten. I wondered somewhat about its color, for venison is usually dark and has also a peculiar color all its own. So, after dinner when my boy brought the cigarettes I asked him what kind of deer it was. Again he displayed his broad grin as he said, "*Tuan*, it was no deer, it was DOG!"

I hesitate to describe how I suddenly felt, and when the following morning I passed the native market place and saw a heap of meat with an unskinned dog's head topping it, my stomach felt very queer indeed. It was known to me that the Battaks consider dog meat a great delicacy and raise canines for the purpose of eating them later on, but that I myself would ever partake of dog cutlets was beyond my farthest thoughts.

But we all have to eat and there are no restaurants in the jungle. Whatever comes along first is our meal, be it dog or monkey. It is no place for finical stomachs. If you like your steaks well done and French dressing on your salad you had better stay home.

The Sex Appeal Myth

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most successful showmen before Ziegfeld, believed that it consisted largely in a girl's carriage—and addressed himself to making his young women comport themselves like so many undulating wienerwursts. George Edwardes, England's most successful producer of musical comedy at the famous old Gaiety, believed, on the contrary, that it consisted in not having the girls move at all, or at best as little as possible. In other words, to have them stand still and not allow movement to interrupt the static picture. Pay your money and take your choice of these various philosophies.

But sex appeal, other persons believe, may conceivably dismiss the eye altogether. The voice of an unknown woman over the telephone has often, for some, carried with it a load of sexual sorcery. So with the radio, as witness the reaction of countless men—according to the fan mail statistics—to the singing voice of Frances Langford.

The whole matter, indeed, presents a peculiar problem. What is sex appeal to one man is often an ice poultice to another. To believe that any single young woman possesses an inflammatory appeal to men in the mass is to believe that all men—or, in any event, the majority of men—are cut-outs from the same emotional pattern and respond equally and alike to exactly the same stimulus. This, obviously, is nonsense. If you need convincing, reflect upon the extreme dissimilarity of the women various men admire. Take a look at their best girls. Or at their wives.

A young woman in private life may have this quality of sex appeal for certain males of her acquaintance. Yet, even here, their number is limited. If, among the young women you, the reader, know personally you can decide upon *one* who exercises an equal amount of anatomical magnetism upon all or even the majority of your male acquaintances, I shall freely confess to the weakness of my contention. But I have a feeling that you cannot. The best you will

probably be able to do will be to hit upon one or maybe two girls who have a biologically electrical effect upon yourself and perhaps several of your male friends, but as for their effect upon the great number of other men whom you know you will either have to rely on pretty doubtful guess-work or simply, puzzled and confounded, shake your head. Therefore, the notion that any one young woman on the stage or screen, however ooh-hoo, can exercise a sexually bewitching influence upon *countless* audiences of men hardly holds water, save to sentimental nitwits.

Sex appeal to one man may consist in a woman's figure. But what that man considers a good figure, another man may consider, in his prejudice, not at all a good figure. Some men admire curves and plumpness; others, slenderness and straight lines. The same thing holds true in the case of big eyes or small slanted ones, in the case of brashness and sophistication on the one hand or artless innocence on the other, and in the case of contralto or soprano vocal tones. What is one man's meat is another man's poison. Take, for example, two women who are alleged to have succeeded in the motion pictures—and succeeded with the same kind of large audiences—principally because of their sex appeal, to wit, Mae West and Constance Bennett. While we are asked to believe that both of these girls (not at all, Mae; don't mention it!) have stimulated the same masculine audiences in the same way, a moment's reflection is sufficient to emphasize the fact that both are totally and wholly unlike in every particular. One is loud and brash, the other quiet and moderately withdrawn. One is of a voluptuous shape, the other of a slim, almost boyish shape. One speaks like a bartender, the other like a high-school girl. One goes directly at men hammer and tongs; the other approaches them from around the corner. There are still other differences. Yet both are said to triumph over

the same men because of their sex appeal. Sex appeal probably has no more to do with it than Janet Gaynor's lack of what is thus designated as sex appeal has to do with *her* popular success.

Sex appeal is that loosely defined element in a young woman's makeup that appeals to certain men. The element in question often has very little connection with sex. The sex appeal is really an afterthought. A man likes the way a girl moves, or casts her eyes, or does her hair, or purses her lips, or sits down, or stands up—and then concludes that she has sexual attraction. The latter, to him, is really the residuum of *sentimental* attraction. It begins as heart appeal and then subsequently is transmuted into sex appeal. And men's cardiac susceptibilities are as various as their sexual.

If sex appeal, as it is commonly known, were as simple a matter as some believe, that is, merely physical stimulation, the burlesque houses with their "living pictures" and "strippers" would have a monopoly on the eager masculine trade. The fact that they are very far from having any such monopoly goes to prove that what draws men into the amusement halls, whether dramatic, music show or film, is not a seeking after physical excitation but a seeking after romantic—or, in the instance of more adult minds—humorous excitation.

"What does he see in her?" has been in the language from time immemorial, and its deathlessness attests to the diversity of men's tastes and reactions, sexual as well as otherwise. The theory that the moment men enter a theatre or a movie parlor they abandon all differences of attitude and feeling toward women and suddenly find that one particular woman gives them simultaneously and equally an enormous anatomical kick is, I fear, what our less literary critics describe as boloney. The kick they really get is a sentimental one, but—being men—they chestily like to pretend that it is something different.

Skaal Salamina!

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eaten alone and cold as Anna sneaked it home to him. And it came to be that we all stared mournfully ahead with growing sadness at the inevitable and already settled day of separation on which with my departure in search of a permanent housekeeper this sweet interlude in life would end. So that when at last I had slept on the last bed that Anna should make for me, and eaten my last breakfast she should maybe ever cook, when she had packed the food for my journey and tied up for me a little change of clothing in the bandana from her own head, then we three descended sadly to the shore. And with earnest assurances from me

who knew so little about life!—that things on my return would go on virtually as before, and palpably forlorn straw-clutching words of hope from them—who knew, it proved, so much—we shook hands; and I steamed away. They knew—for Greenland is a little world—of Salamina.

Of all the women of North Greenland, it had been told to me, the most capable, most faithful, noble, elegant, refined, most beautiful and altogether captivating was she named Salamina. Too much? Ah no! Not for a housekeeper in a one room house. And if my sorrow at parting from the gentle Anna and her good Johan allowed one mitigating thought, it *may* have been of her. We steam away. Smaller and smaller grow the figures on the harbor hill, their waving handkerchiefs but specks of white. They're gone; and we few huddled in a little boat are as the only living things in all immensity.

The Danes of Umanak took an immediate and active interest in my domestic problem. A housekeeper? Of course: you've got to have one. There's Karen—but she's old and

feeble; or Marta—well, I wouldn't have her. Yes, Dorthe is a beauty—but she's spoiled. And Antonette's an *aften blad*; you know—an evening paper, spreads the news, *your* news. Oh, Salamina? Yes, she's here. No use; she'd never go. There's—. "I'll see her," I broke in.

I used to know a young fellow—a *good* fellow—of such low down principles that he used the telephone to make dates with girls he didn't know—and then at the rendezvous would hide behind a pillar to first look them over. He played safe—a low down, wise, abominable practice. I pursued it.

"Take me," I asked, "to see her. Not a word of why."

As I now look back upon that first meeting with Salamina my first thought is of light, of light so bright that I am dazzled by it. I know that the sunlight streamed in through the window, that its shaft cut sharp across a shadowy background and laid a gleaming patch on a scrubbed floor. I know that red geraniums stood on the window ledge and glowed against the sunlight like vermilion fire. I see a room suffused with light, its *shadows*, even, golden with it. A golden light; and in it, of it, source of it—who knows!—a woman. Oh heart, eyes, impulses of man!—Man's absolute, infallible best guide in everything. Oh Salamina, come. Cook, bake, mend, fend for me.

"But I have three children," said Salamina. "and I won't leave them."

"Of course you won't—and shan't!" (I speaking—with a one room house!) "Just come. I'll house you all; feed you and clothe you—you and yours. Three children? *Only* three?"

Now it became very quiet in the kitchen:

Salamina thought. "Well," Salamina said. "I'll come. I'll stay a little while and try it. And if I like it I'll stay with you always."

Whew! it was storming hard next day. The land ran torrents and every gulley was a watercourse; and wind! a half gale swept the fiords. It stormed all morning, and all afternoon till four. Then in a lull—it *looked* like clearing up—we sailed. We were a boat full: three men, two women, several children, seven dogs; we were a grateful boatful when some hours later we made a half-way port—*just* made it with the ravaging white toothed gale in full cry at our heels. Yet throughout those turbulent hours battened down below, Salamina wading in a running mess of seasick kids displayed her quality. *She* tended them; she cheered a moaning woman, held her head; she mopped and cleaned and put the place at last to rights. Great woman!

An arrival at Igdlorssuit is always an event. Always someone climbing about on the hills describes the boat a long way off. Always a shout goes up to be re-echoed by the settlement. Always the houses, all, disgorge their inmates, who pop out like wood chucks to a feast of corn. And always, long before the boat draws near, the harbor hill is thronged with people. For maybe the first such time in all her life Anna, on the day of our arrival, was neither on the harbor hill nor on the shore. Smoke rising from my chimney told the tale.

It was a great procession that climbed the hill to my house: I with a child in hand, my family and dogs; the populace with all our goods shared out so that as many as possible might have something to carry. We all marched up together and we all, or all that

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Stage-Door Johnny, Pro Tem.

Revealing, among other facts,
that New York is the worst
theatrical city in America

by GILBERT SELDES

THE GLIMPSE LIST MUSTS

"DODSWORTH," by Sidney Howard out of Sinclair Lewis. People say it is as good as the book, but the book is only Lewis' half-turn away from Babbitt-baiting (completed in *Work of Art*) and is not one of the best. Walter Huston is good in a "sympathetic" part; Fay Bainter is very nearly magnificent as Mrs D., who is what is rapidly coming to be known as a bitch.

"SHE LOVES ME NOT," by Howard Lindsay out of Edward Hope. Better than the book, a swell production, the most satisfactory show of the year.

"TOBACCO ROAD," by Jack Kirkland out of Erskine Caldwell. See it for Henry Hull's performance; for the presentation of Caldwell's extraordinary human beings; and because it is the most fought-over play of the year.

"AS THOUSANDS CHEER," by Irving Berlin and Moss Hart. The most satisfactory of all the satirical musicals so far, being not too nasty in its jibes, and being provided with three or four of Berlin's very best numbers—no longer new to you, but all the better for that.

"STEVEDORE." Reported as the best of the propaganda plays; of negro and white workers on the wharves of New Orleans. No Mammy Songs; solidarity conquers capitalism in the end. The same group's production of *Peace on Earth* was mighty good, and this is said to be better.

"ROBERTA," by Otto Harbach out of Alice Duer Miller's story about gowns. Lyda Roberti is in it. And Jerome Kern's music gets in your ears.

"KYKUNKOR," A small band of African and American negroes animate the sexual mysteries and make folklore visible and audible. A fine exotic show.



is now also a movie; it was a movie before it started. Except for minor characters and motives, whatever isn't trivial is false and whatever isn't false is trivial. The Pulitzer Prize Play, however—or maybe just the Pulitzer Prize Play.

"MARY OF SCOTLAND." Margalo Gilmore has supplanted Helen Hayes; the play remains better than most historic drama and considerably less than a great play.

"THE MILKY WAY," overpraised, often tiresome, sometimes engaging play of the timid soul as world's champion. Hugh O'Connell is in it; otherwise it wouldn't exist.

"NEW FACES." Pruning out attempts to do the big professional thing has left this show unpretentious, funnier and faster than it was. Two or three howling satiric sketches, at least.

THE worst city in America, theatrically speaking, is New York. While Miss Cornell stands them up in Dallas, while Denver runs a six week summer stock, while no Connecticut village of more than 450 pop. would bear the disgrace of not having a few weeks of tryouts, New York is the place in which most plays fail and most backers go back to what used to be known as legitimate business. It is in New York, and not on the road, that a hundred and eighty plays are produced annually and fifteen or so make hits, another fifteen or so paying a small profit. It is New York, and not Des Moines, which refuses in droves to go to see plays. New York is the producer's hell-in-America.

New York, during the four weeks preceding this writing has mowed the plays offered to it like Daniel, the mowin' fool of Jimmie Durante's song. With a fine impartial swing of the scythe, New York has cut down foreign and domestic goods, comedy, tragedy, historical-pastoral, and all the rest of Polonius' list, including the musicals of which Shakespeare knew nothing. If this were an obituary page, I would list them here. I would list them even if I didn't see them, as some of them made the mistake of opening while I was commuting, and by the time I arrived at "the heart of the world" the Standing Room Only sign had been put up—over the scenery at Cain's Warehouse. As I am concerned not with the dead, but with the quick, I pass on. And if it weren't for one of those theatrical accidents which occur

only in New York and give the lie to everything I said in the beginning, I should pass on to blank pages and oblivion.

The accident is a spectacle, dramatic dance, opera, or study in folklore—whatever you like, bearing the name *Kykunkor*, which you might as well add to your obligatory list of things to be seen; if it withers during the hot weather, it will reappear and without question go on the road. It is African; the author-director, Asadata Dabore, comes from Sierra Leone, and the program sounds a little like the translations which go with Russian songs and a little like all the program notes of folk dancing. Like this:

Maidens with Matrons of Mendi Tribe beating rice. Bokari of Temini Tribe comes to select bride.

Susu Dance, Engagement Dance.

Hunters Enter with Kill.

Presentation of wedding gifts from bridegroom's father.

Call for Bride.

Oummoie Dance, a devil dance.

Jabawa or Festival Dance

and so on. You would not guess that the thing had passion and excitement. Few people did, for a time.

The business was put on somewhere downtown in a converted beauty-shop, striking a new high for conversions. There was some trouble about too many people crowding into the room and *Kykunkor* had to move elsewhere. The idea that something was being crowded brought more crowds; semi-finally the show appeared in a small and attractive theatre on top of the Chanin building and was doing such a business that in my capacity as daily

journalist and monthly reporter on the theatre, I was permitted to pay for my own seat, and none of your nonsense about low prices—\$2.50 plus tax. The place was crowded and the swells were there. This week *Kykunkor* finally hits Broadway.

This unforced popularity is a sounder thing than the rage for *Four Saints in Three Acts* which was trumpeted for weeks, had its Hartford première triply covered by each newspaper, and yet was unable to make a long run. *Kykunkor* isn't precious.

It is, specifically, a loosely strung together series of songs, shouts, dances, and incantations of certain African tribes, and some of it, as John Martin of The Times said, might be a page of Frazer's *Golden Bough* come to life and some of it, as I muttered a little sullenly to myself, might be just Harlem. The beginning, for instance, is the rice-

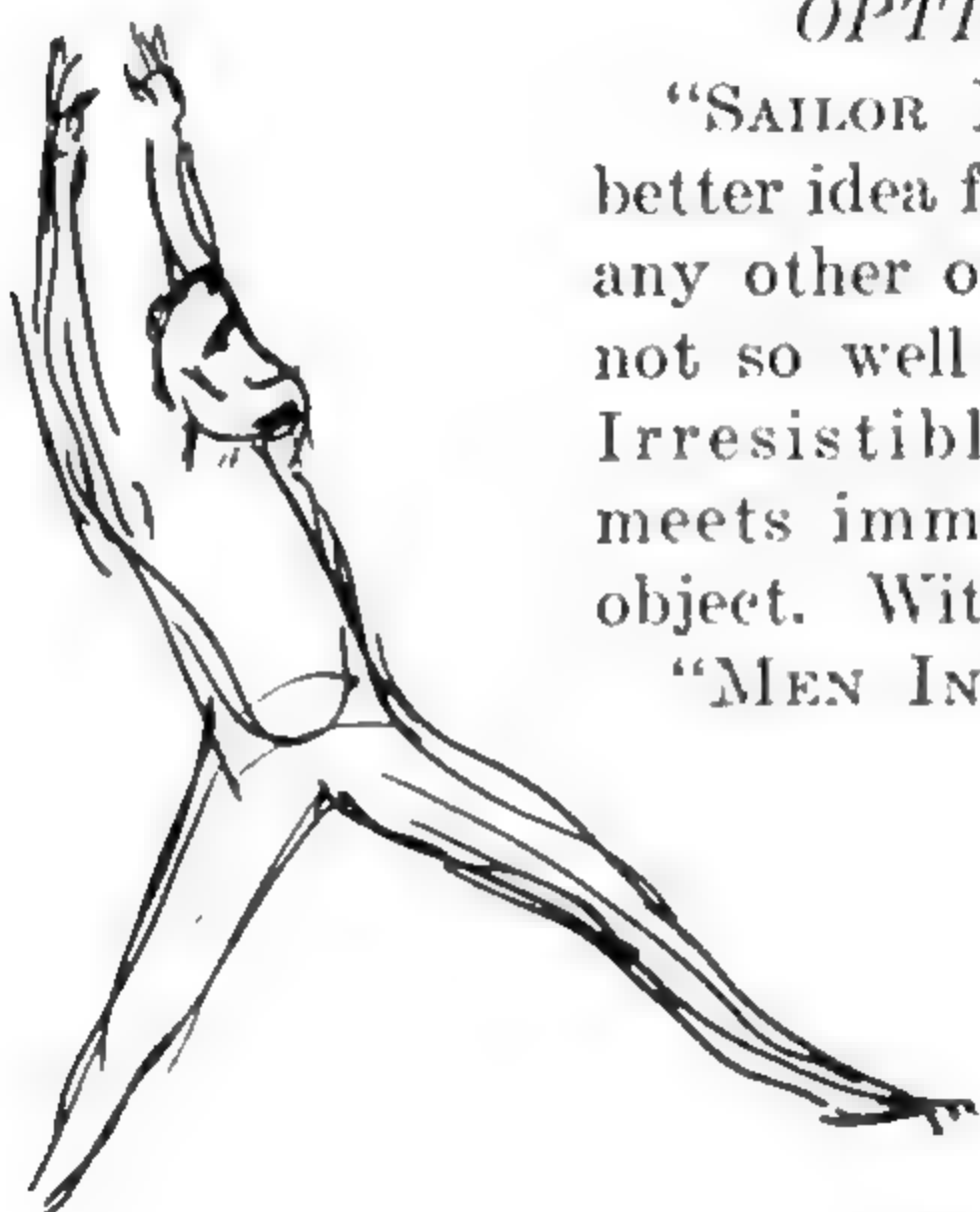
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OPTIONAL

"SAILOR BEWARE." A better idea for farce than any other of the season; not so well worked out. Irresistible sex-force meets immovable sex-object. With gobs.

"MEN IN WHITE." It



Skaal Salamina!

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could, marched in. Here, children, Salamina, here is home! and here is—Anna.

There Anna stood. She was dressed in her best clothes—her bridal clothes, they may have been, for she had not been long married and her boots were of the pattern and the color, white, which is properly of the costume of unmarried girls. She wore a spotless apron, that I had given her, to protect her costume's spotlessness. She stood demurely there and from a lowered face looked up at us and shyly smiled. Then Anna came to Salamina, came up close, sweetly reached out her arms and moved to kiss her. That kiss was never given; it never will be. What harm, what lasting enmity, one swift, hard, calculated look can start! Anna took off her apron, dropped it on a chair, went out. She was the first to go.

The place of Greenland women is the home: they don't complain. They run it, rule it, absolutely. They make it theirs, their charge, their property, their realm. And, given half a chance, they *make it home* in fact. Salamina, having by a look cleared mine of its encumbrances, proceeded to conduct it with all the efficiency which her reputation promised, to conduct the home and — me. And it was, to put it mildly, *disconcerting* for one who liked in general the conducting of himself, to find himself, as though a chattel of the house, pursued, dogged, followed, watched and spied upon whenever he was pleased to stroll abroad. That we should attend each other when invited out to coffee drinkings, or on evening calls upon our neighbors, was natural enough: and I was as punctilious in my observance of established social conduct as she, my social sponsor, was herself. Then too we strolled together, sometimes: *always*, was what got me. The inevitability of her dear company on *every* stroll, of her constraining company! For let me but address myself—address? smile, *look*—at any human creature but a made or babe in arms or woman over sixty, and at a look from her they'd flee. Their fear of her attached itself to hers; and, dreading her, at last they dreaded me. Oh Salamina, noble, faithful, most devoted soul—for God's sake, lovely one, lay off!

Of Anna it was but seldom that I was permitted even a furtive, distant glimpse, so terror stricken had that first encounter made her. I *had* to see her, make amends. I wanted to. Yet Salamina's eyes were not less keen than mine to spot her rival, as she held the girl to be, on promenade. And however craftily I might maneuver to contrive a meeting, it proved invariably a rendezvous for three.

It was the nightly custom of the people of Igdlorssuit, even when with summer gone the nights were dark, to stroll the shore, their boulevard, their promenade. It was my custom too—and Salamina's. And if I was often less happy in patrolling up and down alone—with Salamina at my heels—than I might have been in the unattended enjoyment of some carefree, rollicking young crowd, it is as much a credit to my youth of heart as a reflection on my domestic loyalty. Now one night, one merely starlit night, as I patrolled, as said, the shore, who should come by me, all alone, but Anna! She passed; we neither turned

our heads nor spoke—afraid. And I strode on. I strode, and kept the *rhythm* of my tread; its measure changed. Beat, beat, beat, beat—so even, slow, that she who followed me in the darkness might sense no change of pace. And every stride I stretched to double length. I sped along. Soon, quite secure of having lengthened out the gap between me and my shadow, I dared look back: blank darkness. I stopped: no sound. Alone! With silent steps I ran ahead to where, quite near the path, some oil casks stood. I crouched behind them, hid. And waited. Then Salamina came. I could hear her quick soft footfalls, see her dark form approach—and pass, and vanish in the darkness. Now!

Keeping somewhat back from the shore to avoid meeting other promenaders, making, I thought, no sound—so soft are Greenland boots—I followed Anna. I followed her and found her in the darkness. She'd gone far.

"Anna!" I breathed.

She heard me, stopped. She faced me. And I saw only the apprehension of her thoughts as she peered past me into the night.

"Anna"—I said.

She silenced me. She listened—not to me.

She started, and I gripped her arm.

"The school house: meet me there." She whispered, pulling to get free.

"But why? Why go?" I freed her.

"Salamina," said Anna, and was gone.

As Salamina came up I walked without a word straight past her in the way that I had come. She followed me. I stretched my steps; she hung on close. I ran; and she ran too. Damn it, I *will* get clear! I sprinted. For some distance she kept close to me; then slowly dropped behind. I held on for two hundred yards, I reached the oil casks, hid behind them. Scarcely five seconds late my nemesis came up. She was breathing heavily. Straight for the casks she came. As she rounded one end I broke cover from the other. She saw me, followed on. I turned sharp right, ran inland, dodged behind a house. She ran the other way around it; almost got me. A great, ramshackle storehouse stood nearby: I headed for it. Half way around I doubled on my track—and met her! She'd outguessed me. Leaving the settlement behind I made off for the hills; still Salamina followed.

It is hard going in the darkness on those sodden hillsides; I wallowed on and up. I reached the shaly crest, ran on a way to put the brow between us, swerved sharp left, sprinted a hundred yards, and dropped down flat behind a grave mound in the hill-top grave yard. God, I was winded! A minute passed. Then dark and clear against the starlit sky came Salamina. She reached the hilltop, stopped, and looked around. She was so close I heard her breathing. She looked around. Behind her in the darkness of that valley glimmered a few lights of the settlement. Before her lay in utter darkness a no man's land of bog and basalt shale and boulder littered water courses. She paused for breath; then, *passing* me, went on and into it.

It was some moments before I dared to move. Then without sound, and crouching

low so that I might not be discovered on the sky line, I put the hill between us. I was free at last.

The school house could be reached without going through the settlement for it stood above it close to and overshadowed by the mountain's bulk. It was a dark and lonely site. The school house itself was but one end of a three part structure that, beginning with the school room, included the church—the dominating central portion—and, corresponding with the school room at the other end, the mortuary chamber: from the cradle to the grave. Anna was there.

My approach, after the violent exercise of the chase, was so leisurely, and its direction spoke so clearly of successful circumvention, that Anna now appeared quite rid of all those fears which had so paralyzed her latterly. She laughed again as in old days; and we entered light heartedly though still in whispers, upon those explanations, mutual condolences and felicitations which it had rested in my thoughts to make. Nor did my difficulties with her tongue, my pidgin Eskimo, make what was said less touching and delightful. It was a jolly party.—Hush!

We stood with bated breath: pitch darkness, utter silence. Then clear as the tiny scratching of a mouse in a still room we heard such crunching of fine shale as the stealthiest footsteps still must make. They stopped. Quick as a thought and quite as silently Anna turned the knob of the school house door, turned it, pushed in the door, and entered. I followed close. We shut the door: it squeaked. And there we stood in the close confinement of that black school vestibule, stood, listened, hardly dared to breathe.

Footsteps approached, quite audibly. They paused outside the door. They moved away; came back.

It appeared a minute later as though more feet than two were tiptoeing around outside. Then we heard whispers. Trapped—but not caught!

There was another door behind us; Anna opened it. Making no sound I followed through. I shut the door. There was a key in it: I locked the door. *That* made a sound.

It was clear to us now from the scarcely suppressed foot scufflings and voices that reached us through two doors that there were more than two persons outside, that there were many more. The sounds increased: a crowd, we knew at last, was gathering.

We stood now in a narrow hallway no lighter than the pitch black vestibule that we had left; our legs were pressed against the foot of a ladder. With one thought we climbed it. There was a trap door at the top: we opened it, crawled through, and shut it. And we found ourselves in a dark loft that extended over the entire space below—the school room, church, and mortuary. In the school room gable end was a door, flanked by two small windows. In the other merely a small rough aperture at the peak; the starlit sky showed through. But no light entered into that gloomy place.

It was clear to us by now that half the population swarmed round the building. The pack had cornered us. And though,

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"I miss you terribly, dear—but I know business is business!"



"Look—I brought along some flypaper"

Skaal Salamina!

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God knows, our tryst had been quite our affair, and innocent, we had by ill-considered flight to sanctuary, by entering that sacred place, by locking it, not only blazoned our intrigue and made it everyone's affair, but violated custom if not law. They had us on both counts. And the fact that they didn't immediately storm our citadel, itself put emphasis on our misconduct: they waited for authority to enter.

Samuel the catechist was in bed when summons came to him. He jumped up, pulled his trousers on over his long woolen drawers, pulled his boots on over his bare feet, drew on a sweater, and ran out. It isn't often that catechists in Greenland, or for that matter clergy anywhere today, get such a chance. Authority? He loved it. The crowd made way and Samuel strode through.

He opened the outer door, went in. An empty vestibule, of course; they knew it. He tried the second door: that door—he knew it well!—was locked. Then Samuel thundered. "Come, open up! Come down from there; come out!" And from our loft no sound came back. Believe it: I was thinking.

The gable door over the school room opened out to a ten foot drop right into the outskirts of the crowd. The ladder we had climbed led down and out through only that same door we'd entered by. Impossible. I crept over the boxes, nets and cordage with which the loft was littered and climbed to the aperture in the other gable. No use. It had been made for no more than the passage of an arm when one reached out to put a new rope on the bell that hung outside. The bell! Praise God for nature's laws!

For among the laws and principles operative in living nature is that known to medical science as the principle of the "counter irritant." Books could be written on its application; books have been written. We are told (see Abbott Thayer's "Concealing Coloration in the Animal Kingdom") of how

living creatures adapting themselves of necessity to the exigencies of precarious existence achieve a near invisibility by most subtle counter shading and the most delicate matching of the colors of their environment; near—but not quite. And then across that almost perfect work they splash, God does, a glaring stripe. That stripe annihilates the thing. To eyes that living thing is gone. A colored patch a stripe remains: the counter-irritant. We know that to fire the leg of a horse we twist its nose so that, poor suffering creature, it forgets its leg. We know—ah, don't we!—oil of cloves. And we know how partridges will shield their young by loud diversifications. My young was Anna: shield her—and, myself. Let nature do it.

It was not too hard to find in the mess of cordage that littered that dark place a piece of rope long enough to extend from one gable end to the other. It took some time, of course, and Samuel raved; but let him. With one end of the rope in my hand I now climb the mortuary gable. I reach through the aperture and with the most painstaking care not to clatter the bell affix a noose to its lever, draw it tight. Careful to keep the bell rope slack I now descend and, returning with utmost caution to the other end of the loft, pay out the rope along the floor. Rave, Samuel, rave: we're ready.

An artist has—even in such moments of peril as this—a sense of art, of drama; he feels the need of doing what he must do, well. My conception of the performance that was about to follow required an opening like that of Beethoven's fifth or, giving Samuel's door-thundering that assignment, a properly dramatic counterpart to it. No dribbling in. Accordingly, I pick up the rope a few paces back, grip it firmly in both hands, and, leaping forward as I tug, achieve at the first stroke a pandemonium of clamor. "Clang, bang, bang, clang!" I keep it up.

At the first stroke of the bell the crowd stampeded for the mortuary end. And as

though drawn to fill the void they left, our gable-door swung out. Now Anna, quick!

Anna got on her belly. She wriggled her legs out. She lowered herself—and dropped. "Clang, bang, bang, clang!"—the bell crashed on. Now me. I dropped the rope, squirmed out, hung by my hands, and dropped.

"Anna!" I breathed as a woman's arms received me.

"Yes?" said Salamina.

Well—so it goes. She was not unkind to me as, gripping me firmly by the arm she led me home. She was not unkind at home. Severe perhaps, not bubbling with good humor; not unkind. One doesn't make a dog love home by beating him. My bed was made (she was an excellent housekeeper!) She pulled off my boots, she tucked me in. "Good night, Salamina." "Good night, Kinte."

A year later, returning to Denmark on the last boat of the season, a boat that's always filled with homesick Danes bound home for winter leave, I sat with all the rest at a grand banquet. And at the high moment of that banquet there arose one who, clinking his glass, called for and got attentive silence. Then he spoke:

He spoke of Danish housewives, and out of his memory, out of his homeward longings, out of his heart, told of their virtues and their charms. He moved us all to stand and drink, drink tearfully—to Danish womanhood.

Then, because a toast to Danes implied, in truth, and meant, a toast to all white womanhood, I felt Salamina take me by the arm—just as she had one night taken me home; take me now by the arm and stand me up. And I heard her say: "Now you; speak from your heart." I did—and told a lot. "There's one," I said, "in Greenland as good, as capable, as beautiful and altogether captivating, as any woman anywhere. Skaal Salamina!" Did they!

A Pretty Good Shot

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"But didn't he point the rifle at you? And wouldn't you call pointing a rifle at a sheriff, resisting arrest?"

"Yes, the rifle was pointed at me, but I told him to put it down, and he did."

Now the attorney who was defending the prisoner jumped to his feet, and called out, "How did the prisoner know you were the sheriff? Did you wear your badge of office?"

"I did not have the badge on the outside of my coat. But he put down the gun when I told him to do so."

The attorney for the defense continued, "And he came forward of his own accord, and held out his hands?"

"Yes."

"Your Honor, by no stretch of imagination would anyone call this resisting arrest."

The judge agreed to this point, and the witness was dismissed.

Now the attorney for the defense was again on his feet. "I object, your Honor," he said, "to another line in the testimony

The prisoner has been called a pretty good shot. There is no basis for this, for no one had been shot. And when he held the men at bay from his hiding place in the rocks, he was doing so only in self-defense, and here his gun was not fired off once. To call a man a pretty good shot is assuming a fact before it is accomplished."

The judge ordered this line stricken from the records.

And as there was nothing more to say, he summed up the case for both sides, and sentenced the youth to five years' imprisonment for robbery.

The prisoner seemed to accept the verdict as a matter of course. Everybody was certain of his guilt. And everybody was certain that justice had been done.

But as the prisoner was being led out between two guards, the old sheriff stood up in his seat beside the railing. He had something in his hand that he had taken from his pocket, a small package.

The youth paused and looked down. "How's the old lady?" he said.

"Not too good," replied the sheriff.

"Does she know?"

"Yes. I told her last night."

"Did she say anything?"

"She gave me this to give to you. She saved it. It's ten dollars in dimes."

The lad took the little package and put it into his pocket. There seemed nothing more to be said. He marched out between the two wardens.

The old sheriff sank down on the bench. His heart was going very fast, and beads of perspiration were on his brow. He took out his handkerchief. "I did my duty," he said. "That comes first. But it's hard." He mopped his brow. "I taught him how to hold a gun when he was only six years old. And he grew up to be a pretty good shot. Bad company." He mopped his brow again. "It's hard to do your duty when it's your own son. Very hard, indeed."

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

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tracted yellow fever it was rarely fatal and sometimes no worse than a mild cold. They also learned that African monkeys could not be infected with yellow fever. They were up a stump for bodies on which to experiment and were loath to use human beings. It was not until a Dr. Stokes found that Indian monkeys could be infected with yellow fever that part of the problem was solved. But, if Howard's play follows the facts in the case, even then it does not seem to have occurred to them why the Indian monkeys could be infected and African monkeys could not. I don't know whether they have deduced the reason yet. Yet the deduction is simple enough. There is no yellow fever in India and never has been. The monkeys there, therefore, have not been plagued by yellow fever; whereas the monkeys of Africa probably were subject to yellow fever plagues millenniums ago and so have developed immunity to yellow fever infection. It is no wonder that so many of the great discoveries in medical science have been the result of what De Kruif calls "lucky accidents"—discoveries that popped up when research workers were looking for something else.

In these pages last month I discoursed on Thomas Craven's *Modern Art* wherein there is a story of the strange life of the Flemish painter, Vincent Van Gogh. Van Gogh had already been the subject of a fine and fascinating biography by Julius Meier-Greife. Now comes a sensitive and sympathetic fictionalized biography of Van Gogh by Irving Stone. It is called *Lust for Life* (Longman's, Green, \$2). It will undoubtedly be one of the better and more popular novels of the fall season. It is written in a uniform fine firmness of style, with no rhetorical flourishes and no effort to give profound psychological significance to mere incident (a trick picked up all too readily by second-raters until it has become something of a bore and a menace to contemporary fiction). Incidentals in the life of a man of Van Gogh's temperament are dramatic enough without the novelist's being tempted to hint that there is much more beneath the surface than he cares to disclose. The tale is told in the quiet, simple manner of a tale by Nexø or Hamsun, with homely details of everyday life; and yet it is bolstered with prodigious research into the life and times of Van Gogh, including the life of the Parisian art world. Van Gogh was a madman (if we are ready to take Babbitt as the type of normal man) and a genius; he was weak-willed, ugly, masochistic; he had a streak of religious mania of the early Christian type and for a time was actually held in reverential awe by Belgian miners among whom he worked as a minister of the gospel before becoming a painter. The curious friendship that sprang up between Van Gogh and the brutal and domineering Paul Gauguin is delineated by Mr. Stone with all its tragic pathos; and Mr. Stone has made a startlingly effective passage out of the episode wherein Van Gogh cut off his ear and sent it to a little harlot in Arles. In some versions Rachel had been playfully



taunting Van Gogh about his ugliness and his poverty and in doing so, had asked him to send one of his ugly ears as a present. In the novelist's version Van Gogh is in love with Rachel and she with him; nevertheless she is a hired employee in a business establishment and when Van Gogh says that he cannot spare the five francs it costs to sleep with her, she tells him he can send her one of his ears that she has been tweaking. The ear, cut off with a razor, arrived that night done up in a large package. *The Lust for Life* is a distinguished handling in fiction of the life of a tortured but sincere and self-sacrificing soul who profoundly loved humanity.

Within the past fifteen years American prose has become extraordinarily rich, varied and distinctive. English prose literature—that is the prose literature centered in London and exclusive of the Scots and Irish—has become, in the main, uniform, patterned and without life or distinction; French literature has gone off vastly in charm, color, lightness and urbanity; and German literature is rapidly becoming strangled at its birth. Until one reads Carl Van Doren's anthology, *Modern American Prose* (Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.75), one is not made sharply aware how much good literature has in recent years been produced in this country. And by "good literature" I mean something distinct from propaganda or commercial pot-boiling. The anthology is made up chronologically and it is curious how many sharp contrasts are achieved by this arrangement—contrasts which show that good literature has nothing to do with so-called "trends" and does not follow the patterns which some critics seek to establish. Here is work by Gertrude Stein and Sinclair Lewis, Ludwig Lewisohn and Edmund Wilson, George Jean Nathan and Clarence Day, Frank Moore Colby and Sherwood Anderson, H. L. Mencken and Ring Lardner, F. Scott Fitzgerald and Willa Cather, James Branch Cabell and Stuart Sherman, Theodore Dreiser and Joseph Hergesheimer and many other sharply distinct individual figures, quite themselves and quite unlike anybody else, and, moreover, fresh, alive and personal, having in their work that special quality that makes for permanence as well as for the day and place. This anthology is totally unlike those anthologies usually gotten up as class-room texts by unimaginative professors to fatigue the minds of undergraduates. Such anthologies are usually based upon false ideas of what is "classical" in form and matter; they have little to do with the life-blood of the real heart and arteries of literature. This book is a treasure. It is a comprehensive and judicious selection made by a man who is above the battle of the quarrelling little scribblers who believe that literature should be "proletarian" or "agrarian" or "humanistic" or "regional." It

is a selection by a man who can appreciate a chapter about a bishop in Thornton Wilder's *Cabala* and also a chapter about a Negro convict in E. E. Cummings' *Enormous Room* or something by a professed Communist as readily as something by a professed conservative Jeffersonian if the two happen to have the qualities which belong specifically to literature and not to Communism or to Jeffersonian democracy.

Gilbert Seldes' selection of newspaper and magazine pieces by the late Ring Lardner which had not yet got into book form is, I think, somewhat unsatisfactory, although it is well to have the anthology for the excellent funny stuff it does contain, notably the little Dadaistic plays.

The book is called *First and Last* (Scribner's, \$2.50). It omits all of the work Lardner did as a sports reporter in Chicago and as conductor of the "In the Wake of the News" column on the Chicago Tribune and includes some of his feeble, topical parodies which are not very good or funny. Among the notable omissions are some of those Bushy versions of grand opera which ran in the Chicago Tribune and which were convulsively funny and excellent criticism to boot.

Not long ago Ed Wynn was giving his comic versions of the plots of operas and they were immensely popular; but they were crude, pointless and full of puns in comparison with Lardner's treatment. Lardner took music very seriously and he understood and appreciated the technical points of music, although he himself was only a not very good amateur pianist, playing popular music always in the key of C, no matter what key a piece was written in.

During the last days of Lardner's long illness he wrote, mostly from hospital beds, some of his most magnificent things as commentator on the radio for The New Yorker. He had a knack of condensing a number of observations in one or two sentences and thus make a paragraph strike three or four different ways at once, as specific satire, as criticism, as irony and as sheer comedy.

I remember how once in a single paragraph he contrived to call attention to the fact that Graham McNamee had caused a newspaper radio critic to lose his job; that the broadcasting company had denied this was so (thereby criticizing the ethics of the publicity departments of broadcasting companies); that it "didn't sound like Graham" and that besides, the facts were that the man had been fired as the

result of pressure from the broadcasting company.

In the same piece he commented upon the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" at the Democratic Convention in Chicago by saying (I quote from memory) "if Bing Crosby and Russ Columbo can drag down the money they make by dawdling along four or five bars behind the music, that lady ought to balance anybody's budget. She and the organist weren't even at the same convention."



The Candid Cameraman

**Worra, worra, Will Hays—what
to do about Miss Mae West—
and when is a dirty picture?**

by MEYER LEVIN

A MAN'S GUIDE TO THE MOVIES TAKE HER

"OF HUMAN BONDAGE." Amazingly veracious picturization of the most beloved of modern novels. Long, but worth enduring. Perfect performance by Leslie Howard and steal-show job by Bette Davis.

"IT AIN'T NO SIN." The Grand Old Lady of Sex still has a few slithers in her whale-bones. And here she is back in the period most natural to her.

GO ALONG

"BABY TAKE A BOW." Shirley Temple, the infant who is rapidly taking Mae West's place as the film's chief feminine attraction, makes natural entertainment out of a fast-gagged formula comedy-drama.

"AFFAIRS OF CELLINI." Not quite effervescently smart costume comedy, with Fred March using all his technical tricks plus some pace-forcing but never quite vitalizing the lumpy story. Firebrand artist stuff. Frank Morgan cops the show as the laughably amorous Duke.

"DR. MONICA." Triangle around illegit. child. Good acting by Kay Francis as the wish-I-had-a-baby wife and Jean Muir as the hold-your-head-high seductress.

"BORN TO BE BAD." Triangle with child. Startling emergence of several new expressions on the face of Loretta Young, who here plays a peppery Joan Crawford role. It seems the girl has more than a coca-cola smile.

SEND HER (Or Go Along With Misgivings)

"VIRGIE WINTERS." Triangle with child. Ann Harding solidifies the long-suffering sweetheart legend. Story and many sequences much similar to Jennie Gerhardt. A weeping fiesta, with excellent small-town background side shots.

"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW." Bitter molasses, stodgily stirred by that master of sentimental hokum, Frank Borzage. But Margaret Sullavan is fine. Douglas Montgomery tries hard; and many bits are swell.

"MADAME DU BARRY." Enough powdered wigs and silken sheets to cause a revolution in this lacy and would-be racy historical cream-puff. Dolores del Rio handsome but wooden. Super-super luxurious court scenes. Too much cake.

CATCH IT

"LA CUCCARACHA." Technicolor short, way ahead of all predecessors. Slashes of green, red, wild yellow, and mantles of exciting blue. Golden-skinned Mexican gals. Effects by Robert Edmond Jones. No wonder.

WASTE

"OPERATOR 13." Marion Davies in hackneyed Civil War spy story.

"THE GREAT FLIRTATION." Menjou and Elissi Landi in super-trite backstage play.

CONSIDER the hour-glass. When the bottom is full of dirt, and the loft is clean but vacant, it is surely time to invert the invention and start all over with a stuffed head.

Now the time-keepers of the motion picture industry have observed that the sands have run their course, and so the periodic change is upon us. Once more the movies discover morals. From the pulpits, we learn that recent pictures are licentious, immoral, vile, etc. The producers hearken. From the box-offices we learn that the public is getting bored with the libertine formula. The producers hearken. After all, the triangle-with-illegitimate child formula can grow just as wearisome as the marries-boss's-daughter plot. So turn over the hour-glass, oh Zukors and Warners, and let us have sweetness and light again. Baby Shirley Temple instead of Mae West.

In any case, the "feelthy peeetures" agitation comes mighty pat as a publicity background to insure "last chance, going out of business" attendance for Mae West's new opera.

To my mind, there is no active connection between motion pictures and morality. The wave of gangster pictures didn't start a crime wave, and I'll wager that the present cycle of illegitimacy photoplays will have no effect on the impending birthrate. Come around next April to collect. I have never encountered a typical movie conversation in which the lesson of the story was featured. I believe this is a lack of reaction that has a quite plausible analysis.

Movies are an escape world. The preponderance of pictures are set in the glamorous purlieus of the rich, the make-believe world

of backstage, or the romantic world of the costumed past. Characters are seen against realistic small-town or city tenement backgrounds only in beginning sequences; thence they escape to unreal worlds.

The movie-goers' contact with this fantastic world is maintained through recognition of a star personality rather than through self-identification with a character or background. The fan goes to see Greta Garbo rather than Queen Christina, Clark Gable rather than a young doctor of his acquaintance, Wallace Beery rather than Pancho Villa. Listen to conversations: "Gee, I could go for Miriam Hopkins . . . Joan Crawford I think she's the nuts . . . Leslie Howard, he's cute . . . did you see him where he's supposed to be lame . . ." The telephone girl, seeing Joan Crawford as Sadie McKee, will come away to imitate Joan's wide downward mouth-rouging; I doubt whether she will feel impelled to adopt Sadie McKee's sleeping standards.

If a laundry girl identifies herself with the heiress through Myrna Loy, she does so only in a dream-wish; she's hard-headed enough to completely separate this from her real-life chance to marry a truck-driver. The picture represents to her all that she can never have, can never be. She wouldn't violate this unattainability, even unconsciously, by transferring its morality to her own life.

To become a teaching medium, motion pictures would first have to become typical. But even the rare Hollywood pictures that attempt to portray typical folks against their workaday background fail to stay within the limits. The most pretentious attempt at a picture of this sort is *Little Man, What Now*. The picture is a failure because it substitutes quaintness for typicality.

In this fallacy, it was led on by the novel itself. But where Fallada, by a disarming simplicity of style, was able to cover up the fakey elements of his story, the movie glares with sticky varnish. I am speaking here in a condemnatory tone of a work that, both as novel and as picture, had enough dignity of intention to become a thing of outstanding importance, in many ways a creditable achievement. But because of its cheap featuring of the picturesque, *Little Man, What Now* belies everything it sets out to prove.

Typicality is the first and irrevocable duty of a story that is to gain its effect by presenting "everyman." No coincidence, no turn of fate, no novel twist is permissible. The boy and girl heroes of this story must be drawn out of the great gray masses of humanity.

Greatness demands monumental simplicity. Instead, we get a photoplay with the "human interest" quality of a newspaper

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Covered All Night

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threat unless Mary Ryan tried to leave the tent.

But if all he wanted was the car, why didn't he take it and go? The drumming of rain answered Mary Ryan. The road down to Shoshone was steep, narrow, in spots treacherous. Few drivers would care to risk it in the dark of a rainy night. This man, she realized, would wait until dawn, then commandeer the Ryan car and escape.

Then why, in the meantime, didn't he demand the ignition key? The woman's heart skipped another beat when she solved that one. The reason was, of course, that since he was wearing George's corduroy suit the ignition key together with George's wallet would already be in his pocket.

Groping slowly through the blinding mist of her terror, Mary Ryan came finally to a decision. She would fight. She herself owned a short-barreled .38 revolver. George, though never dreaming it would be needed, had left it here as a defense for the camp. It was loaded and at the bottom of the chest at Mary Ryan's left. Her decision was to take it, shoot this marauder exactly as though he were an invading beast, then rush away to find George.

"Don't start nothin' you can't finish," the man growled.

Had he read her mind? The pistol in his lap was pointed squarely at her. His finger was crooked in the trigger guard. If she leaned to the left and brought her .38 from the camp chest, he would shoot first. No doubt of that. He was a desperate felon, a practised gunman, no doubt. She must wait. She must think.

"Just keep right ahead sewin' on that button, sister," the man warned. "Then me an' you won't have no trouble. Come daylight, I'll be pullin' out."

The thing to do, she decided, was to seem to take him at his word. She must seem to surrender. So now she took a stitch at the button. George's gray town coat was still spread flat on her lap.

After another stitch, she glanced covertly down into the open chest at her left. The invader, seated three paces away from her, could not himself see into that chest. But she could. And she saw the short-barrelled .38. Also she saw the wicker basket heaped with the disarray of socks. Atop that pile of socks was a ball of darning yarn. Also there was a wooden ovoid about the size of a goose egg, and with a handle. It was a device a housewife uses to insert inside a sock, to inflate it while she darns a hole in the toe.

Sight of it gave Mary Ryan an idea. Flushed by the boldness of it, she finished sewing on the button.

Then, with the gray coat still spread flat on her lap, she leaned to the left and reached down into the chest. She could feel the intruder's hard gaze upon her. Therefore she did not dare to bring the .38 out where he could see it.

Instead, with her hands deep in the chest, she put the .38 into the wicker basket and beneath the pile of socks. When she lifted the basket out, the man saw only the materials for a session of darning.

"Go right ahead," the man said. "I'll be movin' on pretty soon. And I'll leave

your car at Shoshone."

She knew very well that he would not leave the car at Shoshone. Instead, he'd drive swiftly out of the state with it. But she must pretend to believe him. Her cue right now was to sit tight and darn socks. So she placed the sewing basket on a small table at her right.

With black yarn she threaded a darning needle. Then she took several pairs of socks and scattered them over the gray coat on her lap.

Without using the darning ovoid, she began making stitches. At intervals she looked up warily. The man's hard gaze was alert, as impersonally ruthless as the gaze which a cat might fix upon a cornered mouse.

The gun lay flat on his knee. One of his hands gripped it. The other reached to one side and poured a cup of tea. Over the rim of the cup, as he drank, he watched Mary Ryan darn socks.

With the socks spread flat on her lap, it was an awkward and unnatural way to darn. The man, though, wouldn't know it. It should be easy to fool him. Hot and



alive in the woman's brain were two campaigns of attack. She was prepared to launch both of them.

One was passive. The other was active, a direct, frontal attack. The passive scheme, she admitted, might not work. Nevertheless it must be tried. To throw the man off his guard she said:

"There's bread and butter. And some cold fish."

His left hand groped for a small trout. His eyes remained on her, nor did his right hand ever desert its grip on his pistol. The trout he ate like a banana. Mary Ryan could hear his teeth crunch the tender bones. His shadow on the canvas beyond loomed huge and grotesque, like a crouched monster.

It made Mary Ryan herself seem very small and slim. She could hear the rain beating on the roof. The gay gurgles of the creek came too, and mocked her. Beyond all of it she could feel the dark, damp mystery of the mountains.

Fighting her fear, she took another pair of socks from the wicker basket. The deeper she delved into that basket, the nearer she would be to the .38. She suppressed a frantic impulse to snatch it now, and shoot.

"Got a match?" the man asked. "Mine are all wet."

There were matches on the sewing table beside her. He came to get one. As he towered above her Mary Ryan trembled lest he should delve into the wicker basket. Partly to distract him she said, faintly:

"Your coat's wet, too. And — bloody."

He looked down at the stains on his coat, blinked at them as though he now saw them for the first time.

"Yeh? Well, I just skinned a deer."

He took a cigaret from his pocket, lit it. Mary Ryan recognized the cork-tip brand used by George. She bit her lip. Desperately she tried to make the movement casual as she removed George's gray coat from her lap, folded it, laid it upon the table at her right.

The man saw it there, and snatched it. He backed off three paces, all the while keeping his eyes on Mary Ryan. With the pistol in his right hand, he got half rid of the wet and guilt-stained corduroy coat. Changing the weapon to his left hand, he got entirely rid of it. It dropped to the floor behind him. Mary Ryan waited with bursting nerves for a chance which never came.

She had angled for it, hoping, while he changed coats, to get an aim with her .38. But the man got out of the wet coat one sleeve at a time, and donned the dry one in the same cautious manner.

He sat down again, facing her. After finishing the cigaret, he ate another cold trout.

Mary Ryan now darned another pair of socks. These she darned in the orthodox manner, using the wooden ovoid. She would let him get used to seeing her insert that ovoid in a sock. And she must let him get used to seeing an inflated sock toe pointed squarely at him.

"What time is it?" he asked impatiently.

She glanced at her wrist watch. "Twenty after four," she said.

The rain had slackened, was now but a mere whisper on the canvas roof. In less than an hour dawn would come to these dripping woods. This felon would then take the Ryan car and be gone—unless she stopped him. Only a bullet could stop him. So Mary Ryan steeled her resolution. She must shoot him. He must not have that car. She herself must have it, so that she could take George, alive or dead, down the mountain.

She darned one more sock. Then she reached into the basket for the last pair. Under that last pair lay her .38. Dropping the wooden ovoid into the basket, and with the rim of the basket screening her hand, she inserted the .38 pistol into one of the socks. When she then brought the sock out to her lap, it seemed to contain the darning egg.

Mary Ryan's left hand picked up the yarn-threaded needle. Her right crept into the sock and grasped the butt of the pistol. Just so, a few moments ago, her hand had grasped the handle of the wooden egg.

She was trembling now. Would he see her agitation? She bent forward over her work, not daring to look at him. But she could feel his eyes and his aim on her. She knew that his own gun rested on his knee, that his finger was in the trigger guard with the barrel pointing her way.

At the slightest warning and in a flash, he could and would shoot. But there must be no warning. He must never know what struck him. She must shoot him between the eyes suddenly, precisely, and then she must go find George.

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"Equestrians . . . that's us"



"Keep your mind on your business, buddy!"

Covered All Night

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That was her program, nothing less. Her resolve to do it was intense, savage, like a bomb bursting within her breast. Unseen in the sock, her finger found the trigger. It trembled there, while with the needle she took another stitch at a tiny hole in the toe. Glancing up warily, she moved the sock a little. She aimed it. She aimed it like a gun. It was a gun.

The man was covered and didn't know it. She was aiming at the bridge of his nose. She could shoot him dead, and then hurry off to find George.

Then, suddenly, she felt faint and helpless. She found she couldn't do it. Her finger went numb. Her hand and arm seemed paralyzed. She had him covered—but she couldn't shoot. And she knew she must be staring at him like a frightened little fool.

The man said: "No use gettin' scared, sister. It's nearly light. I'll be outa here in ten-fifteen minutes now."

So he still didn't know there was a pistol in her sock! Her eyes dropped. So did her aim. She aimed lower and a trifle to the left, at his right arm midway between elbow and shoulder.

She would shoot him, but in the arm instead of the head. Then, if he wouldn't give up, she would shoot him again.

It was hard enough, without warning and in cold blood, to shoot him even in the arm. After all she didn't know positively that he had killed George.

All she knew positively was that he had arrived wearing George's bloody coat, had held her up and announced his intention of stealing the car. Didn't that warrant shooting him?

Cautiously Mary Ryan raised her eyes. She checked her aim, trained it accurately upon the man's arm. Then, to her complete

shock, she saw that he had become suspicious. His face flushed. He brought his own pistol up, butt braced against his ribs, and its round black bore stared at Mary Ryan. His voice croaked sharply—

"Say, whatta you got in that sock?"

Again Mary Ryan was shocked almost to petrification.

"Drop it!" His voice cracked like a whip.

Instead of dropping it, she instinctively gripped the hidden .38 all the tighter. She gripped the gun in an unconscious frenzy of resistance. Convulsively, not meaning to shoot. But the weapon exploded within the sock.

She heard the man yell, saw the revolver fly from his hand. His other hand clutched at the wet redness of his broken arm. He stood up, then. His face was terrible, his fingers became claws and he seemed to Mary Ryan like some monster ape about to spring upon her. She shut her eyes. When he was halfway to her she pulled the trigger again.

Again the .38 exploded within the sock. The toe of the sock had been shot away, now, and Mary Ryan stared wildly at the shining barrel which peeped forth. Then she stared at the man who had dropped first to his knees and then to his chest at her feet.

She arose and backed away from him. He was trying to get up, but couldn't. There was a crimson spot spreading on his right arm and another at his left hip.

Mary Ryan got past him and to the flap of the tent. She raised the flap and looked out. It had stopped raining. Gray dawn was breaking.

She must find George. She must get the ignition key from this other man, then drive the car off to find George.

She turned about. The man was still try-

ing to get up, but couldn't. He was helpless. Suddenly he lay quite still. She thought he was dead.

Fearfully she went to him. He was alive. Shot twice, he had fainted from loss of blood. Mary Ryan took the ignition key from a pocket of his trousers.

Then she began a frantic search for her first aid kit. She would need it when she found George. For George, at best, would be badly hurt. The kit was misplaced, as usual; but at last she found it. Just as she found it, George Ryan himself staggered into the tent.

"George!" She swayed toward him. There was a bloody gash at his forehead. But he stood erect and caught her in his arms.

"Fellow cracked down on me with a wagon spoke," he explained, "and then copped my clothes."

George himself was half clad in the wet, brush-torn rags of his fugitive assailant. He told Mary Ryan that he had wandered around, out of his head, most of the night.

"He wanted the car, George," Mary sobbed, "and so I —"

"Hush, honey," George said. Being able to see the man lying there, shot twice, he did not need to be told what had happened.

"The wonder is he didn't murder you, honey, and get clear away!"

"He wouldn't have gone far," Mary said.

"Not far? What was to keep him from going far?"

Then, before she could answer, George Ryan saw exactly why this felon would not have gone far. For there was a startling announcement on the back of the man's gray coat.

Stitched there in black darning yarn was the statement:

I AM WANTED
FOR MURDER.

Captain Barlow's Pride

Continued from page 25

total darkness, their lives every moment in peril from the down-hanging swaying wreckage, they sent the snapped mast down; and by daylight were ready to send up a new mast in its place. All through the forenoon they worked, many of them with bleeding knuckles and bruised limbs from the torn rigging.

When at last they came down to the deck they were too weary for any speech. But just as they came down they saw, through the spray and spume and rain, the other ship; instantly a loud cheer rose from every man of them. For the rival ship had just lost a mast also, and was falling astern. "Look at her! By Gawd, look at her! We've got her beat now!" they yelled to one another.

Hearing their outcry, Barlow said, "There's some pride in the poor devils. What good does it do them?"

Back in their forecastle again at last, an old grey sailor said, "Well, sons, we done our job, eh?" And tired though they were, there was in the face of each a look that said proudly, "Aye. We done our job."

For two hours then Barlow's sailors

rested; lying wet through in their narrow bunks, in their oilskins and sea boots. And then once more, out they came. For the wind was hooting and screaming, and sprays were driving over the ship in solid stinging clouds, and sail must be taken off her at once.

It was midnight when they came back to their forecastle. And coming to it, they found it gutted. A great sea, sweeping aboard in the darkness while they were aloft, had smashed the door from its hinges.

There wasn't a plate, nor a pannikin, nor a straw mattress, nor a blanket, left; nor any spare clothing belonging to any man of them.

"All part o' sailerin'," said the old grey fellow.

"That's so, b'Gawd!" said another. And with no more ado they went to work and repaired the door after a fashion; then, having bailed some of the water out of their dismal quarters, down they lay on the bare boards. It was close to dawn by then. And now, the mate came bawling to their door. Scarce able to keep their eyes open, they staggered out to the storm-swept deck

again. "Yonder's a steamer, lads!" shouted the mate, and, looking where he pointed, they saw through the driving spray, the spume, the flying rain, a steamer's lights.

"Gawd, is the skipper goin' to try racin' wi' a blasted steamer, sir?" shouted one of Barlow's men. And that was just what Barlow was going to do. He ordered more sail piled on his already straining ship. With her tall masts bending like whips, she tore through the smoky sea smother; while, all sheltering as best they might from the spray and spume and rain, the men kept handy lest something give way. Toward mid-forenoon the rain changed to whirling snow. Blue-lipped, they clung to the lifelines; and stared at the steamer, while the snow came even thicker.

"He'll have to slow down," thought the mate, and repeated article nine of the Rule of the Road for ships at sea to himself. "In fog, mist, falling snow, and heavy rain squalls, all ships shall proceed at moderate speed." But Barlow paid no heed to article nine. Night came. Through thinning snow, Barlow's men stared at the steamer's lights, the two vessels racing neck and neck now;

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Captain Barlow's Pride

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"We'll see who's got pride now," thought Barlow. "What mite of pride those poor fools of sailors ever had's been washed out of them long ago."

"By God, that fellow's a sailor!" thought the steamer's skipper, watching the lights of Barlow's ship through the snow. And then he ordered his engines rung to "slow speed"; and at once his vessel began to fall astern of Barlow's ship. And then, instantly, a cheer of derision rose from all Barlow's sailors.

All night Barlow's sailors stayed out on the cold deck, clinging to lifelines. And when, at last, cold dawn opened again the ship sailed smooth waters; her anchorage only a little way ahead now. And then soon came the order to take sail off her. Snow was frozen on her rigging. Her sails were sheeted with frozen snow. Up went Barlow's weary, half-frozen sailors, to roll up her sails.

"Roll 'em snug, sons. Let's finish our job right," said the old grey fellow. And, one by one, they rolled the sails tight; so

that not a wrinkle showed anywhere.

With the voyage done, Barlow sat in his chart room, with paper and pen before him. He was writing to his father. "I'm taking your advice. I'm done with the sea," he wrote. Having sealed the letter, he put it in his pocket and went out to the deck. Their boots knocking fragments of snow and ice from the rigging, his men were coming down from tying the last sail. Last came the old grey fellow. Barlow saw the others stand waiting for him to join them on the deck. "Why don't the poor devils go to their quarters?" he thought, "They're so dog weary they don't know what they're doing." And then, all together, with the old grey fellow in the lead, he saw his sailors start to walk toward the quarter deck above which he stood. "They're coming to curse me for driving them so. A lot good may it do them," he muttered.

Barlow's men looked up to him in silence a moment. Then the old grey man stepped in front of the rest, and took off his sou'-

wester; baring his bald pate to the cold.

"Three cheers for the skipper, sons!" said the old grey man. And, utterly amazed, Barlow turned to his mate and asked, "What's the matter with them?"

"They're proud of their skipper, sir," replied the mate.

And then the light dawned on Barlow. He took off his own sou'wester, and leaned down toward his men. "Thank you, my lads!" said Captain Barlow.

And then, when his men were gone, all shuffling toward their forecabin to get their breakfasts, Barlow took the letter from his pocket, tore it to fragments, and dropped it to the sea. He went into his chart room and wrote another.

"You say that any poor fool can be a sailing skipper," wrote Captain Barlow. "I'm going to keep right on being a fool. You say that sailors are the dregs of the earth. They're good enough for me. I'm proud to have their respect, their loyalty," wrote Captain Barlow.

For Gentlemen Only

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of cheek passing, Alonzo Whiteman, conqueror of "safety-paper" and perforating machines, William Boland, who turned cheques out by the wholesale, were social upper-crusters. And Richard Barry, exponent of the one-day-per-week working schedule, whose deeds still inspire neophytes of the pen and acid bottle, was the most gentlemanly of them all.

There never have been any outstanding female forgers. The art requires stability, patience and a control of the emotions that amounts to Stoicism. It's strictly a gentleman's business.

As to the *modus operandi* of a modern forger: his technique depends entirely on his own fancy and the physical characteristics of the document to be altered or written. Referring only to cheque forgery . . . for that is the branch of the trade you, as a potential forger, will be most interested in . . . there are two major schools of thought, The Alterers and The Writers.

An Alterer starts his activity by purchasing a cheque from a bank, or accepting one from an individual. Taking it to his laboratory, he washes away the date, name of payee and the amount, with acid. Perforations left by cheque-writing machines

are filled in, either by the insertion of a "patch" or by filling the holes with discs of paper from a perforator of the same type. "Safety tints" are replaced by delicate brush work and the forger has a signed, blank cheque from a financially responsible source

When a healthy batch of the "sheets," as they are known in the trade, are ready, the forger packs a bag and travels. He travels rapidly and far, filling in the cheques and cashing them as he goes. His pleasant appearance, his charm, his obvious culture

and his honest (sic) face count heavily then, for it is on them he depends for success. Nerve, an iron will to keep him from bolting when encountering suspicion . . . these are part of his stock in trade, too, and his ability to convince total strangers that they should cash his cheques is amazing. No more amazing, however, than the gullibility of those he so charmingly parts from their money.

Richard Barry, familiarly known as "Butter Bill," was a follower of the Writers school. His technique was different from the one explained above, and while it involved less dexterity and craftsmanship, it required a sight more intestinal fortitude. Barry came from a respectable English

family and was reared in New York. He was always handsome, and as a youth wore clothes with ease and aplomb. Opposed, from childhood, to all forms of manual labor, he turned to forgery at an early age and discovered that he had decided talent for copying accurately the signatures of other persons. This, alone, would have been of but little value to Barry, but he

was likewise blessed with a personality that inspired confidence. The combination, plus nerve, netted him well over half-a-million dollars during his career.

Barry's method was simple, but effective. Through underworld contacts he secured from pickpockets, stick-up men and second-story workers, the papers, letters, automobile licenses, membership cards and other paraphernalia which they collected along with negotiable loot. Useless to them, these articles were mightily important to Barry. He filed them systematically under the

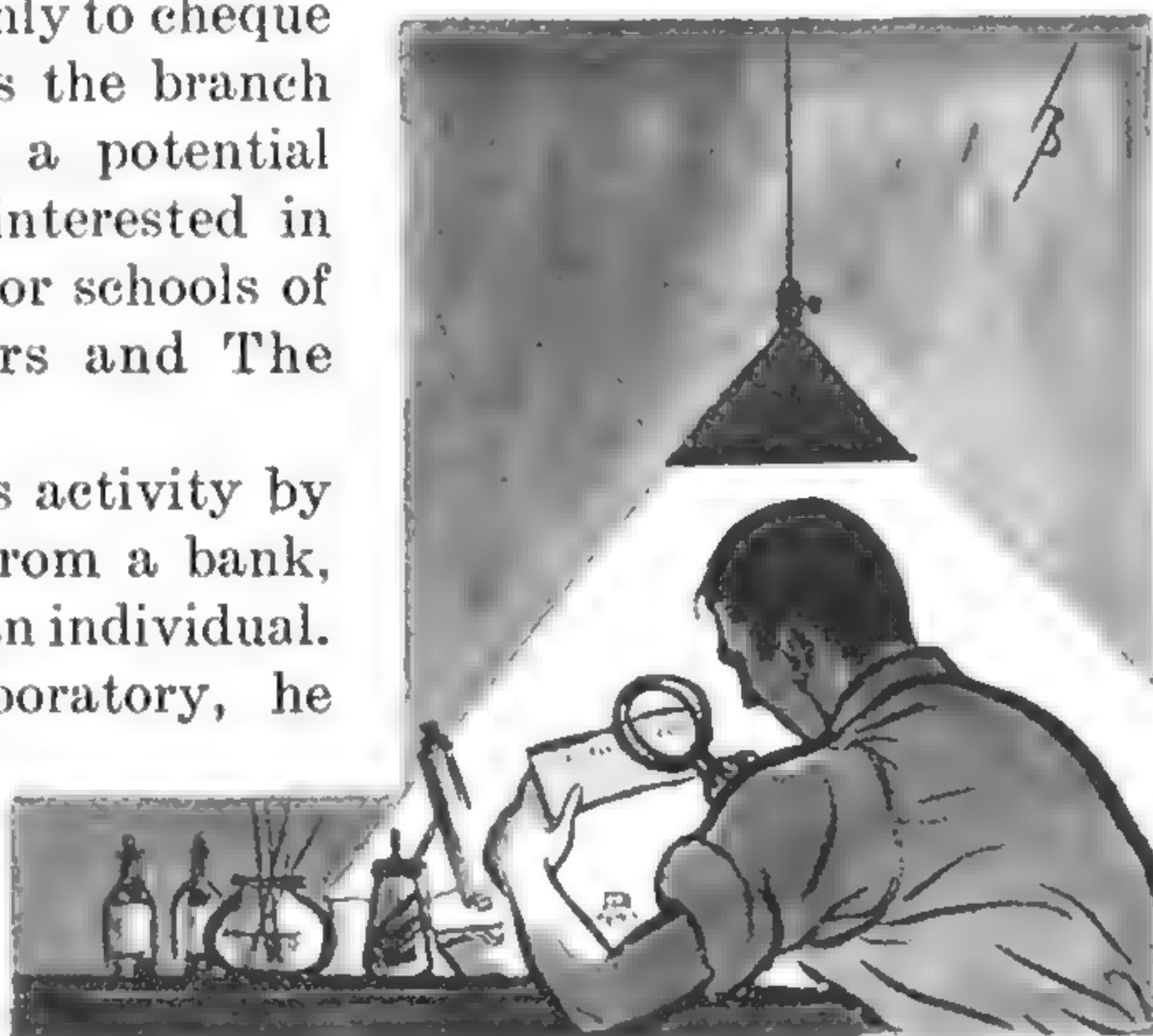
name of the city from which their owner came, against the day when he would use them to identify himself as he passed forged cheques bearing signatures copied from the cards and licenses and letters.

"Butter Bill" actually worked only one day each week—Saturday, and he forged and passed only certified cheques. They were original works of art, not altered cheques, and he was so adept at copying signatures that even experts could detect no great difference between real and spurious.

Each Saturday would find Barry in some fairly large city, ready for work. Hotels of the town had been prepared by mail during the week, to the end that Barry was registered in several under different aliases and had even received telegrams and letters there. Thus established in identity, all Barry had to do was step into a jewelry store, for example, select a watch or ring, and offer a certified cheque in payment. The cheque, of course, was written for considerably more than the amount of the purchase, and storekeepers invariably wanted identification. This was easily furnished by Barry, who displayed the cards, licenses and lodge passes of the man whose name was signed to the cheque. Since the banks were closed (which accounts for his choice of Saturday as a working day) Barry suggested that the merchant call the hotel and inquire about him. Due to his careful ground work, this always brought a favorable reply from the hotel management and the cheque was accepted. Barry then took the extra cash and the watch and went away from there to repeat the act at another store, under another name and registered at another hotel. At the end of the day he shipped his purchases back to New York—to be picked up and pawned by a trusted messenger—and hurried off across country to his next field of glory.

It took daring and it took superior Thespianism. But Barry got away with it for years . . . until he made the mistake of taking on a confederate. The assistant

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"You put a little meat on yer bones since last I saw you, Mrs. Peabody"



"Could you use a nice tenor?"



"If I were you, Madam, I'd take him to Hollywood"



"I'll race you to the clubhouse..."

For Gentlemen Only

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was no gentleman and never should have studied forgery, for he allowed himself to be rattled by a suspicious merchant, was arrested, and turned State's evidence against Barry to save his own hide, such as it was.

Becker, the forger who, according to his few friends, spent almost all his money on fine paintings, disdained both the Alterer and the Writer schools. He was a one-shot sportsman. His biggest bag, the one which earned him the title, "Prince of Forgers," consisted of purchasing a certified cheque for \$12 from the Bank of Woodland, California, and eventually cashing it for \$22,000 . . . which is a decent profit for even a forger.

On examining the cheque, Becker found that it was printed on sensitized, or safety, paper, the figure "Twelve" punched in both corners, and the amount shredded in and heavily inked. To the untrained eye it was apparently a well-protected piece of negotiable paper, but to Becker it was a challenge to his art. He went into his laboratory with the cheque and stayed there four days and nights before he finally came out for food, rest and twenty-two grand.

Carefully, using a preparation of his own, Becker had washed the cheque to remove every trace of ink in the perforations. This, of course, destroyed the safety tint, so the "Prince" used a high-power magnifying glass and hair-thin brushes to paint back the color and delete the words "void" which had popped out at first touch of the acid. This done, he filled in the inkless perforations with minute shreds of paper, binding them with a fine glue, and pressed the cheque between heavy blocks to let it

"cook" and dry until all chance of vagrant ink oozing out was gone. The result was a perfect draft, in blank, and all that remained was to write in the new amount (only Becker knows why he picked \$22,000 as the figure) punch new figures in the corners, run it through a cheque-writing machine of the same type as that used by the bank, and cash it.

Just how Becker established himself in a Nevada city so as to make it possible for him to have a certified cheque honored there is not a matter of record. Still, he was a charming fellow, and it was done. The bank gladly handed him the money, and Becker went South in more ways than one.

They caught him, but not until he had spent all the money and set himself up in business as head of a school for forgers where all the rudiments of his art were taught. The students, of course, earned while they learned.

At one time during the last century, forgers worked in syndicates . . . a wholesale sort of business which George Wilkes is credited with developing. Wilkes was a courtly, polished gentleman, the type one likes to be seen talking with on the street, and he had a diabolically clever mind. In partnership with two other master forgers, he built up an organization which changed small cheques into big ones by the thousands. There were "Captains," who purchased the small-amount cheques; "Scratchers," who did the actual altering; "Middle Men," who acted as go-betweens within the organization (so efficient was this go-between system that none of the real workers ever

found out who directed the gigantic machine), and "Presenters," who cashed the altered cheques. Of the usual \$200,000,000 which is collected by forgers in this country each year, Wilkes' syndicate at one time got about eighty per cent.

Will (Wolf) Boland was a typical example of the gentleman forger. He may still be living, although opium smoking and other pleasures of the esthete may have gotten him by this time. When the police raided his luxurious apartment they found literally bales of raised cheques, all waiting for their creator, or re-creator, rather, to cash them. He said he had prepared several thousand at one protracted spell of labor, so that he might have more time to devote, in the future, to his hobbies. No gentleman worthy of the name should let business interfere with pleasure.

If by this time you have decided on forgery as a career, you will be interested to know that all forgers get caught eventually. Bidwell and Macdonnel were captured by our Mr. Pinkerton and juggled for good; Becker was convicted of the \$22,000 altering job; Wilkes and his syndicate were scattered and every member either killed or arrested; Barry spent ten years in Sing Sing at one stretch, and did time at regular intervals from then on; Boland was arrested and convicted only once, but once was enough. So it is with the rest of the distinguished members of the guild. Starting with the Reverend Doctor W. Dodd they've always got it in the neck. However, if that little eventuality doesn't bother you, forgery is a swell racket.

Besides, it's such a gentlemanly crime!

The Resurrection of Solly Moon

Continued from page 111

said, 'I'm sorry for it. He was a little twerp, but he was all right.'

John turned to me with utmost seriousness.

"Maybe you won't believe this. But here's what happened. Leo, the old bezabor, thought it out. He said, 'I don't know what this machine looks like inside, but I think we ought to make a try at saving poor old Solly Moon!'

"We said that that was right.

"He said that maybe if we put the little twerp in just as he come out and put the engine in reverse, something would happen.

"Pete said, 'But the little twerp is dead.' 'No,' says Leo, 'I been looking.' He was setting with that bushel basket in between his leg and his wooden stump and he held aside the stuff for us to see, and there, in the bottom of the basket, was the heart. Yes sir, it was still beating. I don't know if it was that manufactured stuff of Jarvises, or if it was just natural. But there it was, beating to beat the ears. And while we looked at it it gave two little hops.

"That got us proper. It was just as if each one of us together had heard that lousy little twerp holler, 'Hey-hey!'

"So we figured. There was a reverse all right. And Jarvis he took the stuff up that had been delivered at the carrier, and Leo he set the basket under the grain feeder, and

the boys went back to the engine. Just then Pete said, 'I heard a hiss in the dust flue.' 'So did I,' I says. 'What was it?' 'Sweat,' says one of the boys, 'I seen it drip off Pa and it's been coming out since dinner time.'

"Leo says, 'Then how are we going to put that back. We can't bring him out all dry.' 'Water,' says Jarvis. 'And I'll get some stable salt and mix a brine.' Well he fixed three buckets full which was just about the right amount as near as we could figure without paper; and then we took our places. I had to pour the brine into the flue. The boys was at the engine. Pete was helping Jarvis with the skeleton and underwear and clothes. Leo was at the basket. He had the hardest job. I could see it bothered him. 'I don't know how man's lights go—backwards,' he says, scratching his head, 'it would be kind of hard to get him out of order all his life. But I'll do the best I can. I'll feed them just the way they lay.'

"He give the word and the engine let out a sight of steam and got to going. 'Run it fast,' hollered Leo. And when it was rattling pretty smart he took hold of an end and stuck it in.

"Well it was hot work while it lasted. I had to toss them buckets in and Jarvis and Pete got a little ruffled up about the bones, but the engine smashed along, and all to once, yes sir, all to once, there come a kind

of pop, and we all jumped to catch that little twerp for fear he would fall in again.

"There he come! There was his boots and his feet and his little round legs, and his pants, and all to once, there he was. 'Hey hey! God damn! Where's that bundle, John?' and he made a swipe with his hand.

"Yes sir! It was all right. But he was sober as a judge. And then he looked around and says, 'Georgey, get up here! God damn! Ain't you shamed to see your old Pa sweating here, hey-hey?'

"He made a wipe at Georgey with his foot, but as he did so, his boot fell off and his pants come down. That danged machine had done the job but it hadn't been able to tie his shoe or sew his buttons on.

"We had to send him in to be repaired and all the way his boys kept laughing at him. It was the only time I ever see them laugh."

John examined my face gravely.

"Solly Moon never knowed what had happened. He hadn't felt a thing. It must have been that manufactured oil that Jarvis brought along."

He paused.

"But just the same, if you had seen him in that basket, you would feel the way I feel. It was a lucky thing that that old bezabor, Leo, kept things straight."



"Yah—wouldn't answer my letter, would yuh!"



"What! Me ride with you and your—your paramour!"

Falconry—American Style

Continued from page 36

cannot bring herself to face the flash and roar of firearms. When you depart she will ruefully survey her empty nest, chalk it off to profit and loss, and straightway proceed to lay another clutch of eggs.

The eyas, once captured, should be immediately taken home in a soft padded container and released in an absolutely dark room. Darkness is prescribed here because it minimizes the visible number of strange new objects, and thus avoids the jerky nervous disease known as "bating." A soft leather hood is now placed over the hawk's eyes, and a pair of jesses (strips of leather) are fastened to his legs just above the foot. The jesses are then joined to a swivel, to which a leash is attached. Small bronze bells are also fastened to each foot—the object being to keep the falconer apprised of the bird's whereabouts at all times during training and flight. If, for example, a falcon disappears into a deep thicket, the falconer must depend upon the bells to reveal the bird's hiding place. The best bells are made in India, and are so clear that they can be heard a quarter of a mile away.

Thus furnished with equipment, colorful to the eye and pleasing to the hand, the hawk is ready for his first lessons. Hooded and belled he is carried on the gloved hand of his trainer for several hours a day, spoken to softly, and stroked with great gentleness. Some trainers smoke a pipe in front of the bird, day and night for the first 96 hours; the smoke is believed to act as a sedative and to impress upon the eyas the constant presence of his new master. But whatever method of introduction is used, all must go gently, quietly. Harsh sounds and brusque movements should be avoided, since these are the surest methods of ruining a hawk while he is being "manned," that is, accustomed to the presence of human beings. The first feedings are given by candlelight; the hood is removed and the bird is fed small strips of fresh, warmed beef, held in the gloved hand of the trainer. Before the end of the meal, the hood is replaced so that the hawk will not associate hooding with the termination of his dinner. In essence, the whole training of the bird lies in building up a series of conditioned reflexes, all tending to overcome the wildling's natural repugnance to man, and to establish complete confidence between the bird and his trainer.

The hawk is now introduced to the lure, the most important factor in the falconer's equipment. This consists of a weighted leathern disc, to which the wings of a pigeon have been attached to give it a semblance of reality. Food is placed in the centre of the lure, and in the presence of the unhooded hawk the lure is tossed a few feet away. If the falcon does not immediately dart at the lure, he is again hooded and the process is repeated until hunger drives him to attack the baited disc with promptness and precision. He soon finds that he cannot fly away with the lure because it is too heavy; this breaks him of the habit of "carrying," that is flying with his quarry to some secluded nook. It is an important lesson, and one that must be thoroughly learned if the falcon is to be of service to his master.

Day after day the bird is obliged to fly further for his food, first with a line attached

to his jesses. Then—while the falconer's heart does a trip-hammer beat—utterly free. Will the released bird come back to his master's wrist? This is one of the great crises in the falconer's life. He may lose his bird forever, but if the preliminary training has been skilfully managed, the actual risk is slight. The well-trained bird mounts into his element with no restraining leash; the open sky beckons; if he wishes, he may bathe his plumage in a sunwashed cloud. For an indecisive moment he hovers over the lure, then darts toward it with the speed of light. He is no longer a hawk, he is now a falcon, a winged projection of the falconer and another symbol of man's cunning overlordship of nature.

But now comes the even more crucial test of "entering" the bird, or despatching him after live quarry. This should be done on a windless day in open country, fairly level and free of woods or hedge. The first falcon I ever saw entered in this country was flown by Mr. E. T. Tefft (known to his more intimate friends as The Squire) at his extensive country place in Brewster, New York. A pheasant was placed in a small thicket, and Mr. Tefft's famous falcon Flora was brought to the edge of the field, hooded and perched upon her master's wrist. In tense silence Flora was unhooded and at once zoomed into the air, "six steeples high" as the old falconer's expression so prettily puts it. At this point a bird dog flushed the pheasant which rose at its usually low angle and started off toward some open water to the east. Afoot and horseback the entire company—falconer, cadgers, spectators, and a rather bewildered pair of amateur photographers—dashed across the fields, over stone walls and furrows, through herds of grazing sheep and fat Welsh ponies, all of us running breathlessly with half an eye on the ground and the rest of our visual apparatus trained on the racing birds overhead. At first, apparently, Flora did not realize that the pheasant was fair game for her; actually the quarry was more than 500 yards away before she decided to "stoop" for it. But when she finally started in pursuit it seemed only a matter of a few leisurely wing-beats before she overtook her quarry. High above her prey she poised stationary for a fraction of a second, then started downward, dropping like a plumed meteor, her bells literally screaming with the eagerness and speed of her flight. In mid-career she struck the fleeing pheasant with such force that the quarry was almost broken into pieces, then circled downward to a happy landing (happy at least for trainer and falcon) almost at the Squire's feet. Both bird and trainer, not to mention the bird-dog, had proved themselves to be what indeed they were—three excellent examples of what it will take to revive the art of falconry in America.

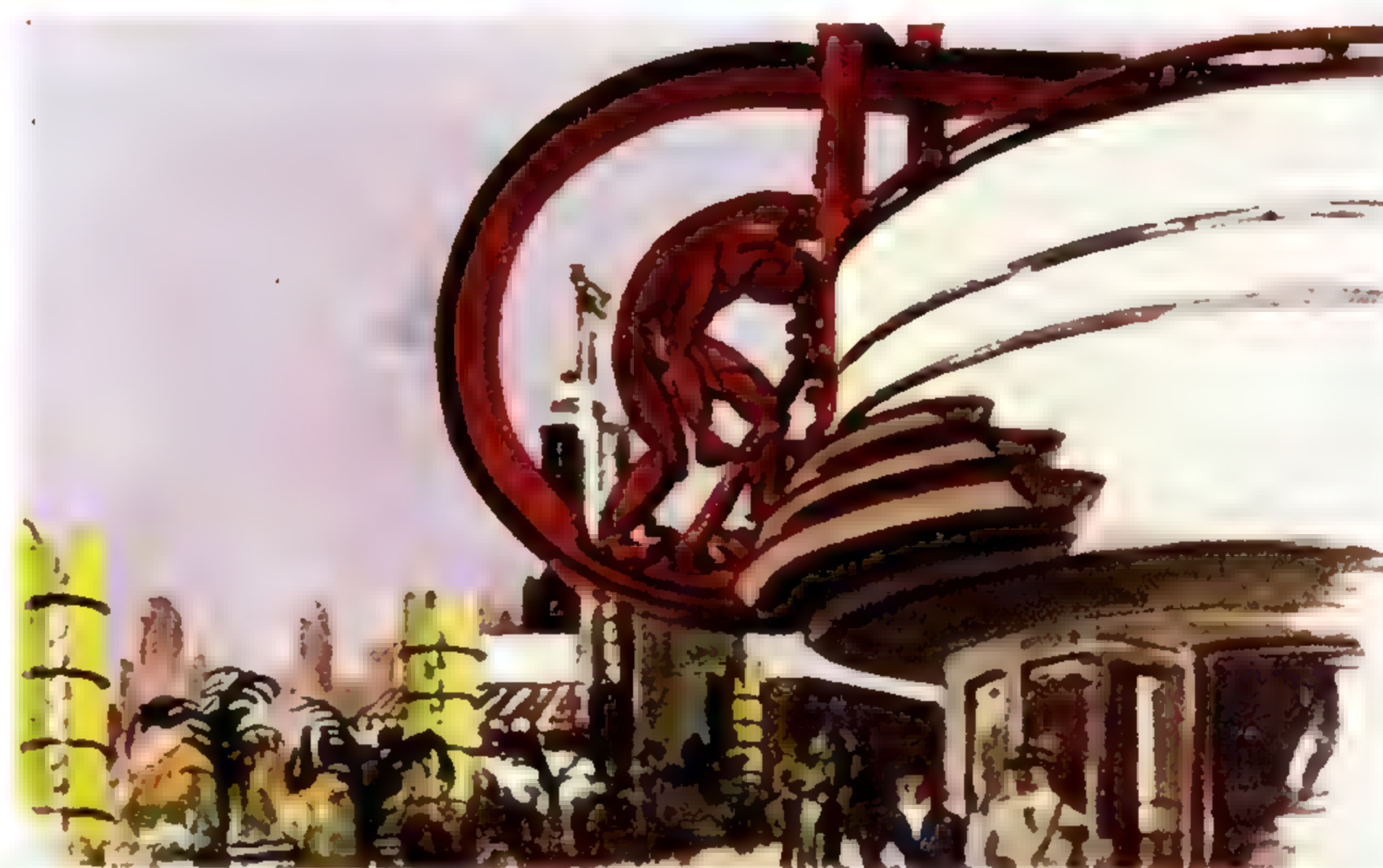
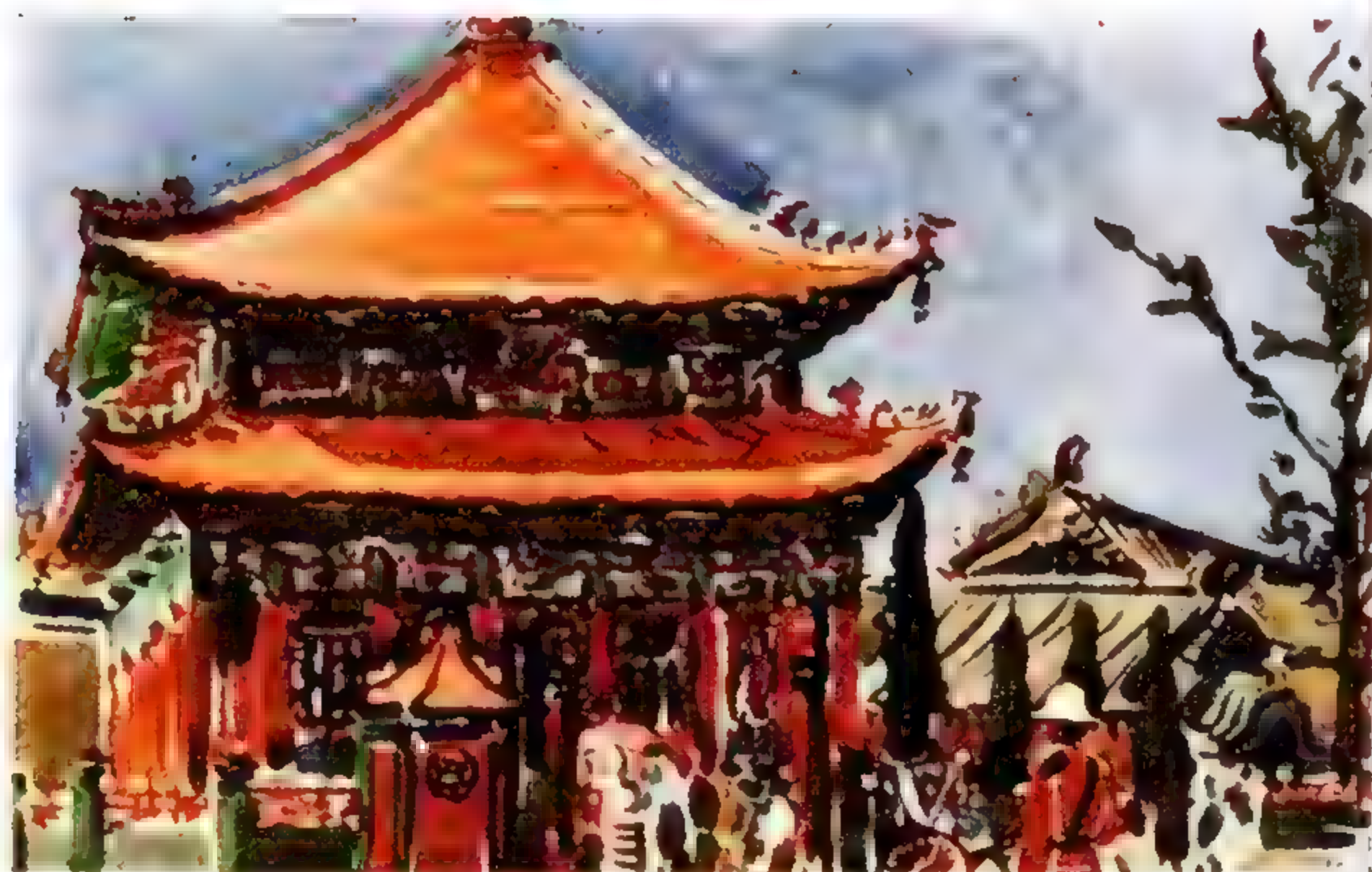
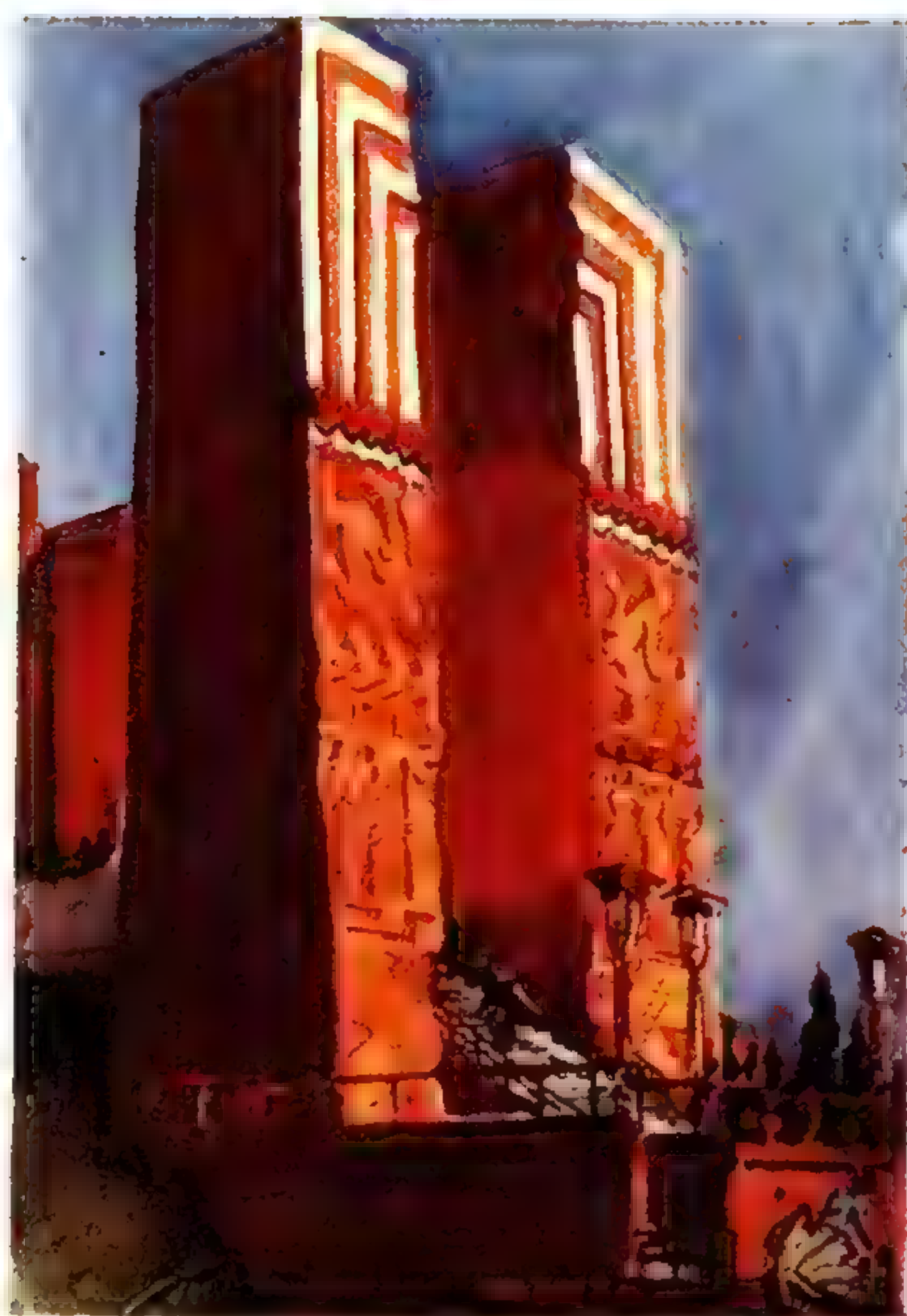
Another falcon, this time a short-winged American goshawk, was sent up after a pigeon. The goshawk does not soar like the peregrine; instead, he darts after his quarry as soon as it is released, flies alongside for a few seconds, then with a feinting upward maneuver forces the pursued bird to climb a trifle. As the quarry started to mount, the goshawk looped over it, struck it dead instantly, and flew with it to the only tree in

the field. Now this is most unorthodox behaviour in a falcon, and requires some special devising to overcome. The falconer approached the tree and flashed the large brass buckle of his falconer's belt at the goshawk's watchful eyes. The buckle usually acts as a lure, but in this instance the goshawk decided not to come down. The falconer now drew from the green bag at his side a live pigeon with a cord attached to its leg. The pigeon fluttered away, and the falcon, dropping his original prey, made off after the second. Overtaking the second pigeon he sailed docilely to earth and made no attempt to carry his latest kill to a tree.

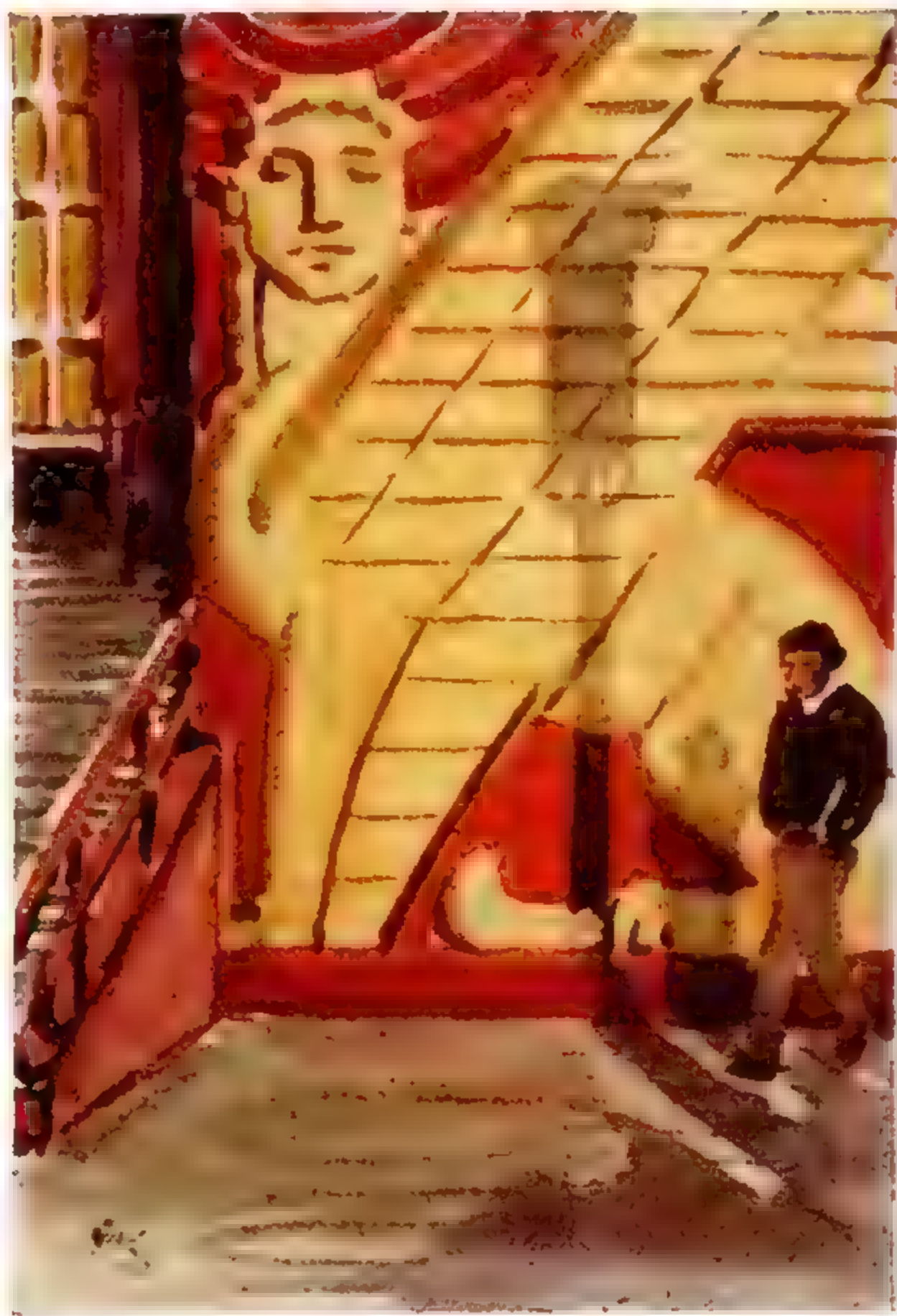
If there is no winged prey available, goshawks will do splendid work on ground game—hares, weasels, rats, mice and even snakes. There is practically nothing that escapes their eye; from a height of 1000 feet they can apparently detect the minute activities of a field-mouse. Goshawks have been known to follow burrowing animals into their holes; one such falcon, going after a rabbit, ended up by getting caught in a steel trap sunk two feet underground. If an estate is infested with snakes or water rats, a pair of smart goshawks will clean them out quicker than anything else.

For the taking of larger game—principally fox—the mighty eagle, big brother of the falcon, is called into service. Captain Charles Knight has trained a huge golden eagle in the art of falconry, and the rush of the great bird's wings as it swoops down upon Sir Reynard is truly terrifying. Captain Knight's interest in eagles began when he learned that the natives of Turkestan use them to hunt antelope, and that in many parts of Asia the eagle still supplies his master's larder with game. Sensing the sporting possibilities of the bird, Captain Knight trained a fledgling eagle to bring in feathered and four-footed game of unbelievable size. His eagle is a marvel to behold in action, and fills the observer with unspoken wonder at the docility and intelligence of this gigantic falcon. It is so heavy that Captain Knight is unable to bear its unsupported weight upon his wrist; accordingly he has constructed a brace which absorbs most of the burden. It is necessary also to wear a mask of heavy wire-mesh while handling the eagle, because a single flick of its beak or claws would literally deface a human being.

Falconry as a general sport may never be completely taken up by the American public, chiefly because America has neither the patience nor the time to train the birds in the niceties of an old-world tradition. A falcon, for all its ferocity, is a delicate creature; it succumbs easily to pneumonia, and requires the constant attendance of an experienced, affectionate trainer—"a quiet man who isn't lazy," as Mr. Tefft puts it. Such trainers are few and far between in this country; at present Mr. Tefft and a group of his friends are planning to import one of the best known British falconers to the United States; if their plans are successful, it will mean that the ancient sport is due for a full-time revival, and that the jingle of the falcon's bells will become a common sound wherever gentlemen foregather for a day of sport in the open.



A PORTFOLIO OF WORLD'S FAIR SKETCHES *by* S. R. FATIGUANT



PAINTED AT A CENTURY OF PROGRESS EXPOSITION, CHICAGO

Turnabout Is Fair

Continued from page 50

"We'll go shares wi' th' Union money," she said. "That's nothing but what's right."

"We shonna. Tha's got plenty o' money as tha can use."

"Oh, all right," she said. "I will do."

She went to bed. It made her feel sharp that she could not get at him.

The next day, she was just as usual. But at eleven o'clock she took her purse and went up town. Trade was very slack. Men stood about in gangs, men were playing marbles everywhere in the streets. It was a sunny morning. Mrs. Radford went into the furnisher-and-upholsterer's shop.

"There's a few things," she said to Mr. Allcock, "as I'm wantin' for the house, and I might as well get them now, while the men's at home, and can shift me the furniture."

She put her fat purse onto the counter with a click. The man should know she was not wanting "strap." She bought linoleum for the kitchen, a new wringer, a breakfast-service, a spring mattress, and various other things, keeping a mere thirty shillings, which she tied in a corner of her handkerchief. In her purse was some loose silver.

Her husband was gardening in a desultory fashion when she got back home. The daffodils were out. The colts in the field at the end of the garden were tossing their velvety brown necks.

"Sithee here, Missis," called Radford, from the shed which stood halfway down the path. Two doves in a cage were cooing.

"What have you got?" asked the woman, as she approached. He held out to her in his big, earthy hand, a tortoise. The reptile was very, very slowly issuing its head again to the warmth.

"He's wakened up betimes," said Radford.

"He's like th' men, wakened up for a holiday," said the wife. Radford scratched the little beast's scaly head.

"We pleased to see him out," he said.

They had just finished dinner, when a man knocked at the door.

"From Allcock's!" he said.

The plump woman took up the clothes-basket containing the crockery she had bought.

"Whatever hast got theer?" asked her husband.

"We've been wantin' some breakfast-cups for ages, so I went up town an' got 'em this mornin'," she replied.

He watched her taking out the crockery.

"Hm!" he said. "Tha's been on th' spend, seemly."

Again there was a thud at the door. The man had put down a roll of linoleum. Mr. Radford went to look at it.

"They come rolling in?" he exclaimed.

"Who's grumbled more than you about the raggy oilcloth of this kitchen!" said the insidious, cat-like voice of the wife.

"It's all right, it's all right," said Radford.

The carter came up the entry with another roll, which he deposited with a grunt at the door.

"An' how much do you reckon this lot is?" he asked.

"Oh, they're all paid for, don't worry," replied the wife.

"Shall yer gi'e me a hand, Mester?" asked the carter.

Radford followed him down the entry, in his easy, slouching way. His wife went after. His waistcoat was hanging loose over his shirt. She watched his easy movement of well-being as she followed him, and she laughed to herself.

The carter took hold of one end of the wire mattress, dragged it forth.

"Well, this is a corker!" said Radford, as he received the burden.

"Now the mangle!" said the carter.

"What dost reckon tha's been up to, Missis?" asked the husband.

"I said to myself last wash-day, if I had to turn that mangle again, tha'd ha'e ter wash the clothes thyself."

Radford followed the carter down the entry again. In the street, women were standing watching, and dozens of men were lounging round the cart. One officiously helped with the wringer.

"Gi'e him thrippence," said Mrs. Radford.

"Gi'e 't him thysen," replied her husband.

"I've no change under half-a-crown."

Radford tipped the carter, and returned indoors. He surveyed the array of crockery, linoleum, mattress, mangle, and other goods crowding the house and the yard.

"Well, this is a winder!" he repeated.

"We stood in need of 'em enough," she replied.

"I hope tha's got plenty more from wheer they came from," he replied dangerously.

"That's just what I haven't." She opened her purse. "Two half-crowns, that's every copper I've got i' th' world."

He stood very still as he looked.

"It's right," she said.

There was a certain smug sense of satisfaction about her. A wave of anger came over him, blinding him. But he waited and waited. Suddenly his arm lept up, the fist clenched, and his eyes blazed at her. She shrank away, pale and frightened. But he dropped his fist to his side, turned, and went out, muttering. He went down to the shed that stood in the middle of the garden. There he picked up the tortoise, and stood with bent head, rubbing its horny head.

She stood hesitating, watching him. Her heart was heavy, and yet there was a curious, cat-like look of satisfaction round her eyes. Then she went indoors and gazed at her new cups, admiringly.

The next week he handed her his half-sovereign without a word.

"You'll want some for yourself," she said, and she gave him a shilling. He accepted it.

Out in the Stream

Continued from page 19

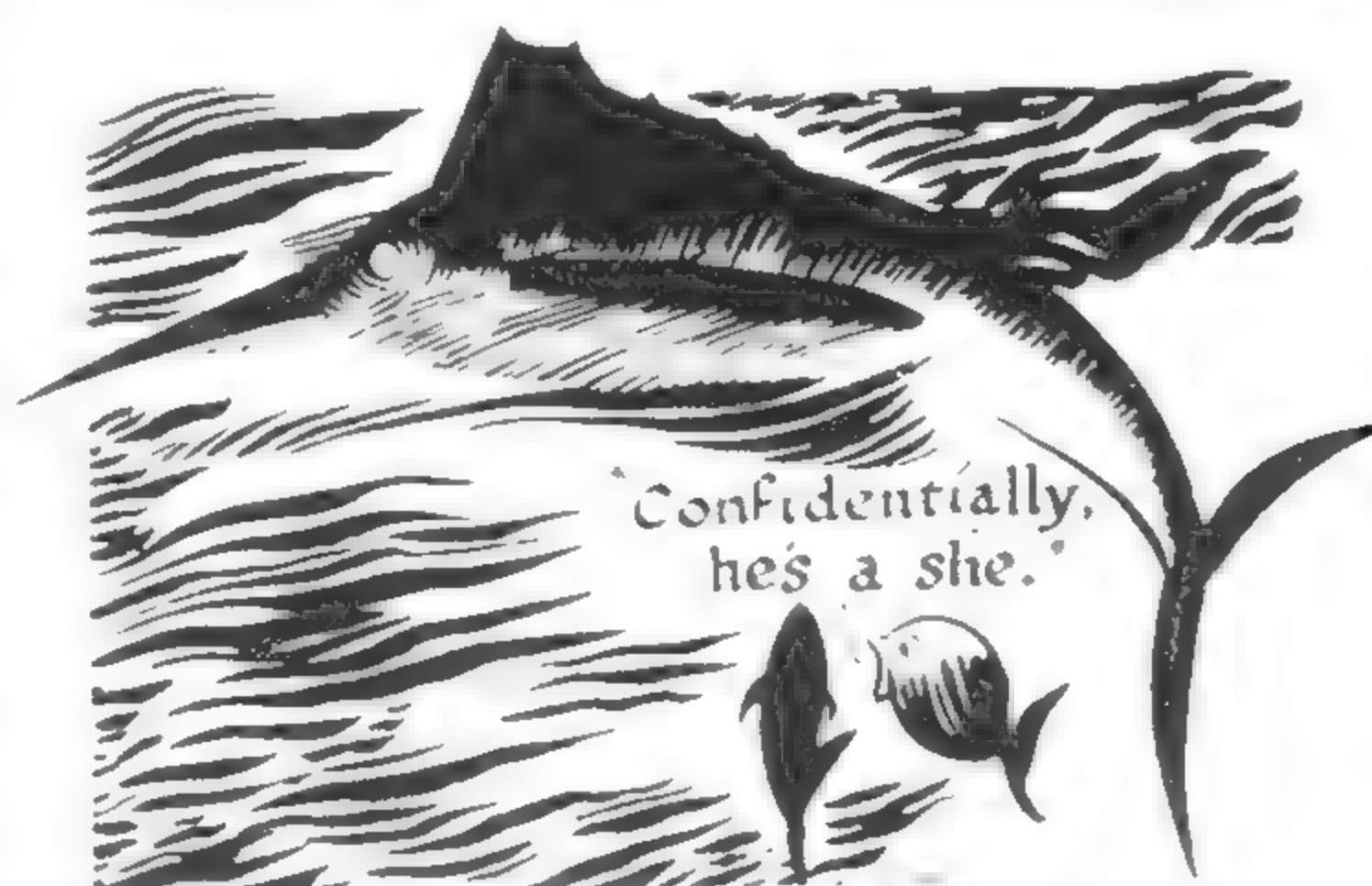
Japan, off the west coast of South America, off the west coast of Mexico and as far north on the west coast of the United States as California. This year there were many small marlin taken off Miami, and the big ones appear off Bimini just across the gulf stream several months before they run in Cuba. Last summer they caught striped marlin as far north as Montauk Point off Long Island.

Are not the white marlin, the striped marlin and the black marlin all sexual and age variations of the same fish?

For me, with what data I have been able to get so far, they are all one fish. This may be wrong and I would be glad to have any one disprove the theory as what we want is knowledge, not the pride of proving something to be true. So far I believe that the white marlin, the common marlin caught off Miami and Palm Beach, whose top limit in weight is from 125 to 150 lbs., are the young fish of both sexes. These fish when caught have either a very faint stripe which shows in the water but disappears when the fish is taken from the sea or no stripe at all. The smallest I have ever seen weighed

twenty-three pounds. At a certain weight, around seventy pounds and over, the male fish begin to have very pronounced and fairly wide stripes which show brightly in the water but fade when the fish dies and disappear an hour or so after death. These fish are invariably well rounded, obviously maturing marlin are always males, and are splendid leapers and fighters in the style of the striped marlin. I believe they are the adolescent males of the marlin.

The striped marlin is characterized by his small head, heavily rounded body, rapier-like spear, and by the broad lavender stripes



that, starting immediately behind the gills, encircle his body at irregular intervals all the way back to his tail. These stripes do not fade much after the fish is dead and will come up brightly hours after the fish has been caught if water is thrown over him.

All varieties of marlin breed off the Cuban coast and as the roe brings from forty cents to a dollar and a quarter a pound in the Havana market all fish are carefully opened for roe. Market fishermen say that all the striped marlin are males. On the other hand they claim all the black marlin are females.

But what is the intermediate stage in the development of the female of the white marlin from the handsome, gleaming, well proportioned though rather large headed fish that it is as we know it at a hundred pounds, before it becomes the huge, ugly headed, thick billed, bulky, dark purple, coarse fleshed, comparatively ugly fish that has been called the black marlin?

I believe that its mature life is passed as what we call the silver marlin. This is a handsome, silvery marlin, unstriped, reaching a thousand pounds or more in weight and

Continued on page 158



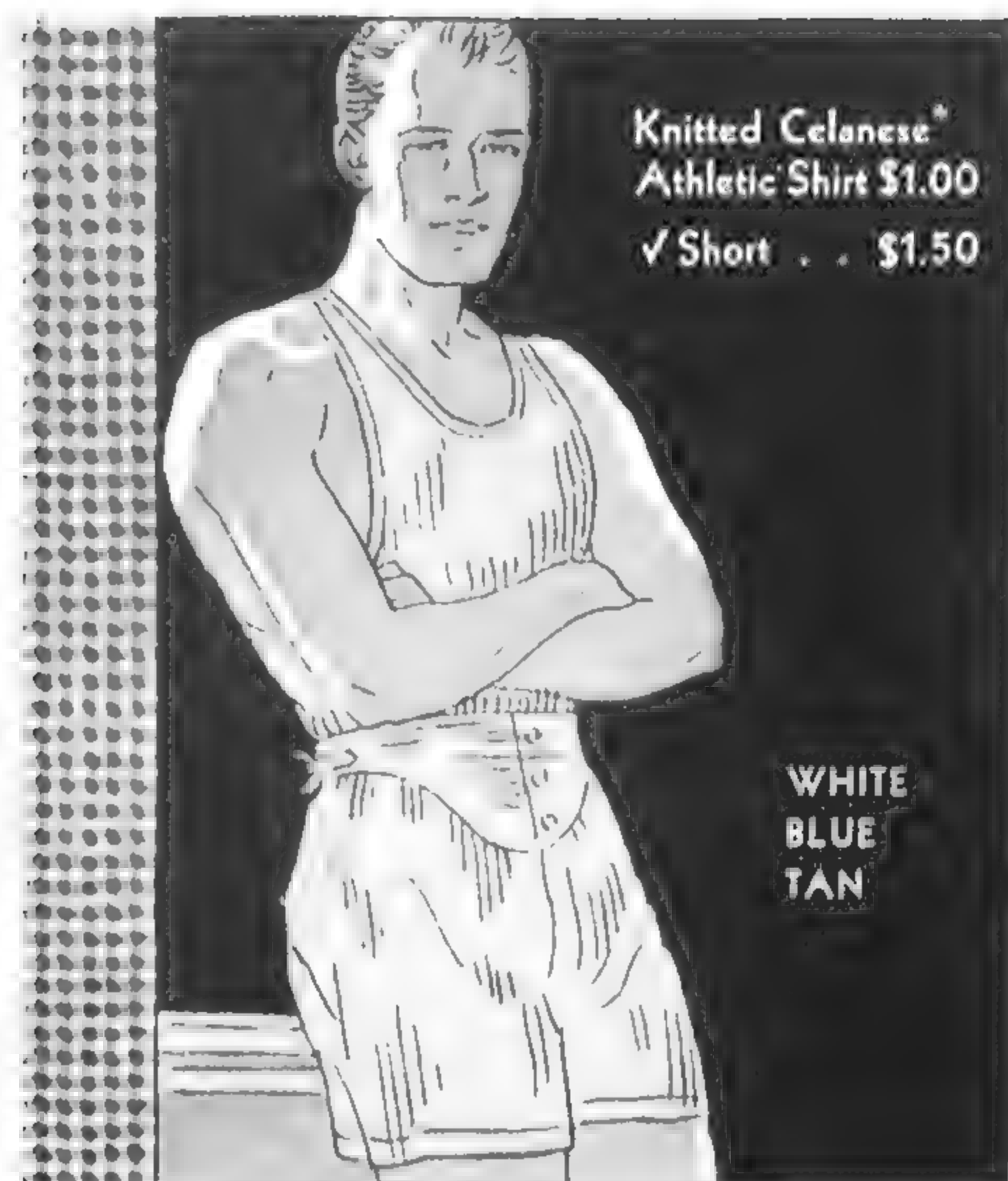
THE NEW *Strand*—AN ACHIEVEMENT IN GARTER COMFORT



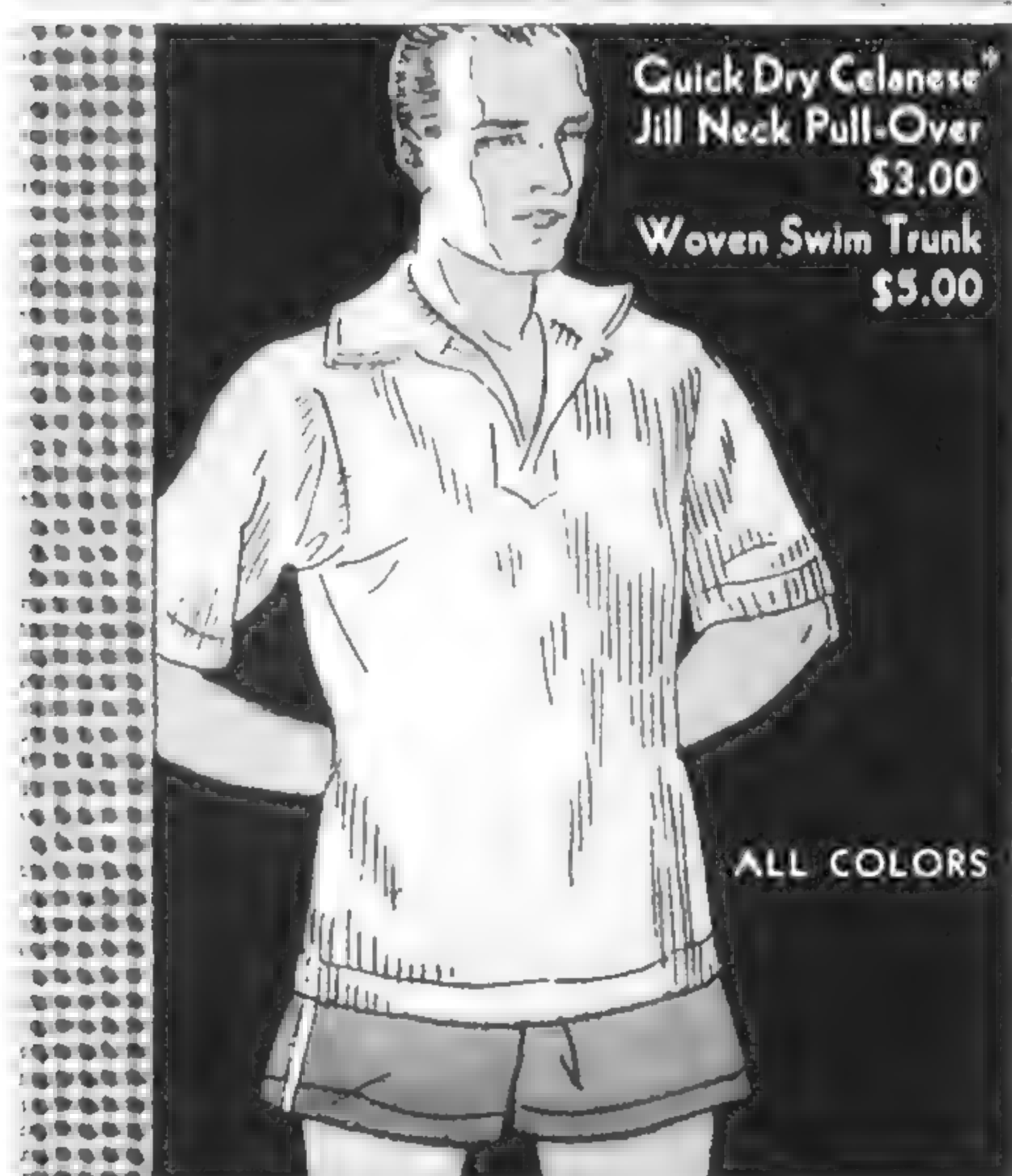
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Out in the Stream

Continued from page 156

a terrific leaper and fighter. The market fishermen claim these fish are always females.

That leaves one type of marlin unaccounted for; the so-called blue marlin. I do not know whether these are a color variation stemming from the white, whether they are both male and female, or whether they are a separate species. This summer may show.

We have caught and examined some ninety-one marlin in the last two years and will need to catch and examine several hundred more before any conclusions can be drawn with even a pretense of accuracy. And all the fish should be examined by a scientist who should note the details of each fish.

The trouble is that to study them you have to catch them and catching them is a fairly full time job although it allows plenty of time for thinking.

It really should be subsidized too, because, by the time you buy gas in Havana at thirty cents a gallon to run twelve hours a day for a hundred days a year, get up at daylight every morning, sleep on your belly half the time because of what the fish do to your back—pay a man to gaff—another to be at the wheel, buy bait, reels at two hundred and fifty dollars apiece, six hundred yards of thirty-six thread line at a time, good rods, hooks and leaders, and try to do this out of the money you fenangle out of publishers and editors, you are too exhausted physically and financially to sit up nights counting the number of rays in the fins and putting a calipers on the ventral spikes with four hundred water front Cubans wanting to know why the fish isn't being cut up and distributed. Instead you are sitting in the stern of the boat, feeling pretty good and having a drink while the fish is being butchered out. You can't do everything.

All the people I know with enough wealth to subsidize anything are either busy studying how to get more wealth, or horses, or

what is wrong with themselves with psychoanalysts, or horses, or how not to lose what wealth they have, or horses, or the moving picture business, or horses or all of these things together, and, possibly, horses. Also I freely admit that I would fish for marlin with great enjoyment even if it were of no scientific value at all and you cannot expect anyone to subsidize anything that anybody has a swell time out of. As a matter of fact I suppose we are lucky to be able to fish for them without being put in jail. This time next year they may have gotten out a law against it.

Curiosity, I suppose, is what makes you fish as much as anything and here is a very curious thing. This time last year we caught a striped marlin with a roe in it. It wasn't much of a roe it is true. It was the sort of a roe you would expect to find in certain moving picture actresses if they had roe, or in many actors. Examining it carefully it looked about like the sort of roe an interior decorator would have if he decided to declare himself and roe out. But it was a roe and the first one any of the commercial fishermen had ever seen in a striped marlin.

Until we saw this roe, and I wish I could describe it to you without getting too medical, all striped marlin were supposed to be males. All right then. Was this striped marlin how shall we put it or, as I had believed for a long time, do all marlin, white, striped, silver, etc. end their lives as black marlin, becoming females in the process? The jewfish becomes a female in the last of its life no matter how it starts and I believe the marlin does the same thing. The real black marlin are all old fish. You can see it in the quality of the flesh, the coarseness of the bill, and, above all in fighting them, in the way they live. Certainly they grow to nearly a ton in weight. But to me they are all old fish, all represent the last stages of the marlin, and they are all females.

Now you prove me wrong.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 14

A FOLLOW-UP TO ROSE FEVER

It seems I haven't had occasion, or need for occasion, to indulge in an honest-to-goodness blow-off since the departure of my annual early season rose-fever spasm; but now thanks to your Mr. Meyer Levin I get another chance to "shoot the works," wishing all the time that the "works" might be your eminent cinema critic—if that's not being too harsh.

Each and every one of your masterful issues has been scanned by me since the magazine's timely advent upon the well nigh starved literary scene. It certainly has provided the filling for the yawning gap that's so long been evident in this sadly oversighted field. It has rightfully taken its place as the magazine for modern men. And I say it's there to stay. Its style and manner of presentation have advanced with amazing rapidity. Your minute discrimination in proffering the best authors in their best moods has, needless to say, been deeply appreciated by the readers at large. You've displayed sound reasoning in taking an open-for-suggestion stand, and undoubtedly it's proved both profitable to you and your readers. You've readily and willingly recognized the wants of the man of today, and you haven't been the least bit hesitant in serving up exactly what he's wanted. Continue with your clever innovations and you'll remain the pace-setter in the contemporary literary field.



But, and here commences the steam. Am I perkin'?

You've been able thus far to maintain a high pitch for your publication. Everything is in an A-1 class. Every issue has adhered faithfully to this high pitch with one exception, that of the "Candid Cameraman." Why you've had to park this clumsy, unbalanced section in your otherwise swell magazine is a mystery that is deeper than I can delve. Here is a problem that you must do something about. Don't allow it to crawl over your lap in such a childish fashion.

Your Mr. Levin (thank God he isn't mine) has tried to approach every situation in a caustic way and with nothing short of superlative indifference casually chuck it over lightly with his would-be ironical inflictions here and there. And mind you all the time he's tried—and vainly I'll add—to prevail upon us the trifling fact that he's really an ultra-smart critic of the Great Drama. Well to me in the plain spoken vernacular of the Pullman porter it's a lot of bunk.

He's merely a smart-aleck with phrases. A terrific bore. A complete numbskull. A shallow "partialist." And a narrow-minded punk. Why in the name of Jupiter, or any other appropriate geezer, doesn't he write his movie reviews as movie reviews were meant to be written, and are written by the authentic flicker critics. Mr. Levin seems nailed to the conviction that true art is imperative in its demands that cynicism be the key to which the whole artistic score is pitched, for always in his would-be subtle manner is he pointing a contemptuous finger at cinematic endeavor that merits a

more favorable reception. Anything he says may be taken with a grain of salt and a nice hot, burning onion.

Mr. Levin should see the dawn (both literally and figuratively) and be wont to realize that personalities should not enter into the picture when reviewing for a first rate publication as he is being paid to do. He has continuously black-marked movies because his narrow personal prejudices wouldn't allow him to do otherwise, throwing a mudball at an actor, director, author of whom he found personal dislike. He's got the makings of a first rate clown, what with his knack of raving and gesticulation. Feed him some clown crackers and maybe Barnum will take him off your hands.

It is my humble belief that prejudices and personal reflections are hampering characteristics that should be allowed no moving room in such reviews as Mr. Levin has been booked to do. I would really like to see if the man can write a meritorious review of a show. I have my doubts.

In the meantime keep up the excellent all-around work, giving us more intriguing stories, more highly amusing cartoons (bright colors and all), more sketches like "Harlem Hot Spot" and Gilbert Seldes. And do see if something can be done about your "can do" guy who "no can."

Critically yours,

Columbus, Ohio

ROBERT RINEHART

A CALL FOR BACK ISSUES

A friend of mine let me take a couple of peeks at a copy of your June issue, and I borrowed it to take a good look. I found it has everything from cartoons and humor to international affairs. While there were some things that did not interest me, I know that someone else found them very good



entertainment, or instruction. So, being a gentleman, I am not going to break out with either of two effeminate characteristics that I noticed in "The Sound and the Fury" in a few cases, to wit: Prudery and professed prudery, and nagging. I bought a copy of the July issue and just

finished reading it. I think it is the best on the market, so am asking you to gather up a copy of each issue to and including June, and send them to me. If this is impossible, or you feel indisposed, I won't call you CHICKEN... But, I will accuse you of being a piker, and you know my address. But whether you do or not, I will assure you that I will get all the coming issues, until your magazine does a flop, hoping it never does.

San Francisco, California WILLIAM MCINTYRE

EDITOR'S NOTE: Back issues of ESQUIRE are available at the regular price of 50c per copy with the exception of Vol. 1, Nos. 1 and 2, the scarcity of which compels a premium price of \$1 per copy. Address the Subscription Dept., 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago.

RINGSIDE: WILKINS-MAPES

I.

The Sound and the Fury of your July issue boasts of so many chuckles I can't refrain from comment.

The case of the insulting Mapes and the sensitive yet belligerent Wilkins is an absolute howl. I can very well appreciate your desire to keep this section strictly an open forum, still I do think there are a few times when you should run on a slight tangent and make it a closed ring. A little more verbal bantering between the above mentioned contestants and you could undoubtedly fill Madison Square Garden to overflowing.



Why not send the southern boy that "anything but a gentleman" Mapes' address, and let them get together, and let them box each other a few times (if they decide on meeting, they are still of the bopping type) and maybe they'll stop smudging up the pages of your very swell product with a lot of unsportsmanlike drivel. New York City.

JOHN A. PIKE

II.

I hope you don't change your policy (or underwear) about personal remarks before you let a Southerner insult another Southerner who has been insulted before. I don't think J. Grimbail Wilkins has ever read the harmless Boccaccio; in fact, I don't think "Gentleman" Wilkins can read, let alone find his way around New York. I'm all for D. Roland Mapes. Mind you, not because he insulted a Southerner, that is a job anyone can do by merely saying you doubt that Lee was a great General, or that the South is able to produce anything beyond pellagra and lynchings; no, I admire Mr. Mapes because he has shown himself to be a better sport and more of a gentleman than Mr.

Continued on page 161

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On the 15th of August, 50c for the September issue of ESQUIRE brings you PAUL KEARNEY, who did the *Hot Enough for You?* in this issue, with one on *How to Win a Medal* (speaking of firemen) that will thrill you jittery... and JAMES MARLOW does a brief biography of a hangman that reevaluates the meaning of the term "human document"... and FRANCIS FUHR, an ESQUIRE discovery whose first story was *The Love Match*, comes back with a second that definitely stamps him as big-time material and one of "tomorrow's names"... and as for today's names, HEMINGWAY will take you *Out in the Stream* again in September, and DREISER expects to complete an article, *Chicago in 1934*, in time for this issue... and there'll be ARTHUR SHUMWAY'S last story (the one for which the check was in his pocket when he shot himself at Daytona Beach, the scene of his ESQUIRE article, *One Way to Die*)... and the best of the D. H. LAWRENCE stories, *Witch a la Mode*, has been saved till the last... GEORGE ADE and MORLEY CALLAGHAN and WILLIAM C. WHITE and JOHN R. TUNIS are all back again (and Tunis even celebrates by writing on tennis)... and ROCKWELL KENT winds up the present Greenland series with *Blonde Eskimo* and BILL ADAMS does another inimitable sea-story... and L. A. G. STRONG with a dialogue that carries guaranteed wincies for every married man... and a fine satiric sketch called *Let Freedom Ring* by a new writer ROBERT CARSON... a mouth-moistening article on *Port* by LAWTON MACKALL... and JOHN GROTH'S *London Portfolio*... and it begins to look as if this space won't permit mention of more than a mere half of the September features, so the thing to do is remember the date and see the rest on the 15th of August. And if your newsstand runs out of copies, and many of them still do, despite a bigger printing every month, then maybe the thing for you to do is subscribe. It's \$5 by the year and you address the Subscription Dept. of ESQUIRE, Palmolive Bldg., Chicago.



“Aw . . . I bet you tell that to all us jurors”

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 159

Wilkins. Mr. Mapes is not only intelligent, he has a sense of humor; two things that Mr. Wilkins should have learned in the South, but he can rapidly pick them up if he stays in New York or Chicago for a few weeks and goes to a few good shows, and reads a few good books, and hears some good music more recent than "Barbarie Allen."

Mr. Mapes might be "... following a dangerous trail," but he has not let provincial emotionalism deprive him of the ability to think. Mr. Wilkins was more than hasty, he was rude. Anyone who has lived or visited in the South for even a short time knows that Mr. Hughes does not exaggerate, or write impossible stories. Mr. Hughes is as much a Southerner as Mr. Wilkins if the place of birth makes one a Southerner. It is poor sportsmanship to attack an author whose race denies him of any possible chance of a square deal in the South, and it is worse to attack Mr. Hughes, one of the South's best contributions to contemporary literature; a courageous and sincere writer, a Negro, and a MAN in the best sense of the word. Hughes, Lumpkin, Caldwell, and Myra Page; it is certain all of them must have some love for the South of their birth; it is certain there is something about the South they remember as being clean, and happy, and filled with sun, and yet they are all exiles ... all artists ... Southerners ... driven out by the same things that must eventually drive me out, drive all of us out who dare to dream of a better day. It is enough to make one weep.

Cordially,

Alexandria, Va.

JOHN C. ROGERS

III.

Although there may have been justification in Mr. Wilkins' attack on the writer from New York, it seems just a little strange that the gentleman from South Carolina should deal in such generalities. After rebuking D. Roland Mapes for his unbecoming epistolary conduct, he ends with the parting shot that a gentleman is some rare freak of nature seldom found north of the Mason-Dixon line. Fortunately, there are some of us who have been brought up with a background of rich tradition and who are attempting to carry on with the spirit handed down by our forefathers who shared equally with those of our cousins in the South in the formation of these United States. There are among us also some who might object to the insinuation that we are not living up to the code of gentlemanly manners we esteem so highly. Perhaps, however, I have read into Mr. Wilkins' letter something that was intended only for the eyes of the man about whom he was writing and if such be the case, I heartily apologize for any hasty conclusions which I may have drawn. It does seem to me, though, that a gentleman who is so ready to defend his own admirable qualities should be somewhat loathe to attack others on the same score.

Obviously, Mr. Wilkins realizes that the North includes considerable territory but perhaps he has overlooked the fact that many of the denizens of this far-flung region have been missed by him while on his visits here and that it is just a bit unfair that those of us who, unfortunately, can name

him neither a friend nor an acquaintance must suffer along with those at whom he directs his attacks. I trust that we who try in our modest way to act, speak, and think like gentlemen were not intended to be included among the Yankees to whom "such characteristics are foreign."

Gentlemen, I salute you!

Lynbrook, L. I.

DON DANA

P. S. In my haste I forgot to mention that your magazine is by far the best that I have encountered and I know that it will continue to remain the leader of the pack.

A LYRIC FOR LANGSTON

Have enjoyed your entertaining publication for some seven issues back and herewith express a sincere appreciation of same.

Fifty cents is not too much for *ESQUIRE*. I know of no two twenty-five cent magazines whose combined contents represent such value as any single issue of *ESQUIRE*. No, not any three or five, for that matter.



Earthy, peeved, lonewolfish Langston Hughes is your—or anyone's else—finest writer. Mr. Sherwood Anderson used to be grand, but of late some of his tales have a senescent pallor which tends to fatigue or depress this reader. Hughes' intellect might easily be a black Nijinsky, living in a piano box at the city dump, eating hotcakes and caviar, smoking hashesh, drinking blood, weeping forever sooty fog, befriending nighthawks, bats, stray cats, smelling of printer's ink and absinthe.

Writers-in to your correspondence department (such as I) too often pain one with their moronic whining about the moral tone of *ESQUIRE*. Why, anyone knows that there aren't any morals, any more, at all. ... Your bartender-authors are swell: I can mix several new exciting cocktails already. Mount Vernon, Wash.

GAYLORD BELL

WE'RE ALWAYS BEING SURPRISED

The new-author idea appeals to us as a mighty fine one—both for the writer and the reader. And some day you will undoubtedly be able to say "We found HIM"—in more cases than one. Fessier's weird things appeal to me and Storm's horror tale couldn't have been more gripping; I was actually cold with fear when I'd finished reading it! But I shan't start picking out things-we-like, for I'm sure that a complete resumé of the past eight editions would be more or less boring to you. You've probably gotten the drift by now anyhow. Yes, we do like *ESQUIRE*!!!

Yours very truly,

Peoria, Ill.

MR. (and Mrs.) N. S. COYLE

P.S. You'd probably be surprised at how many wives feel as I do about your darned old magazine for MEN. Why don't you check up on the situation? I know I bought the first copy for our family!

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 143

feature. The quaint things of life are reported. Hans works in an odd place run by a freak patriarch with a bald head and a flowing beard. Such touches immediately break all recognition-sense in the audience; they violate typicality. In the city, the couple fall into a luxurious demi-monde background. From this they proceed to the cutest little love-cote in the loft of a barn. To introduce such bizarre atmosphere in a typical story is cheating. Everyman, every clerk lives in a rooming house or in a jerry-built apartment. The same surface falsity characterizes every phase of the photoplay: direction, photography, acting; all are given a romantic gloss. Except for the work of Margaret Sullivan. She finds the solid line of typicality, and holds it throughout the picture.

The effect of pathetic hokum is illustrated in so simple a scene as that in which the wife eats all the salmon she had bought for the couple's supper. Instead of showing the

girl stopping in each doorway to taste a snack on her way home, until the whole supper is consumed, we get an after-shot in which Hans finds her riding a merry-go-round, afraid to come home. In gasps, as the machine whirls by him, she blurts out her confession—she has eaten his supper. Technically, this merry-go-round is an extremely effective dramatic device; but it is a poor way of making us realize the girl's hunger.

Little Man, What Now could have been started with a truly epic simplicity by having the two youngsters coming towards each other on the deserted beach—their first meeting as described in the book. It could have mounted, by unadorned incidents, to a photoplay of true importance. But it had to have glamor. So Frank Borzage hooked it up with lovable odd types like the furniture dealer, and got Douglass Montgomery, whom I always respected, to do a strange exercise as an everyman who is at one

Continued on page 162

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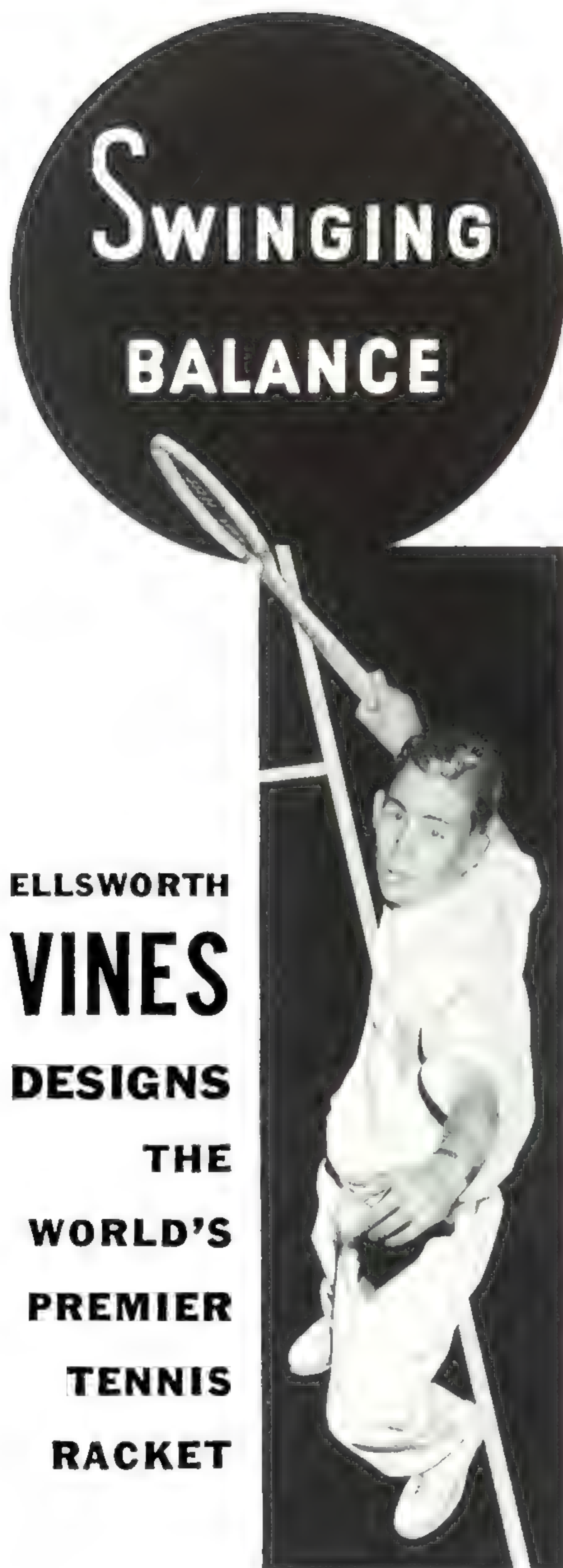


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The Candid Cameraman

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moment a stuttering jellyfish, and at the next a dish-breaking neurotic. Montgomery is a highly individual type; this part called for a representative actor. I have a feeling Stuart Erwin could have done it.

As for the horrible sloppy ending, with the nudist popping up the ladder waving a job! Fallada, at least, was delightfully, ironically realistic in his treatment of the nudist racket. And you will remember what kind of job the nudist offered Hans.

Which brings us right back to *Feelthy Pictures*.

Dr. Monica, which is being considerably censored about the country, is the umptiest version of that triangle each of whose components is continually offering to "go away." By plane, by boat, by pistol. And at last the brave girl with whom life has dealt so harshly climbs into the cockpit and heads over the Atlantic. Kay Francis does her best acting; she and Jean Muir save the picture from being a mere programmer.

Since I was twelve years old I've wondered how Marion Davies continues to be a star. I've assiduously stayed away from her pictures. Now that I'm a movie critic I felt

it my duty to go see. I report that my judgment at 12 was to all purposes mature. Of all the zero personalities, she's the perfect vacuum. A magazine cover in motion. One can almost hear her repeating to herself: "raise eyebrows to denote surprise," and then watch the eyebrows rise. Don't mistake me to mean her acting is intellectual. All of *Operator 13* harmonizes with this mediocrity. A Civil War spy story in which—guess!—the lovers are spies on opposite sides. And is there a wedding scene with the groom killed in battle on the eve of bliss? They still do it!

A close rival to *Operator 13* for the monthly booby prize is *The Great Flirtation*. Imagine Menjou at his weariest. A play within a play with a ham actor portraying a ham actor who is trying to act like a ham. And does the leading lady fall in love with the playwright? And is the play a big hit? . . .

Motion pictures and life—bah. Twenty million females coyly mimicked Mae West hoarsing "come up and see muh sometime." Anyone who tried to take one of them at her word knows just how far the imitation went.

The Listening Post

Continued from page 129

legitimate ancestor of both his melodies is the old "Rally Round the Flag, Boys."

He may also be unaware that in his *Finale* he plays a musical trick first made famous by Beethoven in his ninth symphony. Berlin lets his leading characters start several of the tunes that appeared earlier in the show, in the manner of a "reprise," but each time they are shouted down by the rest of the cast. Finally a brand new melody turns up in "Not for all the Rice in China."

Beethoven does the same thing when he lets the various instruments of the orchestra suggest themes that appeared in earlier movements of his symphony, with angry and almost articulate interruptions from cellos, bass fiddles and kettle-drums, until the great choral melody is revealed and unanimously approved. That doesn't mean, however, that Berlin is a Beethoven, or "As Thousands Cheer" a ninth symphony.

Here are some informal moments in the lives of well known musicians that I like to remember even more than their outstanding public performances:

Fritz Kreisler playing Viennese waltzes in his room at a New York hotel, but on the piano, not the violin.

John McCormack exhibiting his collection of rare violins, including a Strad, a Guarnerius and an Amati, with his own accompanist, Ed Schneider, at the piano.

Turning pages for Richard Strauss at a Philadelphia concert of his own works, which the composer himself accompanied. After one movement of his violin sonata, Strauss whispered, in German, "That's a pretty tough piece for a bad pianist."

Lawrence Tibbett joining in the chorus of "After the Ball," at a dinner in honor of John Philip Sousa; also Rosa Ponselle and her operatic friends singing Christmas carols at home.

Playing chess with Mischa Elman in Houston, Texas, on the afternoon of a re-

citral. (It was a draw.)

Jascha Heifetz and Irving Berlin playing jazz four-handed in the key of G-flat. (Berlin is a black-key player, and uses a transposing piano when he picks out his tunes.)

Ysaye playing tennis in black trousers with suspenders, keeping a Dutchman's pipe in his mouth. Even in flannels he would have been terrible. The best tennis players among the musicians are Albert Spalding, John McCormack, Jacques Thibaud and Pablo Casals.

Josef Lhevinne, Pasquale Amato, Rubin Goldmark and Erno Rappee playing bridge and forgetting that there ever was such a thing as music.

Walter Damrosch posing as a Cardinal in the Beaux Arts pageant, and showing his usual adaptability to any role.

Playing a Mozart symphony four-handed with Harold Bauer over the radio (Keys to Happiness). His comment was: "That was just right. If it had been too good, they would not have believed you were an amateur."

Hearing the Westchester Music Festival in the County Center at White Plains, which came off with surprising success under the fine direction of Sandor Harmati, I was reminded of my last previous appearance in that big auditorium. On that occasion I was acting as judge of a singing competition among the Rotary Clubs of the county, and evidently a good time was had by all, including the judge.

These business men sang, mostly in unison, such music as John Peel, the March of the Men of Harlech, The Home Road and the Brahms Lullaby, generally with excellent effect. When the Ossining club won first prize, there were dark hints of ringers from that town's best known public institution, but nothing could be proved. To me such a gathering seemed almost as significant as the festival itself.



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Stage-Door Johnny, Pro Tem.

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beating episode, in which a lordly negress gives a phrase and the girls answer with another. After twenty repetitions I could still not get the syllables, but what I seemed to hear was:

Leader: Hal-le-lu-jah!

Chorus: Hi-de-ho!

and when some little dancers, quite frankly recruited from Harlem, appeared and patted their hips and thighs, I might have been at the Cotton Club. Or, in the more generous spirit I should cultivate, I had proof that Harlem still draws on its racial memories for its typical shouts and steps.

A marriage is arranged; in the midst of the wedding dance, a witch enters and strikes the bridegroom dead; the witch doctor comes and drives out the evil spirit. It is a real sexual drama. In the engagement scene, man and woman execute a series of tender caresses which has the formality of a ritual, passion being isolated; as I followed the distribution of parts, it was not the groom, but another character who rendered the sex element, with gestures at once precise and realistic and harmonious to the dance, no part of his body escaping a sort of benediction of touch. The sexual fear of the savage lay behind all the propitiatory movements of the chorus; the bedevilment of the groom was obviously a symbol of the death of sexual desire, impotence.

It was at this point that the presentation became rather overwhelming. The witch-doctor began his incantations with shrill laughter, giving himself importance to the men and women crouching around the prostrate body, reassuring himself of his power; as laughter failed, he danced and shrieked, moaned, cursed, wrestling in an awful agony with the spirit of evil. No more than myself, you do not believe in black magic; you are a theatregoer and know that everything will come out right. But this terrific savage rite engrosses you so that you share in the triumph when the dead man is raised to life again.

The whole thing probably cost \$250 to produce. And it is worth ninety-nine out of a hundred high-class importations from Budapest, London, or Paris, and is far more entertaining than more than three-quarters of our native shows. There is no moral in that, to be sure, but there it is.

The dramatic critics, gasping for breath, somehow decided that *White Parents Sleep* either closed the old season or opened the new one. I don't know what they mean by these delicate distinctions and they themselves let it be clear that a bad play is a bad play at the beginning or at the end. The New York reception of this ducky piece might have been timed to answer London's dull-witted rejection of *She Loves Me Not* (London and Hollywood wouldn't have this farcical masterpiece, proving something wrong with London and Hollywood). The English play ran two years or so in London, which proves the same point. London is the city in which *Chu Chin Chow* ran five years and *A Little Bit of Fluff* more than two. (New York, do you remember? gave *Abie's Irish Rose* about a million performances proving something pretty awful about New York.)

What I now can't wait for is the London opening of *Tobacco Road*, which I hope is scheduled. James Barton, the eccentric

Continued on page 164



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Stage-Door Johnny, Pro Tem.

Continued from page 163

dancer, is walking into the place of Henry Hull whose performance in this play was miraculous, and if Barton isn't as good, he ought to prove that *Tobacco Road* is all the better. I have seldom enjoyed a play so much and while I relished the querulous, lecherous, indolent, character of Jeeter, as played by Hull, I got even more pleasure from the richness of the whole play—the same richness you find in all of Erskine Caldwell's books (try *God's Little Acre* in your spare time). Caldwell can get laughter, if not comedy, out of the most unlikely elements: adultery and death, for instance. *Tobacco Road* is funny almost all the time, when concupiscent halfwits roll on the

ground, when grandmothers are reported dead in the fields, when evangelists dash into bedrooms with lovers and are spied upon, even when the old mortgage comes due. It is terribly profane—"by God and by Jesus" has come into common speech from it and I myself like "Jesus master!" which is a cry of pure agony from the old man. Its characters are animal without being bestial, which is, perhaps, the reason they are human. Altogether—and my only excuse for doing all this which has nothing to do with new plays of the month—a swell show which ought to be supported on the road and would have done America more honor, as a prize winner, than most of those considered.

Hot Enough for You?

Continued from page 41

reckoned with, especially in the cyclone belts. And while the western tornado is chiefly a Spring interlude to the Summer season, southern planters don't find the West Indian hurricane so obliging. We suffer \$50,000,000 damages a year from wind, but a full-fledged "twister" can do that much havoc all by itself. Two years ago a hurricane destroyed 50% of the sugar cane, 75% of the vegetable crop and 100% of the fruit in Puerto Rico with an estimated loss of \$50,000,000—the Miami blow of 1926 did over twice that damage in Florida.

Who benefits from such a catastrophe? Lots of people: the builders, above all; the medical supply houses; sugar growers in Utah; the fruit growers of California; the canneries all over whose stocks are cleaned out by what they can well call a "windfall" which wipes out the fresh vegetable and fruit supply.

But mere figures can't truly picture a hurricane, tornado or typhoon, the terms being synonymous. In such a storm the horizontal wind velocity is often 300 miles an hour; the central updraft may be 100 to 200 m. p. h. There are many authenticated instances of horses, people and vehicles being lifted and carried as far as a mile by a "twister," and it is not uncommon to see birds stripped of their feathers by the wind's fury.

An important feature of these funnel-shaped storms is the lull or calm which signals the half-way mark. This is the so-called "eye" around which the wind revolves (clock-wise in the northern hemisphere), and when it reaches a given point, it means that the first phase of the storm is over and the second will follow immediately. If you are ever caught in a hurricane, you will do well to remember this. In Miami, for example, where visitors abound, many strangers are tricked into indiscretions by this temporary respite and the majority of casualties often occur during the second phase which immediately follows the lull with the wind blowing from the opposite direction.

Lightning, naturally, is another summer threat especially severe on the farm but not confined there. Its annual property toll exceeds \$20,000,000, not to mention the starting of 3,000 forest fires and the killing of many thousands of cattle. Yet here, again, annual averages aren't adequate: in 1926 a

single lightning flash cost over \$85,000,000 when it struck a munitions depot in New Jersey. That bolt did over four years' work in about four seconds!

Still another expensive companion of the summer storm is hail, caused by the violent uprush of air characteristic of the thunder storm which carries rain drops to cold heights where they freeze and fall as ice. The hotter it is when the storm breaks, the larger the hailstones will be. Everybody has heard of hailstones as big as hen's eggs; unfortunately, they often come as large as grapefruit, measuring eight to nine inches in circumference. The consequences of such a barrage are obvious, and without reaching extreme sizes, hail storms strip fruit trees bare and crush crops hopelessly into the ground.

But hail isn't confined to the farm, either. The 1927 storm in Kansas City killed horses and people on the streets: the year before Dallas had a fifteen-minute hail costing \$2,000,000, the damage to automobiles alone exceeding \$100,000. In such cases it is common for every window in a city facing the windward to be broken—in one city over a million were smashed in a single storm!—and the structural damage is terrific. Such hailstorms are by no means purely legendary: it was only six years ago that the largest stones ever measured fell in Nebraska, some weighing a pound and a half with a circumference of seventeen inches.

Apart from its economics, summer weather is still interesting. Dating back to Noah, it is our oldest conversational topic, yet still front-page stuff for the busiest newspaper. We gloat on records and flourish on anomalies, hence there is always a fascination in reading that people in Montana were wearing topcoats on June 30 while the ambulances in New York were gathering up thirty or forty heat prostration cases. For those whose civic pride demands extremes to shoot at, here are a few records:

The hottest city in the United States is Boise, Idaho, with a record of 121° in the shade. (This is an official reading: you can add 50° to estimate the "sun temperature" in the street.)

The country's hottest spot is in Death Valley, Cal., where 134° in the shade has been recorded. This was reached only 150

miles from a point where some of our lowest temperatures have been checked: Mt. Whitney. Until 1922 this was also the world's high mark, broken in Tripoli by only 3° in 1922.

The windiest city is New York, not Chicago. Apart from tornadoes, the highest velocity has been reached at North Head, Wash., with a mark of 150 m. p. h. For elevations, Mt. Washington, N. H., leads with 186 m. p. h. Pike's Peak, more than twice as high, never has any such velocity as that, being off the cyclonic track.

The wettest spot under our flag is near Honolulu where 3 feet, 10 inches of rain fell in a four-day period. For annual rain fall within the States, Oregon leads with 130 inches in some mountain sections. The record single rain occurred in California where 1.03 inches fell in one minute. (An inch of rainfall means 72,320 tons of water to the square mile. For normal comparisons, New York's record shower was 9.4 inches in twenty-four hours, and to see that amount of water concentrated, you would have to watch Niagara Falls flow for 140 minutes.)

The driest spot in the country is Death Valley with an average rain of 1½ inches a year. Even this is wet compared to a normal of 0.02 inches annually in Arica, Chile, where they've had only three showers in seventeen years that were worth measuring.

Those who complain about sudden changes can comfort themselves by considering the record set in the Asiatic mountains with a shift of almost 90° in six hours: from 32 below zero to 53.6° above.

The country's worst summer for human beings was in 1896 when 2,500 heat deaths were reported in three weeks. The actual number was probably twice that, vital statistics being what they were.

One important peculiarity of summer heat, however, is that you can't measure its discomfort or even its hazard in temperature records. The business of being killed by heat (sun stroke) or overcome by it (heat prostration) merits more thought than it gets because it is a threat which kills seven times as many as does lightning, of which we are all mortally afraid.

Resorting to a stock gag, "it isn't the heat, it's the humidity." Or, more exactly, the combination which is important. In 1901 some 700 people and over 1,000 horses died in seven days in New York from heat, yet we've had at least ten summers when that particular week showed a higher average temperature with no such life loss. The explanation is lack of evaporation, for it is evaporation which keeps us cool.

You can demonstrate that by putting on your hand a drop of bay rum which is of the same temperature as the air. It feels cool because it vaporizes rapidly. This is why so many Latins advocate the bay rum sponge bath in summer and others get temporary relief around their premises by keeping the awnings, sidewalks or roofs sprinkled with water.

By the same token, you turn on an electric fan to get relief. The fan doesn't cool the air, but the same air feels cooler because its circulation speeds up the evaporation of perspiration.

As a matter of fact, the wide margin be-

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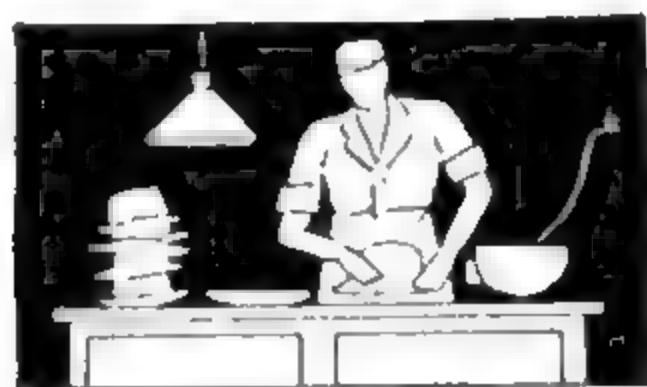
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Hot Enough for You?

Continued from page 165

tween mere temperature and human discomfort is illustrated by the body itself. We kick about heat along the seaboard when the mercury touches 85°, yet our own bodies are normally almost fourteen degrees hotter than that. Externally, we really heat that air: internally, we raise its temperature five degrees in the lungs—and still we grouse about the hot weather!

The factor which makes 85° irksome on the coast (while inconsequential on the desert accustomed to 130°) is the amount of moisture in the air or the relative humidity. When that is marked by a high percentage, evaporation grows difficult, perspiration is checked, and discomfort if not illness results. Our common error in this pell mell age is the effort to continue our race against time when the atmosphere has stacked the cards against us. Common sense says slow down in humid summer weather; minimize physical exertion; relax. That is the rule in the tropics: the foolish white men who break it are numbered by their tombstones.

Muscular action generates body heat, most of which has to be dissipated by conduction, radiation and evaporation. Since all three functions are retarded externally by the atmosphere and internally by fatigue, the result of exertion on a muggy day is an excess of body heat which overcomes the victim if not disposed of. This dangerous condition can be aggravated by too many heat-producing foods; by the generous use of liquor; by drinking large quantities of iced water after a heavy meal. Undue exposure to the sun plays its part—but remember that if you put the brakes on your elimination machines, you can get "sun stroke" in a dark, close telephone booth as well as on the golf course!

In addition to relaxation and sensible diet, plenty of water between meals helps avoid trouble. Most of us naturally drink more water when it is hot: it pays to go out of your way to do it when it is both hot and humid, not only to avoid heat stroke but also to keep yourself in better spirits and tone. The more you perspire, the less you'll suffer and the higher will be your efficiency.

An odd thing about genuine heat stroke is that the body temperature rises sharply, often from 108° to 115° when death usually follows, while in heat prostration, the body temperature drops as low as 95°. Thus one type of summer illness calls for ice packs while the other requires hot water bags! Neither are confined to the aged and infirm, as so many believe: a good 33% of the fatalities involve people in the active ages of thirty-five to fifty-five, so none of us can flaunt the precautions with impunity.

Considering human reactions, it is interesting to note that the hottest time of day on land is around 2 P. M., not noon when the sun is most intense; the hottest month, July. On sea, the day's peak is reached an hour later and August is invariably the hottest month. No matter what the fisherman in the open boat may say, it is always cooler on the water than on land with the same prevailing air temperature. And if you want to apply these facts to yourself, the sea

voyage in July is a perfect vacation bet.

These distinctions arise from the fact that the earth transmits more heat into the air than the water which absorbs it to a greater depth. Thus on land we suffer not only from heat coming directly down from the sun but also from heat thrown back from the earth. The "heat waves" we see shimmering over an open road are visible signs of this convection—so are those puff-ball cumulus clouds which result from the ultimate chilling of the rising, heated air. These clouds in the distance often enable sailors to "sight" land before they see it because the cumulus doesn't occur over the sea. The well-known "motorist's mirage"—patches of seemingly wet road ahead which are dry as a bone when you get there—also involve radiation. The earth's surface is so much hotter than the air that light rays are bent, mirror-fashion, until you see a reflection of the sky in the distance and mistake it for a puddle.

But reverting to physical difficulties, another annoying and often serious summer affliction is sunburn, acquired in excess only through ignorance or stupidity. There is so little excuse for it that one corporation* issues an annual warning and then refuses to pay any employee who loses time from this complaint.

We forget that sunburn is just like any other burn, and in the current zest for body tan, many enthusiasts overlook the fact that a severe burn over one-third the body's area can be fatal. Mechanically, sunburn curtails the elimination function of the pores and throws that added burden on the kidneys, hence the greater the surface area affected, the more serious will be the internal complications.

It is imperative to get out of the sun the moment your flesh feels hot to the hand. It is wiser to smear the skin with olive oil, cocoa butter or a good burn ointment before exposure—and to take the sun for short periods at first, lengthening the time somewhat each day. Hazy, muggy days are the worst burners and exposure should be curtailed then.

People who have assumed the complexion of a boiled lobster invariably protest that they aren't suffering simply because wind action makes them feel cool. But if you touch that reddened flesh, you'll find that it is sizzling. For them, the fun begins tomorrow!

After a long day in the sun, doctors advise against the popular practice of riding home in an open car with no body protection against the wind. That cooling air feels great on a scorched skin, but its chilling effect is further over-taxing organs already working double-time to take care of the original burn. Congestions which follow are rarely attributed to the real cause, so bad sunburn holds many possibilities unsuspected by the victim and, perhaps, even by his physician who knows nothing of what happened two or three months ago.

The same remedies which prevent burns are effective for use in "first degree" cases. If they are painful, the American Red Cross recommends a calamine lotion, with enough

*Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

carbolic acid added by your druggist to make a 2% solution, applied with cotton. But when blisters appear, you have a second degree burn which merits a doctor's attention. Pending his arrival, the Red Cross recommends sterile gauze bandages kept wet with a solution of one tablespoonful of bicarbonate of soda (cooking soda) in a pint of warm water—or two tablespoons of Epsom salts in the same amount of warm water. And for the duration of any sunburn case, drink water copiously to help the kidneys.

A third important summer threat involves swimming. Drowning, of course, is obvious, taking nearly 8,000 lives a year, young, old and middling. And while it is a subject apart from this discussion, it is hard to pass by two of the life guards' maxims whose observance would cut drownings to a minimum. First, only damn fools swim alone; second, it is smarter to measure water depth with your feet than with your head.

Ocean bathing has more pitfalls than lake swimming chiefly because of the undertow, the power of which is never appreciated by inlanders who visit the coast. Consequently, it is a sound rule for all but Olympic stars to do your surf bathing *while the tide is coming in*.

The rule about not swimming for an hour after mealtime (to avoid stomach cramps) is stretched to two hours by Red Cross authorities. It is a good rule to obey because a swimmer with stomach cramps requires two life savers, not just one!

More insidious than drowning, however, is the effect of water temperature on the system. Stand on a float in an air temperature of 75° and then dive into water of exactly 75°—and the resulting chilling shock will drive home the fact that water is a fine heat absorber with a conductivity ratio to air of 27 to 1. Your lips get blue and your teeth chatter in "temperate" water simply because the water is taking away your body heat twenty-seven times faster than air does.

How long, then, should one remain in the water? Individuals vary, but a good general gauge was arrived at by Dr. H. M. Taylor after a long series of experiments. In a study of 250 boys, Dr. Taylor found that after 45 minutes in 75° water, only thirty had normal body temperatures. This was in an inside pool.

His conclusion is that children should never stay in the water longer than thirty minutes. And when the water is 70 to 75°, non-swimmers of any age should come out in twenty minutes. At the beach, where the buffeting of the surf introduces the fatigue factor, these times should be materially reduced. This isn't based on shock, which the healthy person can take with benefit; it concerns the prolonged submersion of the body in an element which rapidly robs it of its natural heat.

Another common-sense warning is that those who have had sinus trouble should cut out diving and under-water swimming. Indeed, anybody can benefit by blocking the ears with cotton or wearing a bathing cap, for water in the middle ear causes far more trouble than is generally realized.

This, to be sure, is just another economic factor of summer—for the ear, nose and throat specialists! For no matter how we approach this fascinating and diversified season, the ultimate destination of each discourse appears to be the pocketbook!

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That's just one of the surprises that makes the New Palm Beach a greater value this summer. Another is its happy faculty of shedding dirt and dust. A third...its "cleverness" in resisting muss and wrinkle.

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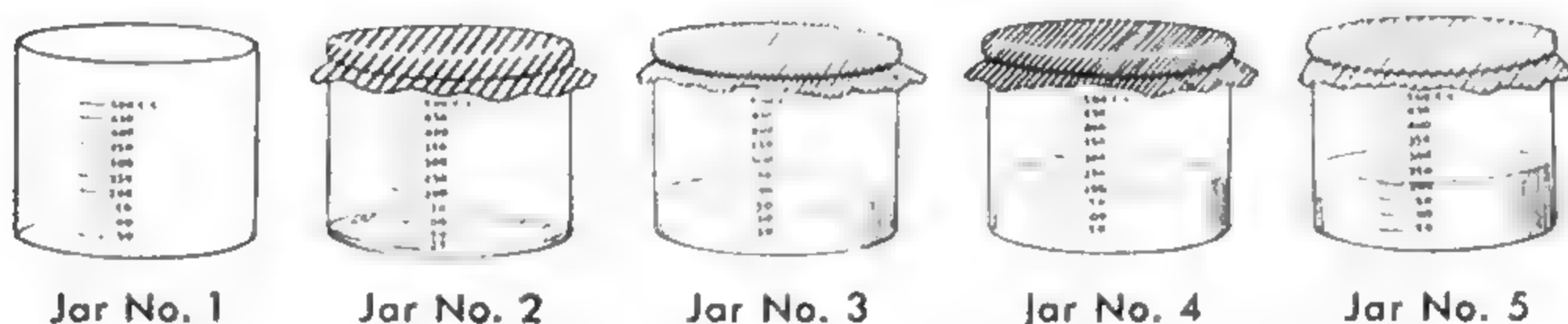
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In 4½ hours Jar No. 1, without any covering, evaporated all the "perspiration." In the same length of time, 95% was evaporated in Jar No. 2, covered by porous Palm Beach Cloth. It is highly interesting to note that jars Nos. 3, 4, 5, which were covered with other summer fabrics, retained from 25% to 41% of "perspiration." **The air walks right through a Palm Beach Suit to cool your skin.**

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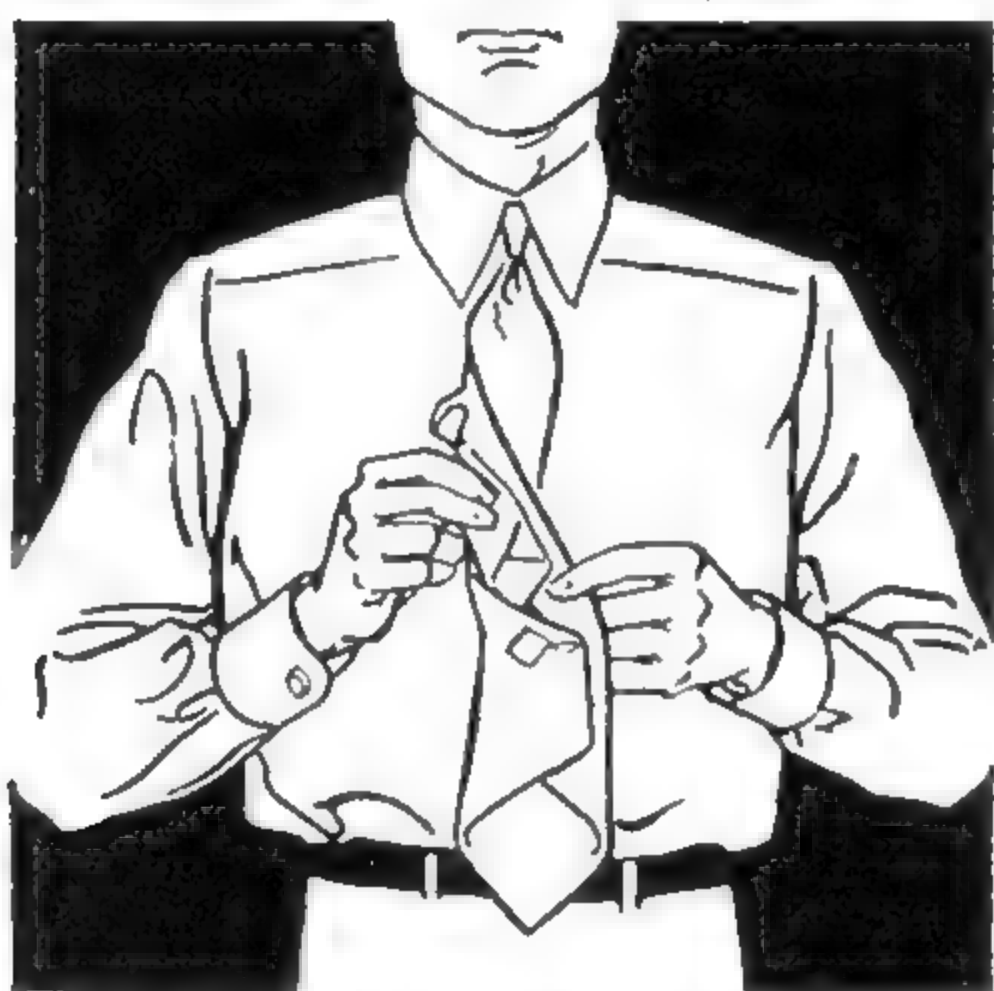
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Señor Diego Rivera

Continued from page 49

Rivera knows men.

"What about Madero?" I asked him.

"He was very good and very weak—the United States helped him against Zapata—the bourgeoisie against the peasant."

"And Villa?"

"Extremely intelligent, the typical bourgeois revolutionist, the small rancher who wanted to be a landlord, the instrument of the English and the Germans, and the tool of the Mexican Catholic Church—Zapata was different—when Madero offered him much land, he said, 'I don't want land for myself, but for all the peasants of Mexico.'"

He has deep hatred for those who exploit peasants. In one of his pictures, a group of them labor in a field. It is so vivid, they seem to move. A master stands over them with a long whip. As we looked at it together, a smile spread across Rivera's face. He pointed to the master, and said, "They liquidated him soon after." It was the artist's way of describing assassination.

Rivera's most harsh American critic, Thomas Craven, quarrels with his American murals, saying they are crowded with wooden Indians, stock figures and the insignia of Communism. The same critic, whose otherwise keen penetration becomes slightly blurred when he thinks of the Mexican artist, has written, "If there is anything in art that may be set down as a certainty, it is the fact that participation of some sort is indispensable to appreciation. To know and understand a work of art, one must be able to enter into it, to participate in the spirit that created it. One cannot remain apart and appreciate its values or measure its appeal."

As one who has known the road, the ring, the factory, and the jail, I admire Rivera's American scenes. Mooney and Haywood in prison, Sacco and Vanzetti waiting for the life-destroying juice, the whipped people crying for bread under the lash of the economic masters, all speak to me as fluently as Walt Whitman. If my testimony is worthless, we will call Einstein to the stand, who says to Rivera of the same murals, "I take advantage of this opportunity to express to you my great admiration. No other artist of our days could have impressed me in this manner. I wish that the whole world could recognize more and more what an asset you are to it."

Seeing Thomas Craven's "Men of Art" on his shelf, I pointed to it. He shook his head quickly and said emphatically, "No."

"But he called you a learned Mexican," I ventured.

He thought for a moment and returned, "That's because I can still teach him much about art."

Many of Rivera's murals are too crowded. It is as if the great artist feared that he would run out of walls upon which to paint his fancies. When I explained this to him, my reward was a benignant smile.

Neither did I consider his portraits of living people quite so successful. "It's too bad that a man of your scope must do such things," I said.

"I don't get many to do," he returned tiredly. "I flatter them not enough."

"What would you do if you made a million at such work?"

"Give it all to the workers," replied the man of simple faith, in and out of whose home and studio Mexican laborers go with their talks of strikes, lockouts, and boycotts.

Never have I seen men of any rank receive more intense attention and consideration than is given them by the ponderous Communist. His social creed may be right or wrong, according to the viewpoint. No man can doubt his compassion for his less gifted kind.

A man of taste, he appreciates good living.

"I was amazed," said an American writer to me, "at his knowledge of rare wines and excellent food."

But now he is strict with his diet. Having once weighed more than three hundred pounds, he has reduced a hundred.

And all about him is the harmony of color. Fifteen years in Europe, and extensive travel, combined with extraordinary mental capacity, have made him a genuine cosmopolitan. In moods, he becomes loquacious. At other times he is solemn, his sad eyes full of wonder.

His home is in two units. They are three and four stories high and of modern construction. One building is the color of red earth, the other is cobalt blue.

As Mrs. Rivera is also an artist, they have separate studios. Their working needs are in one building, their domestic interests in another. The buildings are connected by a bridge which runs from the top floor terrace to the sun roof of the other. Rivera's studio is two stories high, and one side is entirely of glass. Hundreds of pieces of Mexican sculpture are on wooden shelves. Immense dummies hang on the walls. At one end is a large picture of a field of cactus, painted by Rivera. Each cactus, twisted in the shape of an imploring hand, reaches upward.

"I like the cactus," said Rivera. "It is like people—only different—so strong."

His affection for his wife is charming. He calls her chiquita—little girl. She graces some of his murals. She also has a record in rebellion. Unassuming, and not talkative, she is natural as dawn. Her own paintings adorn her studio. A few reveal talent. One is of a child being born.

While accompanying Rivera and a portly American woman, of the inhibited period, through the studio, the artist, either naively, or with malicious intent, handed her this painting. She glanced at the realistic scene of the woman in birth agony, and blushed, speechless. Her hands trembled, while the painter watched, with ingratiating innocence.

Finally she said feebly, "That's very nice—I mean," and handed it to Rivera. He returned it to its proper place with the dignity of a Chinese mandarin.

Rivera is never so much at home as when painting Indians. These people, with their centuries old incrustations of mystified stolidity, awaken his wonder. In the Ministry of Education he has placed two Indians in one of his best murals. The somnolent figures merely embrace each other. All the tragedy of life is in the embrace.

His small library contains such diverse books as my friend, Jim Stevens', PAUL BUNYAN, GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, Faure's

HISTORY OF ART, and my own SHADOWS of MEN.

"I like Stevens, and the life he describes." Then he explained, "I do not read much now. I have not the time."

He has read two other Americans, on account of their Communistic leanings, John Dos Passos and Mike Gold.

"Good men," he said. I agreed.

"Some day I shall illustrate one of your books."

I thanked him.

When I mentioned the name of Ambassador Josephus Daniels, Rivera said, "He ordered the bombardment of Vera Cruz."

"It was his job as Secretary of the Navy at the time," I said.

"Yes, I know." He paused and I continued, "And he told me yesterday that he did not care whether a man was a Methodist, a Catholic, or a Communist, so long as he was a fine artist."

The remark pleased him. He smiled. "I have heard that your President Roosevelt is of the same opinion."

Daniels is now popular with the Mexican people. His remark, "I have been a life-long resident of Mexico for two years," is often quoted by them.

Rivera places Walter Pach and Ernestine Evans first among the artists and critics in America who encouraged and appreciated him. Frederick Leighton and Lee Simonson follow. John Sloan and Alfred Stieglitz were also early supporters.

William Spratling, an American writer living in Mexico, told me how Simonson discovered Rivera.

He was bored with Mexico, and threatened to leave.

"Why not come with me to meet Diego Rivera?" Spratling suggested.

"Who is Diego Rivera?" asked Simonson.

After he had been informed, he went with Spratling to see Rivera, who was then widely known. Later Simonson told the New York public of the great Mexican artist he had discovered.

Many there are who feel that the Communist is throttling the artist in Rivera. It may place him under a temporary cloud in capitalistic countries, but it can never smother the burning genius of the man so long as there are walls upon which he can paint.

Happier when painting murals, he still looks forward to a future in the United States. The vast forces of this nation, its mills and mines and factories strongly appeal to him. Along with his famous contemporary, Orozco, he has exalted his own nation. He may yet exalt ours.

There are tolerant men and women in America. I can hear the roars of the Communists. The Rockefellers tried, within their limitations, to meet Rivera half way. He might have compromised a trifle. He could have gotten away with everything else. Suppose he had given Lenin a beard and called him Moses. The art critics would not have known the difference, and all would have been serene.

Then Lenin could have cried under his disguise, while the great social forces of mankind remained embroiled as of old, with lust and greed, passion and pity, and the thousand and one knaveries, deceits and sentimentalities, which no legislation will ever eradicate on this insignificant bubble in the vast cauldron of the Universe.

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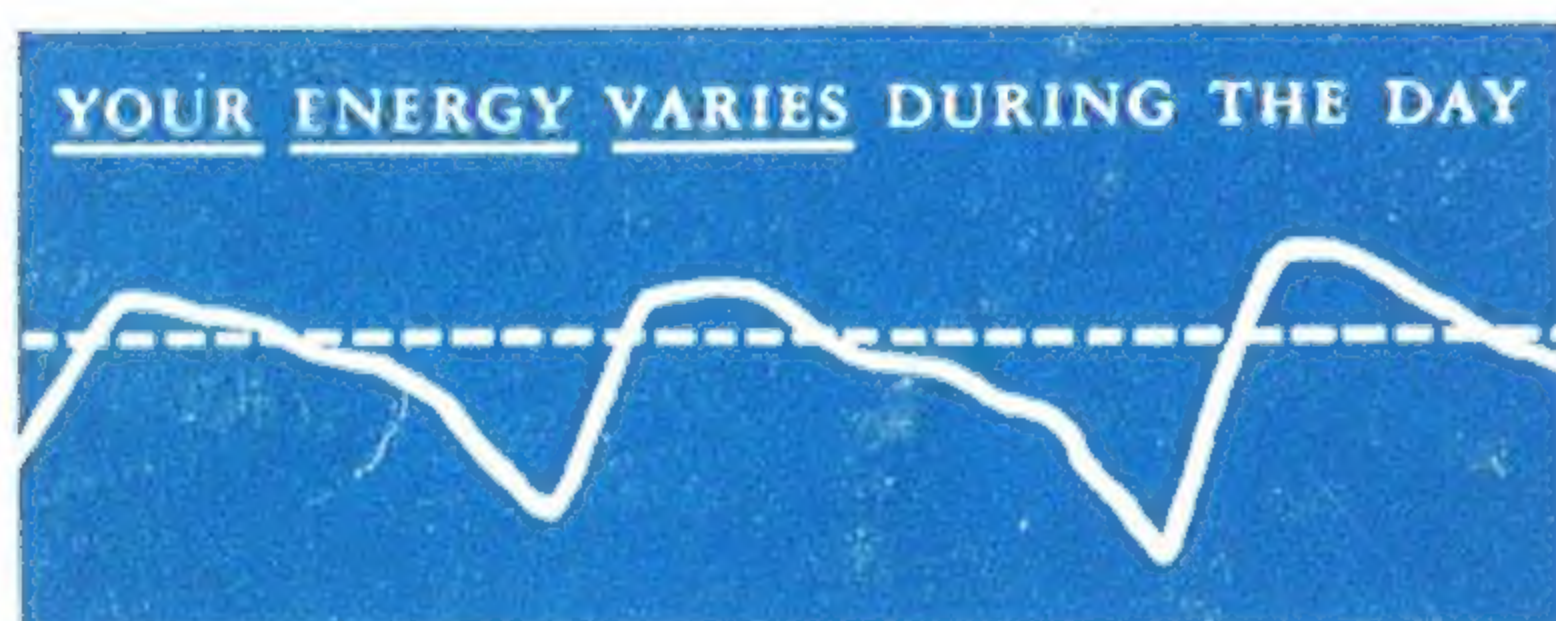
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